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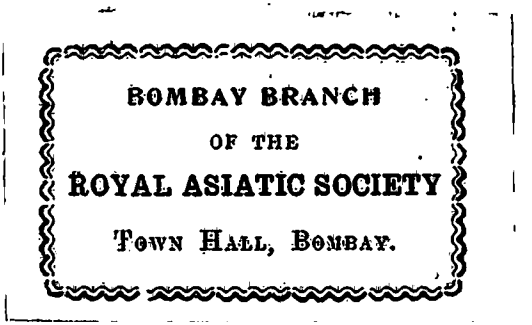

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

1211

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THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.
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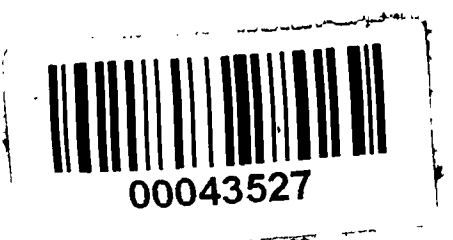

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Henry Check,	Mr. Powell.
Captain Mullinahack,	Mr. Johnstone.
William,	Mr. Middleton.
Charles,	Mr. Holman.
Captain Vanſluiſen,	Mr. Cubitt.
Willows,	Mr Hull.
Hedgeworth,	Mr. Evatt.
Briers,	Mr. M'Cready.
Allbut,	Mr. Quick.
Maſter Jack,	Mr. Fawcett.
Grigſby,	Mr. Lewis.
Jollyboy,	Mr. Munden.
Edward,	Miſs Symonds.
Louiſa,	Mrs. Esten.
Mrs. Bellevue,	Mrs. Pope.
Mrs. Allbut,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Maria,	Mrs. Mountain.
Margery,	Mrs. Platt.

Scene, *a Village in Surrey.*

THE

WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

IN

FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1793.

822:6

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

IN theſe dread times, when War's unfated rage
Crowds with diſaſters life's eventful ſtage,
When the full trumpet and embattled ire
Drown the ſoft warblings of the ſlighted Lyre,
The Muſes' lonely haunts no more diſplay,
Among their with'ring blooms, the Poet's bay;
The partial ſoil, The Laurel only rears,
For martial wreaths, that vegetate in tears.
At ſuch a time, ſuperfluous ſeems the art,
To melt with fabled woes the ſadden'd heart;
The ſorrowing Muſes need themſelves relief,
And Fancy droops in ſympathetic grief.
The Tragic Maid, indeed, may ſooth her care,
And future ſcenes from paſſing ills prepare;
But for the Laughing Nymph, alas! can ſhe
At eaſe preſume with her untimely glee!
Is there a place, amidſt the world's alarms,
In ſafety ſtill to heed her frolic charms?
Yes—in the ſhades of Britain's happy Iſle,
Still may the Comic Muſe ſecurely ſmile;
Still with her tuneful Siſters ſhelter here,
Nor ſavage Anarchy's vain menace fear!
Here no dire ruffians, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life deſtroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling o'er Thrones, to cruſh the Hallow'd Shrine!
No Deſpot here exacts a ſlaviſh awe,
The caſual impulſe of his paſſions law.
Here on a rock, ſecure amid the ſtorm,
Dwells Liberty, in fair monarchic form.

Around

Around her fane, with venerable grace,
Three matchleſs columns, fortify the place.
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful Juſtice, in majeſtic ſtate,
Of equal laws the animated ſoul,
And ſtation'd higheſt, to ſurvey the whole;
Her Sword by Mercy check'd, as urg'd by Might,
Her Crown the ſanction of a people's right.

DRAMATIS

THE

WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in JOLLYBOY'S *Houſe.*

MARGERY *diſcovered adjuſting the furniture and ſinging.*

Enter JOLLYBOY.

AH, honeſt! ſo that Miſs Louiſa's room is dizen'd out, all the reſt of the houſe may go at fixes and levens.

Marg. Huſband! How cruſty you've got with our lodger Miſs Louiſa, only becauſe ſhe's a lady, and you think ſhe has a deal of money.

Joll. Why, to be ſure her money did not do much miſchief when it bought warm cloathing for half the poor of our village, and the ſetting up a little ſchool and paying you for teaching the children, as our raſcally rich folks here refuſed to eſtabliſh one; our gentry expect forſooth, 'cauſe I'm a miller, I muſt cringe and ſneak; but I'll never bow to the

golden calf! People to get money ſtick at no villany or meanneſs, and then they're as ſaucy—Dame, I've been round among my cuſtomers to gather in rent for my landlord Maſter Allbut. Here. (*Takes out a bank note*)

Marg. Ten pounds! I ſuppoſe it's having ſo much money that has made you ſo ſaucy this morning.

Joll. Eh, I believe ſo. As I came up ſtreet cou'dn't tell what was the matter with me; met honeſt Dick the cobler—came out with his "good "morrow, Maſter Jollyboy." I felt a ſort of a—thought he might as well have ſaid nothing. Tom the farrier gave me a friendly ſmack o' th' ſhoulder; I had a mind to knock him down for his joke: then, now, coming into my own houſe, forgot to ſtoop, and bump'd my forehead againſt the top o' the door-caſe. Oh, ho! then it is the caſh has done all this! I wiſh 'twas gone, for while I have it I feel I ſhall be as impudent as the devil.

Marg. (*looking out*) Madam Louiſa.

Joll. Doctor Grigſby with her! Tho' he's now our apothecary, and ſets up alſo to be a wine-merchant, the lady wou'dn't be ſo proud of his company, did ſhe know he was once a barber.

Marg. Be quiet, huſband. Doctor Grigſby is a fine man!

Joll. What, becauſe when you was ſick his bottles came in packets, till I taſted, and found all the while the doctor had been ſupplying you with cherry-brandy.

Enter LOUISA.

Louiſa. Well, my kind good friend, (*looking round*) Why how very handſome you've made my room! how much I'm obliged to you.

Joll.

Joll. Dr. Grigſby! I wou'dn't let him cure my cat of a tooth-ache. The fellow has made money out of people's folly, and now don't know how to behave himſelf.

Marg. I wiſh you'd learn how to behave yourſelf; ſtrutting about with your hat on, and a lady in the room.

Joll. I know nothing about ladies or gentlemen. That fellow was a good barber till money ſpoiled him—my hat! (*takes it off*) my hat's here—and now it's there, (*puts it on.*) What ſignifies where a man's hat is? Hats and heads—ladies—gentlemen—good as another—hem! (*Exit muttering*)

Marg. Plague take you for a fool!—as good natur'd a man as ever broke bread, but when he gets theſe fancies in his noddle.

Louiſa. Where there is real worth theſe little oddities of humour rather excite pleaſantry than reſentment.

Marg. Od, I'll give it him!

Louiſa. Never mind, my kind Margery—but now for a ſurpriſe—I'm ſorry I muſt leave you, my good woman.

Marg. Leave us! Well, if I did'n't expect my ſilly huſband's behaviour wou'd bring it to this.

Louiſa. Huſh! your huſband has nothing to do in it:—I'm certain I can confide in you;—you know little of me; I'm a ſtranger;—but I'll not trouble you with more of my affairs than is neceſſary. You doubtleſs concluded from the trifling ſums I expended on my firſt coming here into your village, that I muſt of courſe be ſome very rich perſon or other.

Marg. La, Ma'am, I didn't reſpect you for that!

Louiſa. I believe it. From certain family circumſtances, immaterial to any but myſelf, I have been obliged—however, you know I came from Ireland—have been in France, and am unfortunately not on the beſt terms with my friends till a make-up can be brought about to my wiſh---Not being over ſtrong in purſe, I plann'd a frugal retirement; the variety of calls upon the feelings of my heart have at length exhauſted my little finance; therefore—but mind, I'm not caſt down—no, I'm as happy——

Marg. Dear, I'm ſo ſorry——

Louiſa. Come, if you go to pity me I ſhall be very much affronted.

Marg. I affront you!

Louiſa. Lord! I never was more gay or cheerful in my whole life: but I'll tell you—You know, you and your huſband are very honeſt people, and get nothing but what you hardly earn; now, why ſhould I from my extravagance become a burden to you?

Marg. Extravagance! 'twas your charity—burden! your ſtay will be a bleſſing to us—pay us when you can, or never (*weeping*) Oh! my ſweet lady!

Louiſa. Come, perhaps I mayn't leave your village yet. Margery, I've conceiv'd a thought to ſtay among you without inconvenience to any one; I think I cou'd be uſeful to your Mrs. Allbut, here. From her character of a paſſion for literary amuſements, ſhe might, perhaps, afford me a ſituation to read, or tranſlate French; tranſcribe her poetry, for I am told ſhe has wrote a number of pretty things; or I cou'd, upon occaſion, dreſs up a cap for her—eh, Margery, cou'd you recommend

mend me? You know you told me ſhe ſometimes reads her poems to you.

Marg. Well, I'll call on her, my lady.

Louiſa. Come, none of you lady's to me—I muſt ſoon unlady myſelf. Upon my honour I ſhall be exceedingly angry if you are not even merry. There now, that's a dear good woman *(ſhakes hands cordially, and goes to a cheſt of drawers)*

Re-enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. Wife, if Squire Allbut's corn comes, tell them it muſt wait; for I've got a buſhel to grind for old Budget the tinker firſt.

Marg. Don't talk to me.

Joll. Eh!—What have you found a pot of gold under an old wall?

Marg. Ah, huſband! this dear young lady our lodger——

Joll. Ay, well.

Marg. Her diſtreſs!

Joll. Well, if ſhe's diſtreſs'd about any one's poverty, her hand knows the way to her pocket a road it has ſo often gone upon like occaſions.

Marg. Ay, but I may as well put my hand into my pocket.

Joll. Deuce o' your riddles—What's the matter with you and ſhe?

Marg. I tell you, at laſt ſhe herſelf is really diſtreſs'd, and won't ſtay becauſe ſhe can't pay us. *[Exit melancholy*

Joll. Diſtreſs'd!—one that was ſo ready to relieve every body elſe, now to want it herſelf! *(Louiſa advances, Jolliboy takes off his hat with reſpect)* Madam, I'm ſure I'm vaſtly concerned that any paſt conduct

conduct of mine ſhou'd have given you the leaſt uneaſineſs. You've done us too much honour in coming under our roof: and if any improper freedoms of ours have given you offence, you have only to blame your own condeſcenſion. Madam, we are but ignorant people, and if we have fail'd in our reſpect, I humbly crave your pardon.

Louiſa. Then Margery has told him. This is an attempt at irony—Become the ſubject of ridicule! I thought I could endure poverty, but I was wrong—(*aſide*) Sir, it's not immediately in my power to diſcharge what I owe you, but I hope it will be ſoon; for I can aſſure you it wou'd give me infinite pleaſure.

Joll. Wou'd it? then tho' I go to jail for my own rent—(*aſide*) True, I forgot—Ma'am, this was left for you juſt now; 'twas inclos'd in a paper—thought at firſt 'twas for myſelf, ſo broke it open—I beg pardon—tho' there was nothing written in it. (*gives the note*)

Louiſa. Ten pounds!—Who left it?

Joll. I did aſk, but can't find who.

Louiſa. Then my circumſtances are known! Is there ſuch benevolence? However, how to appropriate this doesn't want a conſideration. Pray let me know what I'm indebted to you.

Joll. Oh, Madam.

Louiſa. I requeſt——

Joll. Well, Madam, now have I given her what I had to pay my own rent; 'twill grind my heart to apologiſe to Landlord Allbut—but I've ſet her heart at eaſe, and that's good amends.

Grig. (*without*) No: I want my chay; ſo put that hamper of wine, and the medecines in the little cart.

Joll.

Joll. Madam, now you ſhould look above this Maſter Grigſby—you don't know him—a fellow taken from ſitting with numb'd fingers, wig-weaving, into a doctor's ſervice, to bruſh his coat and frizzle his pate, picking up hard words from the apothecary's boys, marrying the houſekeeper,—— throwing her purloinings into a brandy vault and drug-ſhop (ſhe poiſon'd herſelf in one of them) and now, by jargon, ſmiles, lies, and cringes, has glided into the good graces of every family in the village—Oh, he's not dreſſed in his phyſical pomp! When he wants to ſhew his conſequence, pops himſelf into one of the famous fine velvet and gold ſuits left him by his old maſter the phyſician.

Marg. (*without*) Indeed, Doctor———

Grig. (*without*) But I will viſit my patient.

Joll. Now, for Dr. Grigſby's chattering! 'Till he's gone, we may put our tongues in our pockets. I wiſh I cou'd ſhut my ears in my tobacco-box.

Marg. (*without*) I tell you, Doctor, Miſs Louiſa is not in the humour for jaunting.

Enter GRIGSBY *and* MARGERY *wrangling, and* BOY.

Grig. Teach me humours, defluxions, catarrhs, and cataplaſms!

Boy. But, Sir, hadn't you beſt come back to ſhop?

Grig. Shop! Get home, you dog, and mix up that ſtuff.

Boy. Sir, I forgot what I was to put in it.

Grig. A table ſpoonful of any four bottles behind the counter.

Boy. There's Humphrey the wheelwright ſtops for you to bleed him.

Grig.

Grig. Wheelwright, ſirrah! My compliments, and I'll wait on his Lordſhip. [*Exit Boy*] Hem! Duke Humphrey!—But the ladies muſt always have the preference. (*bows to Louiſa*)

Louiſa. Sir (*curtſeying*) Teazing man! I wiſh he'd go away (*apart to Margery*)

Marg. Doctor, the lady wiſhes you'd——

Louiſa. Huſh!

Grig. My dear Madam, never deceive your doctor—but that is impoſſible.

Louiſa. For me to think of attempting a deception!—Upon my word, Doctor, you have the happieſt mode of compliment——

Grig. Yes, Ma'am, the compliment I put in that mixture was two grains, or, as we of the faculty write in our Latin proſcriptions, dux graniorum, ſix ſcruples, or cater-ſcrupolibus; and, Madam, I'll venture to affirm, that the whole material medicar does not furniſh a cure of more efficacious efficacy, that is, when we talk of a caſe, razor-caſe—hem! I mean the ſoul-caſe; the body being the caſe of the ſoul, as a bottle is of a bottle of old port; the wine being the ſpirit, and ſo we doctors wax the cork to prevent evaporarion or fomentation; juſt as if a gentleman, to ſhave his chin, would lather his occiput; that is, what we of the faculty call the whole healing art—ſcammony, wild poppy, the ſublimate of ſtyptic water, anthelmintic wine, hiera picra, and the nervous ſyſtem.

Louiſa. Sir, you've certainly a prodigious deal of ſkill; but nature prevents me from opportunities of putting it in practice.

Grig. True, Miſs, I have an immenſe deal of practice—So much ſo, that upon my ſoul and honor I require now a doctor for myſelf, the fatigue is intolerable.

Louiſa.

Louiſa. Sir, pray excuſe me, now I'm a little indiſpoſed, and company is not over agreeable.

Grig. If indiſpoſed, Madam, what's better company than your doctor? For in your caſe, as we of the faculty ſay, no aliment ſo mucilaginous as ſheep's head broth: ſome prefer buttermilk, and it is indeed as a lacteal lachrymoligon; for, Madam, when the diſeaſe proceeds from viſcid pituitous ſubſtance obſtructing the veſſels of the lungs, we of the faculty call it a ſpurious peripneumony; therefore ripe fruits roaſted, bak'd, or boil'd, ſuch as green-gooſe, young parſeneps, extract of ſaturn—then we throw in the bark, and that is, my dear Madam, the—the—nervous ſyſtem.

Marg. But, Doctor, Miſs Louiſa wants a little reſt.

Grig. Ha, ha, ha! that's very well—then I know nothing of what a lady wants. I ſee ſhe likes me by her wiſhes to turn me out. (*aſide*)——But, Madam, to promote an emulſive dormitory, or, as Celſius ſays, a bit of ſleep or reſt, nothing equal to a ſimple goſs lettice.

Louiſa. I thank you, Doctor; but I don't need ſoporifics.

Grig. Soap! Dem this barber! how all my patients will be ſlapping ſuds in my teeth---but ſhe muſt be ſome great heireſs here incog. from her having diſperſed ſo much money through the village. (*aſide*)

Louiſa. Sir, I wiſh you a good morning.

Grig. Reſt! the nurſe of diſeaſe! You ſee, as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt. Nothing but exerciſe and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions when the caninus rabies, or dog-madneſs, which we of the faculty call vertigo

of the foot, comes—the—the—and that is, Madam, the nervous ſyſtem. Do me the honor of taking an airing in my chaiſe; you may truſt to my whip-hand—ſteady as if touching a vein—I'll drive you——.

Joll. No: but I'll drive you out of my houſe, —Do'nt you ſee that you've already bother'd the lady with your nonſenſe?

Grig. I've what? Oh, this is pretty! What's that you ſaid I did to her?

Joll. Poh! Go along.

Grig. Go along! Very well that! Do you know, man, when you talk to a phyſician—Madam, my chaiſe is at the door—permit me the honor of whipping you round the circuitous circle in the grand tour of Eſher, Weſton Green, Moleſey, Hampton Court, Buſhy Park, Teddington Common, and Ditton Marſh—the ſight of ſo fine a dreſs'd lady as you ſitting by my ſide—no other barber—hem! wine-merchant—phyſician——

Louiſa. Doctor your politeneſs comes particularly acceptable, for I ſhould like a little excurſion, and I aſſure you my purſe now cannot afford the expence of poſt chaiſes—Well, Margery, you'll ſpeak to Mrs. A..out for me—Come, Doctor, now for your whip-hand.

Grig. Afford! Expence! Any thing broke? (*apart to Margery*)

Marg. Ah, we are all broke! our hearts are broke!

Grig. Eh! All her flaſh end in ſmoke! Oh, ho! (*aſide*)

Louiſa. Doctor, you ſhall ſet me down at Mr. Allbut's.

Grig. Eh! Mem! Your bill did you ſay? We never commit ſuch trifles to book—carry it in my head

head—For beſt frontignac—hem! raiſin wine (*aſide*) lavender water, low de lucy, and magneſiar holbar—You are indebted to me the ſum of three pounds three ſhillings and three pence three farthings.

Louiſa. But, Sir, the jaunt.

Grig. It rains, Mem—no head to my chaiſe.—Margary, hav'n't you, as we of the faculty ſay---A miller ſhould always have a parviſol to keep off the rain, (*puts on his hat, whiſtles, and walks about cracking his whip*)

Joll. (*ſtaring*) Eh!

Grig. All good for the nervous ſyſtem! Mem, I'm making up ſome money, and if you can oblige me by diſcharging that triſle---

Louiſa. Then better remain in my landlord's debt than---This wretch!--(*aſide*)---there, Sir, take your bill out of that—(*gives the bank-note to Griſby*)

Grig. Yes, Mem: I'll bring you the change in the frizzling of a toopee! but I'll adviſe you, Madam, to exerciſe. Miller, put up a ſwing in your garden between two cherry-trees—ſwing, Mem—nothing but exerciſe and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions—ſwing! Reſt is the nurſe of diſeaſe—you ſee, as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt. In your caſe, Madam, nothing ſo mucilaginous as ſheep's head broth—then we throw in the bark, and—from ten pounds deduct three pounds three ſhillings and three pence three farthings, and that is what we call the—nervous ſyſtem—— [*Exit.*

Joll. Carried off my bank-note!—Hollo, nervous ſyſtem! [*Runs off.*

Louiſa. Come now with me to Mrs Allbut's.

Marg. Ah, I'm ſure you'll not like her, Ma'am. A deuced temper.

Louiſa. I underſtand that ſhe is haughty and overbearing—that Mr. Allbut, puffed up with the pride of riches, is the great deſpot of the village; that all their wealth really belongs to a poor widow, Mrs. Bellevue, that lives in the cottage by the warren yonder; but if Mrs. Allbut is ſo proud, I muſt only temporize into humility: Doctor Grigſby's behaviour has convinced me that I ſhou'd uſe every exertion to keep myſelf above pecuniary obligations. A pity it is not ſo! but, when deſtitute of particular defence and protection, the world ſhou'd be the guardian to a lone and helpleſs woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in ALLBUT'S *Houſe.*

Enter WILLOWS *and* MARIA.

Willo. There, the inſtruments open. (*points to a piano forte.*)

Maria. But Mr. and Mrs. Allbut may return, and if ſhe finds me at it—

Willo. My dear child, if you don't practiſe you'll loſe your muſic; and that will be a pity, Maria, conſidering the proficiency you made in it.

Maria. Ah, father! my attempt now to retain any elegant accompliſhment is but vanity. What might have been receiv'd with indulgence when we were in eaſy circumſtances, in our preſent humble ſituation at beſt will be overlooked, or, moſt likely, treated with contempt.

Willo.

Willo. Why, indeed, my love, this reverſe of fortune comes with a double ſeverity, when it ſubjects us to the inſults of this purſe proud, mean, and illiberal Mr. and Mrs. Allbut. Come, my dear,—there, if your Lady ſhould hear you, I don't think ſhe can be offended.—I muſt to my buſineſs in the compting-houſe. [*Exit.*

Maria. I have little heart: but, as my father thinks it an object, I will practiſe. (*Maria ſits and plays*)

Enter Maſter JACK.

Maſt. J. Molly.

Maria. Oh, Maſter Jack!

Maſt. J. Play on, I love it, ſal, lal, lal. (*ſings out of tune*)

Maria. If your mama ſhou'd come in and hear me?

Maſt. J. Never mind: ſhe'll think it's I. (*Maria plays*) Molly, do you know, I wiſh mamma wou'dn't be writing her poetries---ſhe troubles the houſe with them ſo. Come, do play to oblige me. (*Maria plays*) Molly! ha! ha! ha! Don't you think mamma very ſilly, to go and ſet Papa too at making poeſies, and now he begins to trouble the houſe too.

Maria. And all his idea of poetry is making a jingle of rhyme, no matter for meaſure, time, place, or reaſon, but if you will hear me play, liſten (*plays*)

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT, *reading.*

Mrs. A. My ſervant maid at my inſtrument!

Maſt. J. What a pretty hornpipe!

Maria.

Maria. You've an excellent ear!

Maſt. J. Yes; I've a fine ear for hearing.

Mrs. A. And feeling! (*pulls him, Maria riſes*)

Maſt. J. Now mamma, what's that for?

Mrs. A. Oh! enchanting powers of poetry,

"Sigh to the ſilent ſtreams that ſoftly ſeek the ſeas,
"Mar the meek murmuring melodies that mark the marine breeze."

You vile jade!

Maſt. J. Molly play on---mamma, Poll plays better nor you,—ſhe tickles it ſo lightly with her little finger; but you thump it down with your fiſts as if you were breaking biſcuits—then ſhe ſits ſo quiet—ſit Molly—and here, mamma, you gó wagging your head about like an artichoke, (*ſits down and mimicks extravagantly*)

Mrs. A. (*curtſeys to Maria*) Oh, do pray, Miſs; oblige us with a ſonata (*ironically*)

Maſt. J. Molly made this ſong herſelf; I know ſhe did.

Mrs. A. Writes poetry! Here's a ſaucy minx! (*aſide*)—What my Arioſto! Heavens! if ſhe hasn't been pulling my books out of my ſtudy—Perhaps we've a Sappho in the houſe and don't know it! I dare ſay you have the aſſurance to be full of tender ſentiment and ſenſibility.

Maria. No, Ma'am;—you can't think I've any feeling.

Mrs. A. Upon my honor ſhe fancies herſelf a young lady!

Maſt. J. Well, mamma, all the village calls her Miſs Maria.

Mrs. A. Miſs! Ha! ha, ha!—Oh! I ſhall faint—the Maria!—Hadn't you better at once call yourſelf Laura Maria? there's my ſon that will have

have a tolerable fortune, he's call'd by every body plain Jack.

Maſt. J. By'r leave, mamma, even Dr. Grigſby calls me Maſter Jack.

Maria. Ma'am, it's a matter of indifference to me, what I am called.

Mrs. A. Very true! "That we call a roſe, by any other name wou'd ſmell as ſweet."

Maſt. J. Now, mamma, will you ha' done? you've made papa too as bad as yourſelf, and there's no ſpeaking a word before him but he comes out with a rhyme to't.

Allb. (*without*) I'm juſt in time to't. [*Enters.*

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, is this a time for your folly.

Allb. I'll leave it to Polly.

Mrs. A. Oh, very well, Sir; but I aſſure you you ſha'n't go to London again in haſte, without me—A pack of your wits and geniuſſes cou'dn't take you to one of their clubs——

Allb. The Namby-pamby club.

Mrs. A. And only one night—but you bring home ſuch a parcel of ſtuff, and wherret every body with your rhymes and your rubbiſh!

Allb. Yes! but when my head is ſtuck up in poet's corner, there will be rubbiſh!

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, you're a brewer; mind your malt and your hops.

Allb. Oh! you unreaſonable woman! when it was you that ſet me on, and made me even lay out ſix ſhillings at the ſtall at the corner of Chancery-lane, for Byſhe's Art of Poetry, only to get myſelf ready at verſifications.

Mrs. A. Yes! but, Mr. Allbut, I having travell'd all over Italy in the firſt circles of faſhion, had

hopes

hopes you might turn out a poet of nature—to run extempore with a ſtring of beautiful verſes on every occaſion, as it may offer, like the charming Italian Improviſatore.

Allb. Well, I'm the great Engliſh Improviſitory.

Mrs. A. I have heatd the harmonious Metaſtaſio, the Paſtor Fido, the Goldoni—

Allb. On his poney.

Mrs. A. I proteſt to heaven, if you dont—

Allb. My love, your paſſion ſpoils your pretty viſage, it's my good humour that keeps the ſkin of my face tight and ſmooth, free from crows feet and parentheſis.

Mrs. A. A pretty thing! I can't go take an airing in my chariot to inhale the balmy odours of the roſeate ſpring, but my maid ſteps ſtately into my drawing-room, and with her delicate paws, rattles my inſtrument out of tune. This huſſey accounts for your negligence—letting me go to the play t'other night without a pocket hand-kerchief, and when all the boxes were in tears for the ſorrows of Monimia, I was obliged to wipe my ſympathizing moiſtened cheek.

Allb. Cheek! Ay! that was ſo roſy-colour'd that night—huſſey, your lady was fain to twitch the tears from off it with her white kid-gloves, ſo that the finger and thumb look'd as if ſhe had been taking brazil ſnuff—that cou'dn't ſave ſome drops falling on your neck hankerchief; what with that and your grievous face, my love, the titter went round. One Lord with a blue ribbon whiſpered, "'Pon my ſoul! that lady ſitting next to the pretty well-behaved little Gentleman, is Maudlin Muzzy." (*Jack laughs*)

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (*enraged*) Retire! (*Maria curtſeys and exit*)

Maſt. J. Mamma, Molly makes a better curtſey than you—you do it with a bob and a duck and ſhake yourſelf about ſo. (*mimicks*)

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, Maſter Jack, this is moſt unpretty behaviour, Molly! Hey! (*calls off*)

Allb. Rare times when the hen crows, and the little cock is head of the flock! Willows! eh, eh!

Re-Enter MARIA *and* WILLOWS.

Mrs. A. Did you rub the chairs in my chamber? (*to Maria*)

Willo. My poor child! (*aſide*)

Allb. Rub chairs! my dear, that's buſineſs for the houſe-maid—you ſhould recollect that Polly was well brought up—Did you carry that corn to the mill? (*to Willows*)

Mrs. A. Carry corn! nay, Mr. Allbut, are there not men enough about the houſe?—You ſhould not forget that Mr. Willows has ſeen better days; tho' now he totally depends upon our humanity.

Willo. Why, Sir, as Madam obſerves, one of the men in the brewery might as well do this; I have ſufficient uſe for my time over your books. [*Exit.*

Maria. Beſides, Sir, conſider my father's years—indeed he has'nt ſtrength!

Maſt. J. Molly, rattle up the piano—'twill make us all merry.

Mrs. A. No, Miſs; you ſha'n't ſhow off your graces to entrap the affections of my child.

Maria. I can bear all this: but to witneſs the injurious treatment my father receives, wounds me to the ſoul. [*Exit.*

Maſt. J. I'll go after, and kiſs Molly's tears away. (*aſide, and going*)

Mrs. A. Now, where are you going, Maſter Jack?

Maſt. J. Going to read a fine ſoft ſympathy book, Mamma—he! he! he! Yes, I'll kiſs Molly. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. A. Isn't that——Mrs. Bellevue under my roof! (*looking out*)

Allb. 'Tis widow Bellevue—but, love, our roof would ſtill be her's, but for my prudent dexterity in tricking her out of it. While her huſband, my old maſter, lived, he was ſharp over me: but, no ſooner the hatchment clapt upon the wall, than all her ancient noble blood fluſhed in her face at the ſight of the blue dragons, and the three white azure rampant fiſhing-hooks.

Mrs. A. That Maria! tho' we pay handſomely for poor's rates to bring the paupers out of the roads and hovels upon us.

Allb. Ay! Mrs. Bellevue's a poor pauper in the hovel now, yet ſhe was once too grand to have her great name poſted in ledgers—no, ſhe muſt have the buſineſs carried on under my firm, ſo rather than hurt her dignity, my little bit of an inſignificant name ſneak'd into the leaſe, glided into the conſols, ſtole into the Eaſt India ſtock, and my little bit of a ſelf popp'd into her houſe and land—like the New Church in the Strand.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Yes, it's certainly Maria encourages her to come here; I dare ſay I'm cut up finely. (*liſtens*) Come into the parlour! impudence! (*going*).

Allb. Now for a neat rhyme! (*aſide and holding her*) Gone into the parlour, impudence—juſt like a—a—(*ſeems puzzled for a rhyme, and not hitting on one, holds down his head, puts his hands in his coat-pockets and runs off---Mrs. Allbut enraged follows.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another Room in ALLBUT'S *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and Mrs.* BELLEVUE, *with a Book.*

MARIA.

INDEED I'm glad to ſee you.

Mrs. Bell. Once I cou'd be happy to bid you welcome here.

Maria. Aye! Mrs. Bellevue, this houſe when your's, was the ſeat of politeneſs and hoſpitality —hasn't Sir Henry ſince ſent to you?

Mrs. Bell. No, my Love, he's no more a brother. His late acquiſition of a baronet's title, has rais'd him ſo much above me, that I'm now neglected by him—every ſpark of fraternal affection; even compaſſion for my ſufferings has been long extinguiſhed!

Maria. Oh, Madam, I'm out of all patience with him—his family pride, ſo provokingly unreaſonable---to take ſuch a vaſt alarm at your marrying a tradeſman, when he himſelf, tho' a baronet, is ſtill in buſineſs---your huſband was a brewer---your proud brother is a banker---and where the end is money, I can't ſee any great difference in the means uſed to acquire it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. Candour ſhou'd in ſome meaſure incline me to excuſe my brother, when I reflect that my preſent deſtitute ſituation is partly the conſequence of that very family pride; which in his conduct to me wears the appearance of cruelty ---of inhumanity!

Maria. Aye, Madam, on the ſudden death of your worthy huſband, what a pity that you cou'dn't have ſuppreſs'd your own ideas of rank and birth; but tho' you were above all concern for the buſineſs, how unlucky your truſting it into the hands of this deſigning fool---this knaviſh Mr. Allbut!

Mrs. Bell. He abus'd my confidence---I plac'd him in a truſt---and then inſtead of clearing, to puzzle and perplex my affairs!

Maria. His purpoſe was to get all into his own power!

Mrs. Bell. He has done it---poſſeſs'd himſelf of my fortune, here---even of my houſe---and drove me from it.

Maria. To ſee the vulgar Mrs. Allbut—the great lady of the village—rattling by your cottage-door in her chariot.—(*Mrs. Bellevue weeps*) But I'm wrong to revive in your mind paſt diſtreſſes.

Mrs. Bell. My kind Maria! had I then ſuch an early friend! but thoſe whom misfortune has doom'd to participate in friendſhip, only by receiving, may ſeem intereſted for a grateful mention of its ſacred bleſſing. I am poor—you have been good to me—if I thank you, you will do juſtice to my intention——

Maria. Don't grieve, Madam.

Mrs. Bell. I didn't know the worth of your mind when my ſon ſet the juſt value upon your perſon

perſon and accompliſhments---He could diſcern genuine merit, I was dazzled with the blaze of tranſitory riches; and when I ſhould have bleſs'd him with a real treaſure, I wrong'd both him and you!---Forbad your union; and to prevent it for ever, ſent my child over ſeas far---far from me! Perhaps now a wand'ring fugitive. Oh! I have been wicked, cruel, unnatural! I'm puniſh'd, but not enough!—I ſhould be reſign'd---I am.

Maria. Dear Madam, all will be better---No news yet of your William?

Mrs. Bell. No, my dear; and ſince the unhappy change of affairs, I ſcarce wiſh for my ſon's return—I have now no home to receive him---no ſmile of welcome—my bleſſing and my tears are all I've left to give him.

Maria. As my brother Charles was led to go abroad merely with the hopes of finding your William, they may have met; the two boys were here exemplary in their friendſhip—they may, they will afford mutual aſſiſtance ſhould either want it.

Mrs. Bell. There too, from my unworthy conduct, you and your father are now deprived of comfort and protection from a brother and a ſon. Were Charles here, the Allbuts dare not treat you as they do. But I've heard nothing of William ſince his quitting the captain that I ſent him with, and proceeding to the Eaſt-Indies.

Maria. My father and I remain in the ſame uncertainty as to Charles.—You'll ſtay and take ſome refreſhment.

Mrs. Bell. Excuſe me, my dear—I'll not be the cauſe of drawing Mrs. Allbut's diſpleaſure upon you.

Maria. She never wants a cauſe for that. Step into

into my room—I've received a trifling preſent from ſome friends in town—I muſt beg your acceptance of a part of it.

Mrs. Bell. You've too much concern for me—I gave you evil, and you return every good.

Maria. My dear Ma'am be cheerful. (*Takes her hand*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Green. Scattered Cottages round it.

Enter CHARLES *in a Sailor's Dreſs.*

Charles. How every well-known object delights. —Captain Vanſluiſen!

Enter CAPT. VANSLUISEN.

Capt. Van. Eh! Yaw it is, my owner, Mynheer Willows!

Cha. I find you receiv'd my letter.

Capt. Van. Yaw, Mynheer; and I'm com'd at de very day it bid me meet you here. My ſhip have brought your riches from Batavia, ſafe to Amſterdam, and now ſafe to London.

Cha. Pleaſure indeed! I acquired them by labour, difficulty, and danger---had a hard ſtruggle for my life too, ſince, Captain---you know impatience to re-viſit England, would not ſuffer me to wait for your ſailing——

Capt. Van. I did hear de littal ſhip you embark in was caſt away.

Cha. Wreck'd here on the coaſt---dead of night ---had juſt time to throw on any jacket that came

to

to hand---I got on ſhore with only life---no caſh---knew nobody---diſpatch'd that letter to you, took a ſhort ſtick in my hand, puſh'd off on foot, and with a hale conſtitution and jovial heart, here am I returned to my dear native village, worth two hundred thouſand pounds, which ten years ago I quitted, not maſter of a guinea.

Capt. Van. I did loſt all your riches at ſea, but I did found dem again---Ve did not know of de war between France, Holland, and England, ſo we left de Indies vid out a convoy, and we were taken by a French privateer.

Cha. Indeed, Sir, well!

Capt. Van. Dey did board---clapp'd us all under hatches---but van of my crew, a brave young Engliſhman, in de mid vatch, crept out of a port up the ſides of the ſhip, ſnatch up a hanger, overpower de French centinal, releas'd us, and ve did retook our veſſel.

Cha. What, one man———

Capt. Van. De capitain of de enemy was an Iriſhman---fought like de dyvil---in deſpair to ſee his prize gone, darted on the Engliſh boy---claſp'd him in his arm, and jump'd overboard down in de vater---a heavy ſea---cou'dn't ſlack ſail--- ſaw dem no more!

Cha. My fortune preſerved by the loſs of a brave fellow leſſens the enjoyment! My heart throbs once more to behold my father; (*looking out*) isn't this Griſby the barber, dreſs'd very odd for a friſeur! A worthy fellow he is---How glad am I to come home. Ah, no place like old England, not a houſe that won't fling open its doors to me; not a table without a plate, or a parlour without a nail for my hat! Bells will ring! bonefires blaze, I warrant! (*they retire*) *Enter*

Enter GRIGSBY *and* VILLAGERS.

Grig. Don't interrupt me—I'm conſidering a caſe.

1ſt *Vill.* Now the Doctor's head is ſplitting with judgment. (*aſide*)

Grig I muſt ingratiate myſelf with Mrs. Allbut —without her countenance I may ſhut up ſhop, and cork up my wine-vaults. I take fifty pounds a year of her money for only talking at her tea-table on Italians, Della Cruſcas, and the nervous ſyſtem.

2d *Vill.* But, Doctor, my brother Tom be main bad——.

Grig. Oh! what you've a bad brother.

2d *Vill.* Sick.

Grig. You're all impertinent. A fine thing if I'm to have ſtudied the material medicar, Southampton-port, alder-ſloe-juice, and marrow-pomatum of Pharmacopolia, Britiſh coniac, turnip-cyder of Tooly-ſtreet, malaga ſurgery, tawny bottle-cruſts, eſſence of Burganny, curling-iron and apothecaryſhips, to throw away my time and ſkill upon all the ragga-muffins o' the place; but this is the curſe of a man's getting into reputation.

2d *Vill.* Ay, Doctor, 'cauſe you roots out a diſeaſe.

Grig. So I do. I'm for none of your worthleſs radical cures.

Cha. What, has Grigſby the barber turn'd doctor and apothecary? (*aſide*)

1ſt *Vill.* Couſin Ralph be got ſick again, Doctor.

Grig. Oh, his malady was—I perfectly remember his caſe; he was ill of a—a—Camera Obſcura. How did you treat him?

1ſt *Vill.* Bleſs you! I can't afford to treat people. When I be's in company, every man pays his own ſhot.

3d *Vill.* Doctor, my ſon George that liſted for a ſoger—I got un off, but he's now at huome ſick on my hands.

Grig. As we of the faculty ſay, much depends on diet. What's his regimen?

3d *Vill.* The old Buffs.

Grig. The devil! I mean what does he eat!

3d *Vill.* He's fond of eggs for ſupper——

Grig. Stop. What does he do with the ſhells?

3d *Vill.* The ſhells—let's ſee, (*pauſing*) I think he throws 'em behind the fire.

Grig. There 'tis! How the devil can a man expect health that throws his egg ſhells behind the fire? Here, (*writes with his pencil on a ſlip of paper*) he's a little deafiſh, is he not?

3d *Vill.* Yes, with all the drumming—

Grig. Then we muſt twidle up his optic nerve; (*writes*) ſcrupolorum Glaubers, vermifuge, ſquills, ay—As he's your ſon, you muſt give him ſal. prunell, ſal. polychreſt, ſal. almonic, and ſal. volatile.

3 *Vil.* Yes: but the dog will be always running after Sal. Johnſon.

Grig. My boy will mix that up for you. (*giving the paper*) You'll pay him half a crown. Confuſe it in a baſon of water—in that let him throw his egg-ſhells, and after ſhaking the bottle, fling bowl and all out at—mind—the ſtreet window—that may get me another patient, (*aſide*) firſt conſulting the thermometer. Begone! I'll give no more advice this morning.

1ſt *Vill.* Ay, Doctor, times are turn'd—You don't

don't mind poor folks now you've got a broken-knee'd mare, and a new old whiſkey. [*Exit.*

Grig. Broken-knee'd mare—old whiſkey—ah, no chance of being look'd on till I ſtep into my chariot.

Enter a SERVANT *in Livery.*

Serv. Sir, my maſter—

Grig. (*ſmiling and cringing*) What is your maſter taken ill? Dear Gentleman! I'll run to him.—(*aſide*) He pays me thirty pounds a year, and won't venture out in a morning till I come and tell him which way the wind lies. (*going haſtily*)

Serv. No, Sir; but he deſires you'll ſend him in a dozen of your beſt old port.

Grig. Ha!—What my black ſtrap?

Cha. A wine-merchant too!

Grig. Very well. (*Exit ſervant*) When he drinks from my cellar he'll ſoon want ſomething out of my ſhop. My red ſeal bottles, always bring one with a long cravat round his neck.

Cha. Now, Captain, you'll ſee how glad he'll be to find I'm return'd. My father was a good friend to him; and now for a ſpecimen of gratitude and early faithful attachment. Ah, honeſt Griſby—your hand, my old lad.

Grig. Rather free. (*drawing back*)

Cha. Stop!

Grig. Stop!---any buſineſs with me, maſter? (*looks ſtrange*)

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!---Don't you remember Charley Willows?

Grig. What, is it you? Come home in rags---this is the fuſs made about him by his family! I ſaid how 'twou'd be, (*aſide—ſurveying Charles with*

with contempt) hem--- (*going*) Whoſe chariot? (*looking out*) Oh! Sir? your moſt profound humble ſervant, (*bows off obſequiouſly*) Smart gig that? How d'ye do, Ma'am, (*bows off familiarly*) A good ſtout gelding!---hows goes it Mr. ——— (*nods off ſlightly*)

Cha. Well, Grigſby! You've done this deveſiſh well. I was going to your ſhop for you to throw a little powder into my hair.

Grig. Scrubs come to my houſe for powder, have you taken out the licence, my lad?

Cha. How! (*with ſurpriſe and indignation*)

Grig. (*aſide, not regarding him*) This fellow's ſiſter Maria tho', is pretty—but then, that Miſs Louiſa- -a report that ſhe's daughter, or ſomewhat to a lord---wasn't it?---an odd myſtery that---hiding at Jollyboy's---poor tho', and tisn't what were you, but what are you.

Cha. Hark'ee, Grigſby!---

Grig. (*ſmiling placid and contemptuous, takes ſnuff*) Madam Allbut is my firſt object and attention ---eh, isn't that Squire Hedgeworth and young Briers going out ſhooting? A preſent of ſome game for Mrs. Allbut might do me no harm---one ſhou'd never make preſents but to them that can afford to buy---How faſhionable they're equip'd for the ſport! I muſt kick up a rummage in my old maſter's wardrobe--ſee if it can't afford me a ſmart ſhooting jacket; every gentleman in the country ſhould ſhoot- -hey, my glove, (*ſearches*) A phyſician to feel pulſes ſhou'd have his hand warm, ſoft, and white---my hand (*diſplays it*) 'till I can ſport the chariot, I ſhou'd get a muff---a ring---my ſweet old patient found dead with a brace of guineas clench'd in his fiſt---ready fee for the doctor- -the punctual

honeſt

honeſt ſoul!---the old nurſe and I divided I ſhou'dn't have given her half---the two wou'd have compaſs'd a ſmart ring, ha! [*Exit.*

Capt. Van. He's gone to ſet de "plate for you, and knock up de peg for your hat."

Cha. This a ſample of my welcome!

Capt. Van. I tink I hear "de bells ringing"---I long for "de bonfire."

Cha. I wiſh the village was on fire---but hold, there may be only one Grigſby in it. Yes, 'twas certainly my forlorn appearance! the raſcal thinks I'm come home poor.

Capt. Van. If you had, Mynheer Villows, you ſee your welcome!

Cha. Aye; but unjuſt to draw a concluſion from the behaviour of this low-born murdering mountebank. (*a ſhot heard at ſome diſtance*)

Bri. (*without*) You've certainly wing'd her.

Cha. (*looking out*) Oh, now you'll ſee a different affair. Here are a couple of gentlemen, my former ſchool-fellows, except Willy Bellevue, whom to follow abroad I firſt left my home, they were my moſt particular and intimate companions.

Enter BRIERS *and* HEDGEWORTH, *with fowling pieces.*

Hedg. I think it fell in the marſh.

Bri. No getting it without wetting one's ſelf, and I've no great wiſh for Dr. Griſby's ſtuff—hey, Nero! (*whiſtles*) if I don't ſhoot that dog! badly made, good for nothing, (*perceiving Charles*) Oh, here, you ſir, leap the hedge and bring me the bird—it fell yonder——Damn the fellow, how he ſtares! Oh, he muſt be paid beforehand---there --- (*flings halfpence on the ground*) Now, hey over!

Cha.

Cha. (*with joy and cordiality*) My dear Bob Hedgeworth, Dick Briars! here I am come home to you again (*they look at each other, then at Charles with ſtrangeneſs*).

Capt. Van. De gentlemen ſeem to have forgotten you.

Cha. Aye, I am ſunburn'd and weatherbeaten ---but, my boys, don't you remember Charley Willows?

Hedg. (*to Briers---charging his gun*) Do you recollect---I ſhall be out of powder.

Bri. Oh, yes, very well---It's the---the---Willows---aye, brother to the pretty girl there below, at---Allbut, the brewers---My lad, if you don't take care you'll be preſs'd.

Hedge. Dick, you ſhou'd give the poor devil ſomething—I remember his ſiſter was always your partner at the aſſembly at Guildford.

Bri. Nonſenſe!

Cha. Well, but lads---what news---I hav'n't ſeen my father yet.

Bri. Free and eaſy---any thing of a former acquaintance got down out of one's line---a curſed boar---no ſhaking off.

Enter GRIGSBY *in a ſhooting dreſs* (*accoutred.*)

Grig. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient——

Bri. Oh, here's the doctor too.

Grig. (*charging.*) I've forgot wadding——my head! 'pon my ſoul, gentlemen, I was going to charge with a bank note---Doctor Boerhaave's proſcription---cou'dn't read it---but no matter---the mixture is gone home, and the patient will ſoon follow it (*aſide*)

Enter

Enter MARGERY *and* LOUISA, *behind.*

Marg, Ma'am, this is the ſhorteſt way to our mill.

Louiſa. Aye, my good Margery, your character of Mrs. Allbut has ſo frighten'd me, that I believe I muſt ſojourn with you a little longer; how ſhall we get by theſe gentlemen? I wiſh they wou'd-n't ſhoot till we are paſt.

Grig. (*to Louiſa*) Oh, Ma'am, want your change---hav'n't ſo much in the till—ſend you in a choice cheſt of florence. (*To Briers and Hedgeworth, ſmiling*) Gentlemen will you permit me to make one in your very ſalubrious amuſement?---I promis'd ſome game to a lady---I'm an excellent ſhot---mark. (*preſents*)

Marg. Stop, Ma'am! Deuce o'that doctor?

Bri. Zounds, doctor---that's a cow!——

Grig. That a cow! I know it, my dear Sir; but don't you ſee the little bird perched on the top of her horn.

Marg. I requeſt, gentlemen, you will let us paſs before you ſhoot.

Bri. Eh, who's this; oh! the woman at the mill there.

Hedg. Who is that with her?

Grig. My game has hopp'd the twig---it's wiſe---for, gentlemen, reſt is the nurſe of diſeaſe, You ſee as a doctor, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt; nothing but exerciſe and open air can brace and ſtrengthen the animal functions, and when the caninus rabies, which we of the faculty, call vertigo in the foot, comes; reſt brings a polyphus in the lungs, ſymptomatic of the epigaſtic region; and then nothing better than ſudorific antimony, parſimony, and ready money, diſmem-

diſmembering the whole animal œconomy with the ſyrrup of wild pop——(*Briers fires cloſe at his ear---he runs off*)

Louiſa. Ah! (*ſhrieking.*)

Cha. Frighten a lady! (*ſnatches the piece from Briers, and throws it over the hedge*) "Hey over!"

Briers. Dem me, what do you mean by that?

Cha. Oh, I'll tell you, Sir. (*Briers takes Hedgeworth under the arm, they both ſing and walk off*)

Louiſa. Thoſe are our young men of faſhion, devoid of politeneſs or humanity!---and this ſpirited young man---You're a gallant fellow! Thoſe brutal wretches! Oh, what miſtakes Fortune does make in the diſtribution of her gifts. (*aſide*)

[*Exeunt Louiſa and Margery.*

Cha. A lovely creature! But why did I not ſpeak to her? Thoſe puppies raſcally conduct has ſtupified me!---a Charming girl!---The ſcoundrels! (*paufes and looks confuſed*)

Capt. Van. And theſe ſcoundrels were your intimate companions? Why, Mynheer Villows you did keep good company!

Cha. This my reception---the joys I promiſed myſelf! They certainly imagine I'm come home pennyleſs; it is plain, if I had, how it wou'd be.

Capt. Van. Ah, Mynheer Villows, dis is your home!---Ah, ha! a man may love his own country vidout crowing over dat of another.

Cha. Why true, Captain. It is not this or that ſpot that ſtamps the character; Nature will not change for climate, cuſtoms, or complexion: the villain, black or white, is of one nation, and the benevolent are fellow countrymen, though born at the extremities of the globe---Yes, Briers and Hedgeworth's ſcorn, was all to my ſeeming poverty!

Capt.

Capt. Van. Suppoſe den you ſeem to be poor, only to prove which of your friends deſerve to be better'd by your riches.

Cha. Thank ye, I will. A moſt excellent thought!---my dreſs too ſo lucky---Oh, but Captain, my property is conſigned to the banking-houſe of Sir Henry Check.

Capt. Van. Yaw.

Cha. Then, maſter of a princely fortune, I'll ſally through the village in my old trowſers---Is that a good ſhipwreck'd, rueful face? (*looks dejected*) Come Captain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before ALLBUT'S *Houſe.*

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. Can't kill a bird. Juſt as I cover mark, and touch trigger, I always ſhut the wrong eye—How to pay court to Mrs. Allbut——

Enter a Soldier, with a Muſquet and Wallet.

Sol. What a fool was I to come this way, juſt under Mr. Allbut's houſe, and he's a juſtice of peace! (*Sees Grigſby, endeavours to hide the wallet, and ſneak by*)

Grig. That fellow's been poaching: ſince I cannot bring down game with lead, I'll try ſilver. Ho, you infernal dog! I know you're a poacher, deſtroying the noblemen's game, you vile thief! Give up what you've got!

Sol. Yes, I ſhall go to quod for my marauding! —Maſter, don't hurt a poor man with a family.

Grig. This is a lucky ſtroke—our great Madam Allbut will eſteem this ſuch a prodigious compliment—beſides the credit of ſhooting ſo capitally—Well, ſay nothing of this bus'neſs—there, I buy your game (*gives him money, and takes the wallet*) [*Exit Sol.*] Here's Allbut, and I hav'n't time to put the birds in my net.

Enter ALLBUT *from the Houſe.*

Allb. So, Doctor, in viſiting your patients, you ſhoot by the way?—'gad that's killing two birds with one ſtone.

Grig. (*ſmiling*) Yes, Sir, I've had tolerable ſport—I've ſhav'd a good many birds.

Allb. You've been ſhaving the birds?

Grig. Hem!—I mean killing—powder-puff and waſh-ball—that is, powder and ball—ſhot—I've brought here the produce of my ſucceſs humbly to preſent to Mrs. Allbut.

Allb. Ha! You're right to make preſents; ſhe's in a high paſſion—but this politeneſs of your's will ſoften her.

Enter MRS. ALLBUT *from the Houſe.*

Mrs. A. This audacious Mrs. Bellevue to dare to come into a houſe of mine!

Allb. My love, here's our worthy friend Doctor Grigſby has been ſhooting, and he begs you'll accept a few birds.

Mrs. A. Shooting is a cruel ſport! the pretty innocent feather'd tenants of the air—the tuneful muſicians that wake the early morn with carols

ſweet

ſweet—it ſhocks me! my feelings are perhaps too exquiſite.

Allb. Feeling! Yes, my love, and your taſte is not bad—over a roaſt pheaſant! Doctor, you'll come and eat a morſel of your own good cheer?

Mrs. A. Do pray, Doctor.

Grig. Madam, I ſhall do myſelf that honour.

Allb. A few partridges here, eh? and ſome woodcocks? (*taking up the wallet*) Oh, you fear'd they'd break your net.

Grig. I truſt, Ma'am theſe dainties will ſuit the delicacy of your ladyſhip's palate. (*Bows*)

Allb. (*opens the wallet*) What the devil, a gooſe!

Grig. Ha! (*ſurpriſed and confuſed*) Ay! a wild gooſe!

Allb. "Here's the pretty innocent feather'd tenant of the air"---By the Lord, here's a wild pig too---Here's the little bird that wakes the rofy morn with carols ſweet!" (*produces them*)

Grig. By the heavens, this muſt have been done by the magic lantern!

Allb. Thank ye, Doctor—but rather too light food for ſupper. However, as you're our apothecary, it's very well intended.

Mrs. A. Sir, be aſſur'd you ſhall not affront your betters.

Grig. Affront! let me tell you, Madam, we of the faculty think that my preſent is wholeſome and good eating—ſo ſays Doctors Boerhaave, Crook Shanks, Cheney, and Sir John Pringle.

Allb. Yes,——but, Doctor, if here isn't a wild old woman's petticoat—Why, inſtead of giving you're come here to make game! (*Throws it off*) Holla, Doctor, does Johnny Pringle recommend this for good eating?

Mrs. A. An audacious villain! Peter! (*calling*)

Enter PETER.

But I muſt compoſe my mind with divine poeſy: (*takes out a paper, and reads*) "Seraphic ſouls ſublime, celeſtial food, ſoft circumambient air"—I deſire, Mr. Allbut, you'll have him turn'd out of the pariſh, next Veſtry. Take thoſe into the houſe. (*Peter takes up the wallet, and exit.*)—I've ſomething elſe to think on than Doctor Griſby's nonſenſe—and you to join in it!

Allb. Love, inſtead of ſnubbing, you ſhou'd take care of me; give me nice cordials, to make me live long; for, once you're a widow, as I did with Mrs. Bellevue, ſome ſmart rogue will come and jockey you out of all. Aye, now I'm briſk, —but when I'm flat—dead—you'll be for marrying ſome flaſhy young Gentleman.

Mrs. A. I deſire, Mr. Allbut, you'll not flatter me with ſuch hopes.

Allb. Of two ſuch popes.

Mrs. A. Huſh! Maria and Mrs. Bellevue have broke up their conſultation. (*they retire*)

Enter MARIA *and Mrs* BELLEVUE *from the Houſe.*
Mr. and Mrs. ALLBUTT *ſteal in, and ſhut the door.*

Mrs. B. Bleſs you, my love; my kind, good angel!

Maria. Farewell, Madam.

Mrs. B. What muſt have become of me but for you?

Maria. Nay, now, indeed you diſtreſs me.

Mrs. B. If heaven has a ſtore for the benevolent, your comforts will be many. You nor yours were

were never obliged to me—you owe nothing, but give all. Your conduct, contraſted with the ungrateful poſſeſſors of this houſe! they have ſhared my bounty—they roſe high upon my ruins, tho' now they will not know me. When we'd win the heart by increaſe of favours, each added obligation but renders the claim of benevolence more inſupportable; and, though a kind wiſh is the only return expected, pride often quits the debt by an ungenerous endeavour to diſown it.

Maria. Dear Madam, be cheerful—the Allbuts are unworthy your reſentment: their repeated cruelties to my father and me cancel what they compliment by the name of charity—we muſt bear. If my father receives any news from abroad, you ſhall hear—and you'll do the ſame by us.

Mrs. B. The letters you have received from Charles, tho' long back, never once mention William.

Maria. Be aſſur'd, Madam, William ſtill is here; (*points to her heart*) but why ſhould I flatter myſelf that he has yet a heart for me!

Mrs. B. If he lives, dear Maria, could his faith and generoſity make a reparation for paſt injuries, Perhaps in my boys honeſt affection you might forget the unkindneſs of his mother. In that ſweet hope, his return will give me the firſt delight.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Bellevue and Maria.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before ALLBUT'S *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA, *goes to a ſide door and puſhes at it.*

MARIA.

I LEFT the door open—ſome of Maſter Jack's tricks, I ſuppoſe, (*knocks, Mrs. Allbut appears at the window.*)

Mrs. A. Who's there?

Maria. Oh! (*looking up*) the door ſhut ma'am, whilſt I walk'd out a little.

Mrs. A. The Maria! I proteſt I didn't know you—to pay me a viſit? this is an honor I didn't expect, but I don't imagine you've any very material buſineſs here, Miſs.

Maria. Madam!

Mrs. A. There was indeed a ſervant girl I had —one Molly Willows—but ſhe got ſo pert and idle—I am determined never to let her into my houſe again.

Maria. But, Ma'am, ſure you won't diſcard me?

Mrs. A. Can't avoid it, Miſs. (*Maria weeps*)

Enter

Enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. They ſaid our ſmart Doctor Grigſby came this way—walk off with the money I had to pay my rent! (*looking about*) No! holla! Madam Allbut! do your folks intend to bring that ſack of corn up to-day? mayhap you don't bake your own bread any more; becauſe if you want the flour, ſend the griſt up to mill. Miſs Willows, what's the matter? Crying! poor girl! If it's a man has made you cry—tell me who—I'll ſee if I can't duſt his jacket, and if it's a woman, I'll tell her——

Mrs. A. You're a buſy fool.

Allb. (*appears at another window*) Becauſe the air's ſo cool. (*Mrs. Allbut ſits and reads*)

Joll. Turn'd, poor ſoul, into the ſtreet! Madam ſeems very eaſy after doing an action a Grand Turk wou'd be aſham'd of.

Mrs. A. "In tranquil hours it gave the ſmile ſerene."

Allb. (*at the other window*) You I have not ſeen, (*to Jollyboy*)

Mrs. A. I deſire, girl, you'll not bring a mob about my houſe.

Joll. Am I a mob?

Allb. For you I've a job.

Mrs. A. No doing any thing for this man. (*retires*)

Allb. To grind my corn—but beware of the horn. (*Mrs. Allbut appears at the ſame window with Allbut*)

Mrs. A. Come in I deſire.

Allb. I beg leave to retire, (*he draws in—ſhe takes his place at the window, and is going to ſpeak—he puts his head over her ſhoulder*) I'll go ſit at the fire.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (*to Maria*) Contrary to my commands, you brought Widow Bellevue to my houſe, and be aſſur'd you ſhall find my door for ever ſhut to you. (*ſhuts the window*)

Joll. Turn'd out for relieving the diſtreſſed, poor ſoul! ſhe's too good to be ſhelter'd by a houſe, and now her roof is the canopy of heaven! Miſs Maria, Madam Louiſa, our lodger, is leaving us, I might again let the little box—but was it to bring me a guinea a day—I'd rather you'd occupy it for nothing.

Maria. I'm obliged to you, but cannot think of being a burthen to any one.

Joll. I'd be no loſer by the bargain; for proſperity hangs over the houſe that contains a humane and charitable heart.

Maria. Whither turn ſeperated from my father! leave him with thoſe cruel people!

Enter Maſter JACK.

Maſt. J. Molly! hark'ee——

Maria. (*joyfully*) Has your Mamma relented? Has ſhe ſent for me?

Maſt. J. Oh, no, my dear; but I'm ſoftened into a power of compaſſion for you.

Joll. Why now that's well—I always ſaid Maſter Jack was the flower of the flock—you think Miſs has been badly treated, and pity her, eh?

Maſt. J. Yes, I pity her. My dear, ſince Mamma has diſcharged you—ſooner than you ſhou'd come to want—if you'll bide at Mrs. Bellevue's cottage; I'll pay her a ſhilling a week, and give you half-a-crown and now then, if you'll only let me come and kiſs you at all times when I'm in a humour!

Maria. How! (*with indignation*)

Joll.

Joll. Why you ungenerous hound! is that your pity? Do you come and affront her with your rascally propoſals at the very time that her ſorrowful ſituation renders her an object of reſpect and protection?

Maſt. J. Hark'ee, Dick Jollyboy; I'll protect you with a douſe o'th' cheek.

Joll. You whelp!

Maſt. J. Oh, that's pretty uſage to your landlord's ſon—ſee if I don't make Mamma turn you out of your mill—fine doings! a young gentleman to be call'd whelp only for aſking to keep a Miſs! [*Exit.*

Joll. My dear you'll be ſafer in my little cottage than in this great houſe.

Maria. I believe you—I accept your kindneſs, and thank you.

Joll. Why now that's hearty!

Enter GRIGSBY, *full dreſſed, in large wig, with muff, and cane.*

Grig. Tho' I was deceived, by that foraging ſon of a ſcarlet fever, yet my preſent was as ſweetly aſtringent as rough Alicant—I'll ſhew theſe good people that a Phyſician is ſomebody. I ſee reſpect is all paid to appearance; and by heavens I'll have a chariot tho' it draws me to St. George's Fields, hem. Young woman,—this girl loves me (*aſide*) home?—Is your maſter or miſtreſs at home?

Joll. She has no maſter or miſtreſs.

Grig. How old are you? (*to Jollyboy*)

Joll. Why? ſuppoſe I'm three and forty—what then?

Grig. You're not a phyſician?

Joll. No, thank heaven.

Grig. Then you're a fool—Every man at forty is either a fool or a phyſician.

Maria. (*to Jollyboy*) I think I ſhall put you to inconvenience—ſuppoſe I go to the Doctor's, till I ſee what my father determines to do.

Grig. Come to me! oh! this is what we call love powder. (*aſide*)

Joll. Hold, Miſs. Doctor, give me that ten pound note.

Grig. Give you a ten pound note?

Joll. Yes; that, that Miſs Louiſa gave you.

Grig. So, when my patients give me a fee, I muſt give it to you? ha, ha, ha! but I'm not to laugh. (*Looks grave*)

Joll. Come—ten pounds!—touch! (*Holds out his hand*)

Grig. A touch in the pericranky—Did he bite you? (*to Maria*)

Joll. No, nor you ſhan't bite me. Give me the ten pounds.

Grig. He's got the hydrofogy! bring me out a baſon of water. (*to Maria*)

Joll. Return the money, or I'll take up your old trade and dreſs your wig upon your own block—here's my little twiggling comb! (*ſhakes his ſtick*)

Grig. A robbery!

Joll. A fellow learns to bleed upon the veins of a cabbage leaf, and draws teeth, by clapping a red-hot poker to our mouths!—picks our pocket as a wine-merchant and a doctor with ſloe-juice and powder of poſt. Deliver! (*ſhakes his ſtick, Grigſby terrified gives the note*)

Grig. Witneſs, Miſs; on the King's highway he ſays "ſtop, Sir, ſtand and deliver!"

Maria.

Maria. Nay, but Mr. Jollyboy, this is a very dangerous practice, and what nobody could believe from a man of your character—oh! my poor dear father! (*looking out*) [*Exit.*

Enter ALLBUT *from the house.*

Allb. Jollyboy, Mrs. Allbut has order'd me to treat you like a ſcoundrel.

Joll. Ah; you'll find it eaſy to obey her.

Allb. How dare you abuſe my wife and beat my child—I'll give you—

Joll. This is quarter day, and there's your rent, (*gives the note to Allbut*)

Allb. I'll give you a——receipt.

Joll. No; my word is a voucher that I have paid you—— [*Exit.*

Allb. What an honeſt man!

Grig. Honeſt! this is the moſt barefac'd, impudent way of paying rent! An honeſt man is plunder'd, and you are the receiver.

Allb. Plunder'd!—Is this your way of making preſents?—if you've got at robbing hedges and hen-rooſts, your old practices, my boy---how dare you make me the receiver!

Grig. By heav'ns, Sir, I'm of a ſanguine and aduſt complexion.

Allb. 'Sblood, Sir, who cares for your duſty complexion!

Grig. Return it, for at preſent—

Allb. I'll not return the preſent—the gooſe is pluck'd—the pig is ſcalded, and if you have any thing back, it ſhall be the old woman's petticoat.

Enter Shopman with a packet of bottles.

Shop. Maſter, I'm going to take the medicine to Squire William's.

Grig. Take medicine—take ten pounds from that gentleman.

Shop. (*ſtaring*) Sir!

Allb. Take ten pounds from me?

Grig. If he won't give it up quietly, trip up his heels.

Allb. Trip up my heels! touch me, and I'll lay you by the heels in a jail. (*runs into the houſe*)

Grig. Never mind—if he does, I'll viſit you.

Shop. Thank'ee, Sir, but I'll ſave you the trouble. [*Exit.*

Grig. He ſhall reſtore it, elſe—it's quite opake and clear to me—I'll oſſify his very bones—a millar and brewer take and give my money, hand to fiſt! enough to diſlocate my brain-pan—but that my wrongs brought out the loving concern of that comely ſervant-maid, Maria—my money! as I'm now bemuff'd and bewig'd, I muſt ſupport the condign dignity of a phyſician. (*Exit into the houſe*)

Enter CHARLES.

Cha Ay; it's a bad world, I ſee that. My thread-bare jacket drives every body away from me—ſome look with pity—ſome with contempt—but not one offers even to ſpeak to me!—oh! this is Mrs. Bellevue's.

Allb. (*within*) Give you ten pounds your barberizing raſcal! out with him, Peter! (*Peter and Allbut ſeen at the door thruſting Grigſby out*)

Grig. Here's a diaſcordium!—here's a noſtrum!

Allb.

Allb. And a roſtrum—and a cuff—and a muff —(*kicks out the muff and ſhuts the door*)

Cha. A new thing—people turn'd out of Mrs. Bellevue's houſe! why it's our generous doctor!

Grig. Here's ptiſan and diet drink—

Cha. You've got a ſcratch, but you've your own ſhop to go to.

Grig. I never take any thing out of my own ſhop.

Enter Maſter JACK, *from the houſe.*

Maſt. J. Oh, ho! father and Peter have been having fine ſport here—kicking Doctor Grigſby out, and never call'd me to join in the fun.

Grig. Pounded crabs-eyes! (*Maſter Jack gives him a blow and runs in*)—Had my man but back'd me——he ſhall never again pound mortar of mine—my lad, you may want employ, as your father and ſiſter are—beſides his ſiſter loves me. (*aſide*)

Cha. What! ſpeak!

Grig. You can carry out parcels?---I have been ſprain'd and batter'd like opodeldoc---no cutaneous hurt---but quite external---it has put me into ſuch a rage, I mean the Illiac paſſion and woe to Panado! ---look at my caput- -isn't there a fracture?---its denſe as a feather---oh, buſineſs for Bow-ſtreet---patients!---I muſt now viſit the Brown-bear. Cure from my own ſhop! may do for a porter, but you'll never make an apothecary, oh, no,---no, no, (*picks up the muff, adjuſts his cloaths*) the law ſhall ---to give me ſuch a diameter! I'll conſult Mr. Fudge the attorney, he ſhall take out a ſuperſnijet ---follow me! [*Exit.*

Cha.

Cha. What does he mean by my father and ſiſter? carry out parcels—porter—a ſcoundrel! but tho' the people here thought me poor, yet they might ſuppoſe my father wou'd inſtantly repleniſh my purſe—he, thank heaven, can't be ſubject to their froſty looks——he has competence, and I hope health.

Enter WILLOWS, *from an out-office, carrying a ſack.*

Is not that my father?

Willo. I ſhall never be able of myſelf to carry it. (*lays down the ſack, looking out*) My child! I muſt not grieve her! I muſt ſeem to make light of it.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Nobody dares diſobey Mr. Allbut's orders to carry it for him, nor ſhou'd I add to his grief, by telling him their uſage to me—now, Sir, don't attempt it.

Willo. Child, as we're ſervants to Mr. Allbut, to eat his bread and neglect our duty, is diſhoneſt and ungrateful.

Cha. Servants to Mr. Allbut! reduced indeed! this accounts fully for my reception here.

Maria. Sir, I fear 'twill hurt you.

Cha. My beloved ſiſter—brought up with tenderneſs!—my kind parent!—are theſe the comforts of his age!—but then isn't it in my power to ſnatch them from penury—till this moment I never taſted the ſweets of riches!

Maria. Sir, indeed you can't. (*Helping Willows to lift the ſack on a pitching-block*)

Cha.

Cha. They don't ſeem to know me. (*In a broad blunt voice*) How d'ye do, Sir?—ſervant Miſs.

Willo. How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Cha. You ſeem paſt your labour?

Willo. Yes, my lad; but thoſe that wo'n't labour may be compell'd to do worſe.

Cha. Have you now no ſon to work for you in your old days?

Willo. Why I may have a ſon abroad, but perhaps my poor boy finds work hard enough himſelf.

Cha. Where was this to go?

Maria. Only up to the mill yonder—kind Sir, Lord if he wou'd—(*aſide joyfully*) (*Charles takes up the ſack, and goes off whiſtling*) bleſſings on you! (*looking after him with delight*)

Willo. Now, child, this is very indiſcreet—how do you know who this man may be?

Maria. He's poor certainly—but I'm ſure he's honeſt (*ſpeaking off*) Your right, Sir, there's the windmill (*pointing*) [*Exit.*

Willo. Hollo, maſter! [*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE II.

Fields and a Windmill.

Enter LOUISA *and* MARIA.

Louiſa. Well, 'tis certainly very good of him.

Maria. Now wasn't it, Madam?

Enter CHARLES, *from the mill.*

Oh, then he has left it, my father ſhou'd thank him——

Cha.

Cha. The charming young lady again! how beautiful! my experiment doesn't require looking ſo very bad—though the Doctor refuſed, old Margery may aſſiſt me with a little powder. (*Goes into the mill*)

Louiſa. Why, that is the very delightful young man that interpos'd when thoſe rude gentlemen terrified me this morning—and, here now, to aſſiſt the weak and aged! one wou'd think he watch'd for occaſions of rendering ſervices where they were moſt wanted—what an excellent heart he muſt have!

Maria. Don't you think, Ma'am, if well dreſs'd—really I believe he's very handſome!

Louiſa. Oh, have a care! young women muſt never think men handſome—nothing more dangerous to our peace—alas! I feel it ſo. (*aſide*)

Maria. Well, Ma'am; I'll ſtep and apprize Mrs. Bellevue of the honor you intend her.

Louiſa. I thank you. This very atrocious circumſtance you've told me of the miller has confirm'd my determination to ſtay no longer with him.

Maria. Madam, it aſtoniſhed me! his conduct wou'd make one ſuſpect that the honeſty of the world exiſts only in appearance. [*Exit.*

Louiſa. You believe he's handſome—how weak and inconſiderate is our ſex!—that girl muſt be very ſilly to take ſuch notice of men—yet to my fancy, if I dare have a fancy, he's the moſt amiable perſon I ever ſaw.

Re-enter CHARLES.

My heart beats quick—I tremble—I wiſh I had never ſeen him—he has been making himſelf look more agreeable—now that is really very malicious. (*aſide*)

Cha.

Cha. Madam, your moſt obedient I'd talk of a thouſand things, and yet I don't know what to ſay (*aſide*)—Ma'am, here within is great lamentation—your intention of removing will break the heart of your poor old landlady.

Louiſa. I'm not going to reſide far off, Sir—only at Mrs. Bellevue's there, below—look, Sir, that—

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, I ſee.

Louiſa. (*aſide*) Looking quite the wrong way—Sir, it's—lord!—what am I about? abſolutely making an aſſignation!—I fear I am farther gone than I thought I was (*aſide*)—I thank you, Sir, for the concern you took in my fright this morning.

Cha. Oh, Ma'am, no merit of mine, concern for a lady who muſt intereſt all that ſee her, is involuntary.

Louiſa. Since my coming here, I've ſauntered a good deal about, but don't recollect having ever had the pleaſure of ſeeing you before, are you lately arrived in England, Sir, you have been abroad, I preſume?—but don't anſwer me. You ſee women will be inquiſitive.

Cha. They will be charming, and men be captivated; oh, you moſt lovely——

Louiſa. What Sir!—(*looks cold and ſerious*)—I deſerve this (*aſide*)— I retract all the information I gave you juſt now (*ſmiles archly*)—people tell me, and it may be ſo, that often I don't know what I'm ſaying; yet pray don't you now by a contrary meaning take an interpretation of my heart.

Cha. Then, Madam, you have a heart?

Louiſa. I'm afraid not (*aſide*) I thought I told you, you were not to mind what I ſay—I'm not going to live yonder—I ſhall never walk through that meadow in an evening—I deſire not to know

if your heart is engag'd to the young girl for whoſe father you carried the corn to the mill. (*Aſide*) Lud! if I hav'n't got to flirtation with a man I know nothing about! I the niece to a peer! and he---but love levels all diſtinction. [*Exit.*

Cha. Now who is ſhe?---good and charming! and that's a volume!—(*looking out*) Isn't this Allbut's wife? the miſtreſs of my father and ſiſter! who when I went abroad was little more than a houſe wench—what tricks has fortune been at? Oh, my new valet——

Enter SERVANT.

Well, John, the people at the Roſe don't ſuſpect you belong to me?

Ser. No, Sir,

Cha. Right, for if I receive welcome here, it ſhall not be for my riches.

Ser. Sir, Captain Vanſluiſen deſired me to tell you that Sir Henry Check wiſhes to ſee you.

Cha. Very well; (*Exit ſervant*) but I'll be a poor fellow for another five minutes—yes; (*looking out*) it is Mrs. Allbut, I'll try what effect my out-at-elbows has upon her.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. I don't know what's come to all the common people!—an impudent miller to dare abuſe a ſon of mine; but paying his rent ſhan't cajole me as it has done Mr. Allbut. Here, you woman, Margery, tell the Miller I'd ſpeak to him. (*Calling at the door of the mill*)

Cha. (*advances*) Ah, Mrs. Allbut! How d'ye do, Ma'am?

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Who is this fellow?

Cha. I hope my father and ſiſter are well.

Mrs. A. (*aſide*) I proteſt it's Young Willows; come home a beggar as I expected!

Cha. I've been very unfortunate.

Mrs. A. Unfortunate indeed; that you were not drowned rather than return in this plight——

Cha. Yes; but if my friends here are only good enough to aſſiſt me with a little money, I may ſoon be able to go out again to the Indies, and make another trial.

Mrs. A. The impertinence of ſuch people is inſufferable. (*aſide*)

Cha. I am ſorry to hear my family is fallen ſo much to decay; however it's not loſt what a friend acquires; I'm glad to find you've ſince got ſo much up in the world; I hope for your kindneſs—aſham'd to appear about this figure, a few guineas wou'd equip me properly; and then I ſhould not diſgrace your table.

Mrs. A. My table; guineas! my friend, I never meddle in the pariſh affairs; but I fancy, if you've no means of a livelihood, the beadle knows his duty.

Cha. Madam, I hoped for a kinder reception—

Mrs. A. Do you ſuppoſe that Mr. Allbut is keeper of the workhouſe?

Cha. Workhouſe! the time has been when you thought it the higheſt honour, my father's even hinting at a marriage between my ſiſter and your ſon.

Mrs. A. I ſhall die with rage—Yet really—ha, ha, ha! its diverting; pray, friend, ſtand a little farther off, ha, ha, ha! my table! the ele-

gant circle of literati! my faſhionable friends might indeed ſtare to ſee a Naples Lazaroni ſit at my table; this creature too, I ſuppoſe, plays the Piano, and reads Sterne.

Cha. Yes, Ma'am; but "the recording angel has no tear for you."

Enter ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. Oh, Mr. Allbut, here's the pleaſanteſt thing! This ragged man has a ſiſter, and expected you'd give her our ſon in marriage.

Allb. His ſiſter marry—

Mrs. A. Yes, our ſon Jack.

Allb. He deſerves a whack. Who is he, my dear?

Mrs. A. Oh, it's that—Molly, our maid's brother.

Allb. What Charley Willows, that went to ſea after Willy Bellevue? poor man, ſeems bad times with you! My dear, he may have the run of the kitchen for a week?

Enter WILLOWS *and* MARIA.

Mrs. A. Well, Miſs Maria, now you've time to exhibit your airs and graces at your piano forte?

Cha. Then, Ma'am, no pity for my diſtreſs?

Mrs. A. Pray take your diſtreſſes ſomewhere elſe. I deſire Willows you'll tranſport your beggarly family out of my preſence.

Allb. Ay, what d'ye mean Willows idling about here like a gentleman, didn't I give you buſineſs to do.

Cha.

Cha. The buſineſs is done; I left the corn ſafe at the mill.—Don't you know me, ſiſter? my Father! (*kneels to Willows*)

Maria. Oh, Sir, it's my brother! Heavens! I not to know him before!

Willo. My dear, dear boy, riſe!

Mrs. A. Ah; lord! he can't ſpoil his clothes? Ha, ha, ha! Such folks pretend to feeling, it's really amuſing!

Willo. Well, Charles, eh? how, are you juſt arriv'd?

Cha. Father, though I didn't go abroad rich, I'm come home poorer.

Willo. Never mind, my boy, better bring home an empty pocket than a bad conſcience. If you're clear of caſh, I hope you're likewiſe free from diſhonour.

Maria. Have you heard any thing of William Bellevue?

Mrs. A. Are we to ſtand all day liſtening to their diſmal ſtories? Abſolutely their croaking has an effect upon one's ſpirits.

Cha. And I hope upon your heart. You once yourſelves felt the bitterneſs of poverty, and a ſympathiſing recollection might now incline you to pity ours. (*taking off his hat*)

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, have you got any ſilver?

Allb. A ſhilling—hem, I've got a ſixpence. If there's no hole in your hat, let it hold that. (*drops it in his hat, Maria takes and flings it away, and places the hat on Charles's head*)

Mrs. A. A very elegant chariot ſtopp'd yonder (*looks out*)—ſome viſitor to us—Lord, Mr. Allbut, pray come a little farther—Willows, your ſon is abſolutely a diſgrace to one! I deſire he mayn't be ſeen hov'ring about our houſe.

Enter

Enter FOOTMAN *in full Dreſs, (mourning livery —reſpectfully preſents a card to* CHARLES.)

Cha. (*reads*) " Sir Henry Check's compliments to Mr. Willows, congratulates him on his arrival in England"—

Foot. Sir, my maſter himſelf is coming to you; but 'tis here I'm to enquire for this Miſs Louiſa. (*goes into Jollyboys*)

Mrs. A. Dear! I vow it's Sir Henry Check! (*apart to Allbut*)

Allb. (*apart*) Mrs. Bellevue's proud brother, that won't know her——he's a K. B. and an M. P.

Enter Sir HENRY CHECK, (*in mourning*) *and Re-Enter* FOOTMAN.

Foot. (*apart to Sir H.*) Sir, a young lady of the deſcription has been here, and they have directed me where to find her.

Sir H. Oh! very well, pray where is——

Allb. I'm here, Sir Henry.

Mrs. A. Had we expected this honour---

Allb. Mr. Connor, (*bows. Mrs. Allbut frowns, and walks away aſhamed*)

Sir H. Oh, you're Mr. —— the brewer, that ---(*with contemptuous indifference, then to Charles with ceremony and reſpect*) Mr. Willows, I preſume. (*all look at Charles with aſtoniſhment*)

Cha. Moſt obedient, Sir Henry. I underſtand ſome property of mine is conſign'd to your houſe.

Sir

Sir H. It is Sir. I left town, on a viſit to my Lord Oakwood's here in this neighbourhood, and underſtanding from Captain Vanſluiſen, that you had juſt arriv'd, took the opportunity of paying my reſpects with hopes of the pleaſure of introducing you to his Lordſhip.

Cha. Sir Henry, you're very obliging---I've ſome affairs to adjuſt, and then I'm at your ſervice. I ſhall dreſs and wait upon you.

Sir H. Oh, my dear Sir, the perils you've been in ſufficiently apologize for your dreſs.

Cha. I'm ſorry, Sir Henry, for what may have been the cauſe of your preſent appearance.

Sir H. I've had a ſevere loſs indeed—but come, Mr. Willows, I attend you.

Cha. My father—ſiſter—Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir, (*bows to Willows*) Madam, your moſt devoted. (*to Maria*)

[*Exeunt Charles and Sir Henry in converſation.*

Foot. Oh, Mr. Allbut, our butler's compliments to you, deſires you'l ſend in a nine gallon caſk of ſmall beer for the ſervants. [*Exit.*

Maria. Father!

Willo. Why Maria!

Allb. Mrs. Allbut!

Mrs. A. (*confuſed and embarraſſed*) Mr. Willows, I—cou'd—have—wiſh'd—Sir, that you had told us——

Willo. The firſt I knew of it myſelf.

Allb. I ſuſpect he has brought home the pelf.

Mrs. A. Mr. Allbut, I die with ſhame, for the ſcandalous treatment you have given him.

Allb. Me!

Mrs. A. 'Pon my word, he's improv'd; when dreſs'd, I dare ſay he's a fine young man. Mr. Willows,

Willows, you're very happy in ſuch a ſon—Miſs, I give you joy of your brother's return.

Re-enter CHARLES.

Cha. (*joyfully to Willows*) Sir, I've brought home wealth, and I ſhall think my perils and labours in the acquiſition nobly repaid, if it can contribute to the eaſe and comfort of my dear, my honored parent!

Willo. My child! (*Embraces him*)

Maria. My good Charles! oh, now I may be enabled to raiſe the widow from her couch of ſorrow!

Mrs. A. Well, I preſaged, when but a boy, and the ſweet child us'd to make ſuch a graceful bow, taking bread and currant jelly out of my hand, I ſaid Charles was born to ride in his coach.

Allb. Yes, my love, and you remember, that day you gave him the ſmart box o'th' ear—(*Mrs. Albut walks up angry*) Mrs. Albut, I call you to witneſs, when he was a little maſter, I ſaid, ſays I, "if that beautiful young gentleman was thrown into the ſea, he'd riſe again, with a bag-wig and a ſword by his ſide."

Mrs. A. Sir, we have now a very genteel neighbourhood—form little ſocial parties—happy if you'll make one, at a concert—or take a hand at Caſſino, or Rouge et Noir.

Allb. Mr. Willows, if you'll honour our houſe———

Cha. Sir, are you "keeper of the workhouſe?"

Allb. Me!—we hope you'll dine——

Cha.

Cha. To "take the run of the kitchen!" father, ſhall I trouble you to order every inn in the village, open to all comers?---ah! my good Sir and Madam, thank heav'n, I can now chuſe my company, and I'd ſooner ſteep my cruſt in the brook, than ſit at a table that hadn't a dinner for the poor friend that wants one.

[*Exeunt Charles, Maria and Willows.*

Mrs. A. Oh, I ſhall die with vexation! [*Exit.*

Alb. Did my dear and I know, Charley'd bring home the rhino,
We'd have ſqueak'd Oh be joyful, and and ſcrap'd violino.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before ALLBUT's *Houſe.*

Muſic and Shouting without.

Enter JOLLYBOY.

AY, there's the rich man's welcome, the full-mouth'd gratitude of beef and beer; what, and the Allbuts too going to partake of Mr. Willows' bounty! then Old Nick choke you in the ſhape of a pound cake.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT *richly dreſs'd, from the Houſe.*

Madam Allbut! What are you go'ng up to Mr. Willows's, hurra, at the Bear?

Mrs. A. Hurra!——what a phraſe!——but we ſhould pity the misfortune of tradeſpeople that want the advantage of early cultivation.

Joll. Ay; we brewers and millers can't be expected to know much.

Enter Maſter JACK, *from the Houſe.*

Maſt. J. Mamma, a'n't I too finely dreſs'd to viſit our ſervant maid?

Joll.

Joll. Ay, Maſter Jack, you're finer than ever your grandfather was.

Maſt. J. Mamma, Jollyboy won't let me talk about Molly.

Mrs. A. You muſt now ſay Miſs Maria, ſhe'll have an immenſe fortune.

Maſt. J. Then, Mamma; I muſtn't ſay, "hey the Molly, hand me the toaſt and butter?"

Enter ALLBUT, *intoxicated.*

Allb. Let my coach wait—at my iron-gate.

Mrs. A. Bleſs me! the man's tipſey; this my indulgence, to let you dine out!

Joll. So, then, you've been ſwilling Mr. Willows's wine—the devil's in your aſſurance!

Maſt. J. And now he can't behave himſelf.

Allb. Why don't you go up to the Roſe, and hollo for Mr. Willows?—You've no veneration for rich people.

Joll. Not I. If a man has riches, ſo much the better for himſelf. I thank heav'n and my own induſtry, I want none on't: nor if I did wou'd he give it—ſo what's any man's riches to me?

Allb. You won't even make one at our pariſh feaſts and veſtry-dinners, you churl!

Joll. Why ſhou'd you have feaſts and dinners?

Allb. To ſettle buſineſs. Wou'd you have us meet in a field?

Joll. Meet in a horſe-pond, with your chins juſt above water, rather than feaſt upon the poor.

Mrs. A. My coach, John!

Joll. Aye; you've ſcrapes, bows, and bareheads; but it's only to your coach---give me the cordial ſmile of ſolid eſteem in my chay-cart.

Mrs. A. Draw up! I muſt pay my reſpects to Miſs Maria.

Joll. Reſpects!—the poor girl you turn'd into the road!

Maſt. J. Mamma, Jollyboy's always prating, won't let me talk. (*whiſtles*)

Mrs. A. Here, Maſter Jack, by the way, you read me Orlando Furioſo. (*gives him a book*) The Maria ſhall peruſe my poem over our tea. As a rehearſal I'll condeſcend——poetry may civilize this perſon---a brute! that cou'd ſtrike my child. (*to Jollyboy*) Have you ever read Sympathy, Senſibility, and Humanity?

Joll. No; but I wiſh you'd get 'em by heart.

Mrs. A. Man, do you viſit the muſe?

Allb. Ay, when was you in Cockſpur-ſtreet?

Mrs. A Mr. Allbut have you tranſcrib'd my poem as I bid you?—Genius is above writing a mechanic fine hand.

Allb. Yes; but genius might know how to ſpell; and you write ſuch a ſcrawl, my love.

Maſt. J. Ay, juſt like on an Indian tea-cheſt.

Allb. Here I've copied it out in a neat-hand. (*gives the paper to Mrs. Allbut*)

Mrs. A. Gentlemen have no opinion of female literature; indeed we have not yet diſtinguiſhed ourſelves in blank verſe.

Allb. She'll be delighted with my improvements on it.

Mrs. A. A Jeu d'eſprit of mine—(*to Jollyboy*) you may read it out.

Joll. (*reads*) "Tall torrents tumbling from the tow'ring cliff,

Alb. "With a two-penny tiff.

Joll. "The wild winds whiſtle with the roaring wave,

"Dr. Grigſby for a penny did ſhave."

[*Jollyboy throws down the paper. Exit*] *Maſter J.*

Maſt. J. Oh, my father! (*laughs*)

Allb. (*bawling after Jollyboy*) Mind the "tiff" and the "ſhave" are mine---I'll give up every thing but my fame. I ſaw you was poz'd for a rhyme, my dear; not one in the whole poem, my chick! So I help'd you.

Mrs. A. Rhyme!---Do you know what blank verſe is, you wretch you!

Allb. Well, didn't I fill up the blanks Sweet?

Mrs. A. Dare to interpolate! I muſt get a tranſcriber---ſome half-boarder at a top ſchool---a reduced clergyman's daughter---no! that young perſon Margery recommended.

Allb. Oh, Widow Bellevue ſneaking to her hovel. (*ſhouting without*)

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE *and* EDWARD.

Mrs. Bell. Let's avoid this noiſe and feſtivity---joys are not for me! the Allbuts——

Mrs. A. One ſhou'd endeavour to do ſomething for this poor woman, as Miſs Maria was partial to her---Ho d'ye do, Mrs. Bellevue---coud'n't you make it out more comfortably, by a trial of---ſelling, ſome---trifling wares---throw your cottage---into a little ſort of ſhop-window---a few children's toys, penny books, or---you might keep a little ſchool. You've capacity to teach the infant ruſtics to ſpell I ſhou'd imagine- -Mr. Allbut, you'll advance the widow a few pounds for a ſet up?

Allb. I have it--there's one of my alehouſes, the Fox and Gridiron---the people are run away (*ſings*) "It's a pretty little re putable public houſe." —I'll put you into that, and for ſtock, I'll ſend you in a pin of beer or two.

Mrs. Bell. Hear me! You who have poſſeſs'd yourſelves of my right by rapine, and keep it by fraud ---there

- there is an eye that marks you, a hand that holds a ſword---the hour will come to ſtrike! wealth that ſhou'd give exalted luſtre, renders you eminently deſpicable! Oh! let the oppreſſor of the poor, reſtleſs on his bed of down, look within him ---there feeds the worm of conſcience---whilſt the patient object of his cruelty enjoys ſweet ſlumber on his bed of ſtraw---patience! oh, heaven! where is mine (*weeps*) but I will be proud! (*recovering herſelf looks with dignity and contempt on Mrs. Allbut. Exit with Edward. Exit Mrs. Allbut confuſed--- Allbut puts his hands in his coat pockets, holds down his head and follows--Maſter Jack pulls down his ruffles, and walks off*)

Enter WILLIAM *and* CAPT. MULLINAHACK.

Wil. Ay, Captain, the ſharks have miſs'd us, and here we've got a firm footing again on old England.

Capt. M. I don't know what ſort of breakfaſt I'd be for a fiſh; but at this moment I cou'd eat a piece of a ſhark, and yet I hav'n't the price of a cockle.

Wil. Here I promiſe you every comfort that affluence and hoſpitality can beſtow; that's my mother's houſe (*pointing to Allbut's*). She'll give us roaſt beef, a bumper of ſtout Madeira, and humming ſtrong beer of her own brewing, Captain.

Capt. M. Faith I wiſh we were ſitting down to it.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Now they're all gone out, if Miſs Maria cou'd ſee me---(*raps gently at the door*)

Enter

Enter MASTER JACK.

Maſt. J. (*knocks loud*) Peter, chuck Mamma's ſnuff-box out at window. (*the door is opened*)

Wil. Now, Captain, I'll introduce you to my mother.

Maſt. J. (*ſtopping him*) What d'ye want?

Wil. The lady of the houſe.

Maſt. J. She does'n't allow poor folks to come about her door.

Wil. Then ſhe's much alter'd for the worſe—Can't I go in?

Maſt. J. Sha'n't!

Wil. But I'd ſpeak with Mrs. Bellevue.

[*Exit Jack into the houſe, ſhutting the door.*

Edw. That's now Mr. Allbut's---Mrs. Bellevue, Sir, is my mamma.

Wil. (*aſide*) This my brother!

Edw. She lives in the cottage yonder.

Wil. (*aſide*) And is it ſo?

Capt. M. (*aſide*) Upon my honour I'm afraid the roaſt beef is all eat up---the Madeira is ſupp'd up, and the ſtrong beer turn'd ſour---William, the firſt interview with your mother won't admit of a ſtranger---I'll wait for you at the Inn---don't be aſham'd---as an enemy, when you retook my prize you cut me down with your hanger---as a friend after we were ſav'd in the waves, and ſince partners in adverſity, you've been kind and gentle, millions of gold cannot increaſe my reſpect where I admire courage, and honour humanity.

[*Exit. Shouts without.*

Edw. That's joy for a great rich gentleman that's come.

Wil. Joy!—Will you go with me to Mrs. Bellevue's, my love? [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter CHARLES *and Sir* HENRY CHECK, (*laughing*)

Sir H. For your good cheer you're now a great creature, ha, ha, ha! Your pretending penny-leſs, an excellent trial!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!—And the Allbut's too—their fulſome compliments—But you had ſomething to ſay, Sir Henry.

Sir H. A thought ſtruck me---your ſiſter is very amiable—Is ſhe under any engagement?

Cha. Why, there was a young gentleman, a very dear friend of mine; but I fear, he's dead---for I've heard nothing of him theſe many years.

Sir H. I've loſt my only ſon---my title, my fortune, muſt now go to a nephew, for ſome time I have not been upon good terms with his mother ---I may have been wrong—if we cou'd bring about a match between Miſs Willows and my nephew.

Cha. With Maria's conſent, you have mine, Sir Henry.

Sir H. I had better not introduce my ſiſter Bellevue till ſhe can make ſome appearance. (*aſide*)—Well, you're full of buſineſs I ſuppoſe Mr. Willows—Oh, did you ſee an Iriſh officer about here ſince—But you'll conſider of what I've ſuggeſted---adieu! excuſe me. [*Exit.*

Cha. Abrupt enough! A marriage of faſhion and buſineſs propos'd by the baronet and banker. Now to comfort poor Mrs. Bellevue---But her houſe is the charming ſtranger's forbidden cottage and meadow. Will my viſit there be love or charity?

Re-enter WILLIAM.

Wil. My poor mother! I'll walk in the air till ſhe wakes.

Cha. By heavens—William Bellevue! (*ſurpriſed*)

Wil.

Will. Find my mother reduced! and I return'd to her with one ſhilling!

Cha. My poor fellow! (*aſide*) William!

Will. (*ſurpriſed*) Charles! I heard you follow'd me out to ſea.

Cha. Juſt return'd to England.

Will. I'm ſorry to ſee you too come home with a ſhatter'd hulk.

Cha. Then he has not yet heard of my good fortune. I think there's no occaſion, but I'll try him too. (*aſide*) Aye, William, and no hope from my father or ſiſter; all gone badly ſince with them too.

Will. My beloved Maria and my friend!—(*aſide*)

Cha. But William its ſtrange that we never met abroad. Though your mother did ſend you off from my ſiſter, I think ſhe'll be ſoften'd to ſee me come home thus. Come, we'll ſtep into her houſe, and over a bottle and a cruſt we'll talk of our voyages. Oh, William, you've a ſnug, warm birth to come home to (*looking at Allbut's*)—but poor me—

Will. Charles, that's my mother's habitation now.—(*pointing off, Charles affects ſurpriſe and concern.*) A gentleman waits for me at the Grapes; ſtep acroſs to the houſe—I'll ſee my mother, and come to you.

Cha. But, ſhou'd any thing prevent you, I've no—(*touching his pocket*)

Will. Here, Charles, (*gives him money*)

Cha. Perhaps I deprive you?

Will. Oh, no, I'm ſtill a few ſhillings ſtrong—good bye. [*Exit.*

Cha. Give my ſiſter with a hundred thouſand pounds to baronets and bankers! My generous poor friend ſhall have her. But, hearing nothing from him ſo long, may ſhe not ſince have choſen another; ſo fine a girl muſt have had many dying ſwains—(*looking out*) Doctor Grigſby! Your apothecaries know all that's done, ſaid or thought in every family—I'll aſk him.

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Their open alehouſes! I muſt watch for my friend in the ſtreet; in the ſtate of my pocket I'm afraid to venture in a tavern yet, though I'm juſt hungry enough. If I dine with a gentleman it will be at his own private table—Oh, they tell me this is the great man that pays the piper—An airy kind of a morning dreſs—May be he'd invite me. Sir, your moſt obedient—(*bows*)

Cha. Sir, (*bows*) you have the advantage of me.

Capt. M. No, 'faith, Sir, it's you that have the advantage of me—You know where to find a dinner, and I muſt firſt find the philoſopher's ſtone (*aſide*) You've charming air here—its ſo ſharp and keen, gives one ſuch a fine appetite.

Cha. Sir, it's wholeſome air.

Capt. M. Yes, Sir; but it's not toothſome.

Cha. Sir!

Capt. M. No, he won't (*aſide*) Sir, (*bows*) ſince my mouth muſt be idle, I'll try if my noſe can't get a little employment (*aſide*) Sir, a pinch of your ſnuff, if you pleaſe.

Cha. Sir, I don't take any.

Capt. M. Oh, theſe are bad times indeed, when a ſea officer can neither get ſnuff or mutton. (*half aſide*)

Cha.

Cha. A gentleman by his air and manner, but ſeems an oddity.

Enter GRIGSBY *and* CONSTABLE.

Grig. My patients cannot ſpare me to go to London—beſides this rich man will be now for cramming himſelf with turbots and turtles eggs—and will ſoon want a doctor.

Capt. M. May be he'd invite me. Sir, I am your's alſo. (*to Griſby, who ſtares*) Nor you neither.

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Poh! [*Exit.*

Grig. Then poh! for you. Conſtable, you'll catch my thief?

Conſt. But who is he?

Grig. If he knocks out your teeth, I'll give you a fine tooth I bought of a blackamoor. (*ſees Charles*) The nabob!—how lucky his believing I didn't know him this morning—his ſiſter loves me—(*aſide*) Sir, if you dance in the evening that is, a minuet, now loſe a little blood—my lances ſo ſharp and obtuſe—my ſweet little parlour—ſattin hair-bottom'd chair—handled China coffee cups—Sir, your arm ſhall be ty'd with your own philaſtic garter—ſtretch'd out, hold one of my fluted ſilver candleſticks, and to divert your thoughts by a pleaſing object before you in a glaſs-caſe, you ſhall ſee my ſkeleton of Levi Barrabas—none of your ſixpenny London bleedings, pewter porringer, yard of liſt and a broom-ſtick—by the heavens, Sir, I'll charge you two guineas—there will be bleeding!

Cha. But now for information—Doctor, as well as the body, you're often conſulted on the ſtate of the mind?—

Grig. The Munro? Ha!—Theraptica.

Cha. Why, Doctor, you ſeem to have acquir'd aſtoniſhing ſkill in your anatomy, pharmacy—

Grig. Dear Sir, only ſympoms in farmacy, I have a pretty meadow, ſome corn—

Cha. Blockhead! (*aſide*) Pray have you heard—do you think my ſiſter has form'd any particular attachment!

Grig. In the Pleura ſhe was in danger, but I diſpers'd it—young women ſubject to theſe periodical diagonals.

Cha. I mean love attachments——ſpeak out—the man that can make her happy ſhall have her.

Grig. Shall he?—Sir, your ſiſter has long form'd a moſt laſting attachment.

Cha. Oh, William—but doctor I don't mean—

Grig. There is a certain worthleſs, cephilalgical poor dog—the very thought of him is her elexir cardialgia.

Cha. Then ſhe has kept her heart for Wiliam—(*aſide*) His poverty is nothing to any body.

Grig. Certainly, Sir, you've a cauſtic for that!

Cha. I think him worthy of the fineſt woman in England!

Grig. Oh, dear Sir, (*bows*)

Cha. I'm certain he's endow'd with ev'ry generous quality—

Grig. Oh, Sir. (*bows*)

Cha. And doctor, the poor cephalalgical dog, as you call him, ſhall have her, in preference, even to the nephew of a baronet.

Grig.

Grig. Shall I?—then ſhake hands my generous brother!

Cha. What, yourſelf! You? Impoſſible! this can exiſt only in his own folly.

Enter LOUISA.

Louiſa. Yes, here he is; but what brings me here?

Grig. Want, your change?—hav'n't ſo much in the till—ſend you a bag of camomile. (*apart*)

Louiſa. So, Sir, for all my caution, you wou'd come hovering about the cottage, and my walk in the meadow? (*archly*)

Cha. Oh! you moſt charming!

Louiſa. Hold! I never liſten to heroics.

Cha. As you ſay, Ma'am, they are very ridiculous, (*confus'd, looking out*) My ſiſter—to think of this fellow, but ſhe can't—yet the ſex fall into ſuch unaccountable inconſiſtencies.

Louiſa. Mrs. Bellevue is a very charming widow, ſo don't you follow in there.

Cha. As you ſay, Ma'am, excuſe me a moment, there's a lady coming that—

Louiſa. Oh, Sir, I don't wiſh to interrupt you and the lady—I deſerve this, for my forward indiſcretion. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA, *dreſſed.*

Maria. Oh, brother, have you ſeen Mrs. Bellevue?

Cha. (*aſide*) If ever ſo depraved, ſhe'll be aſhamed to own it to me—I muſt draw concluſions from her manner—(*aſide*)—Maria—

Enter

Enter JOLLYBOY.

Joll. Mr. Charles Willows—to fling your money about among drunken mobs!—I wiſh you'd let your golden ſun ſhine upon the houſe of ſorrow.

Cha. Thank'ee, my honeſt monitor.

Grig. (*to the Conſtable*) Apprehend the honeſt monſter! I'll ſwear he robb'd me—here will be fractures as I'm going to be married, muſt take care of myſelf for the good of poſterity. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Conſt. Was it Mr. Jollyboy he meant—he rob!—did you (*to Jollyboy*)

Joll. No.

Conſt. An honeſt man's word againſt the oath of a—good by'e, (*ſhakes hands and exit*).

Cha. Here muſt be probity, (*gives Jollyboy a paper*)—My almoner—go! you "find out the houſe of ſorrow," and diſpenſe joy.

Joll. A hundred pounds! "I ſhall get ſaucy again." Huzza! I give you leave to roar and be happy, tho' you are a rich man, or you ſhall laugh by proxy—I'll be your repreſentative in joy, as well as charity; and a bleſſing on you as you give it— [*Exit ſinging.*

Maria. Brother, you're very wrong to entruſt money to him—you're deceiv'd—he's not the man you think him; I aſſure you, he us'd the poor doctor moſt horridly—

Cha. (*aſide*) Her poor doctor! Oh, her partiality is evident,—ſlander ſuch genuine integrity!—love a wretch that cou'd deny me! who, when he ſuppos'd me in indigence treated me moſt contemptuouſly—take him, let him be a huſband; but I am no more a brother. [*Exit Maria.*

Maria. What can he mean? (*looking out*) Heavens! ſure that's William—he return'd too?—Then 'twas my dear William that Charles meant—perhaps they met abroad—why at firſt conceal it? Ah! William, the only delight I receiv'd was from the thought that I might ſee you again, and now is it thus my wiſh is accompliſh'd; my father loves us, he'll remonſtrate with Charles; better his gold had ſtay'd in the mine than make him violate the deareſt ties of duty, love, and friendſhip. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Inſide of Mrs. Bellevue's Cottage.

A Table with Books, Work, and Newſpapers.

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE.

Mrs. Bell. Maria has ſent me the news-papers, ſweet girl! ſhe takes every occaſion to amuſe and oblige me, (*looks out*) Eh! what ſtranger is this?

Enter EDWARD.

Edward, you brought the poor man in, to relieve him? that was right, my love—your brother William is a ſailor, if he lives—and for his ſake, tho' we have only a little, you know it's always my wiſh to ſpare when diſtreſs takes the ſhape of a forlorn ſeaman.

Edw.

Edw. Mamma, he has ſome great bus'neſs with you, yet, when I told him you was aſleep, he gently look'd over you—but I never ſaw ſuch a look! tears fell down his cheeks—and, then for fear of diſturbing you, he ſtole ſo ſoftly out again —Sir! (*calling*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. (*looking out*) Perhaps brings me news of—

Enter WILLIAM.

'Tis himſelf—my William!—my dear beloved ſon! (*he kneels, ſhe throws her arms round him*)

Will. Mother, can you forgive me?

Mrs. Bell. No, the mother ſhou'd aſk pardon of her child—I baniſh'd you, my life's comfort, from my arms—from your country—I wrong'd, and heaven has avenged you—Ah! William, look, I've no home for you; and it's now you ſeem moſt to want a home.

Will. Edward has told me. Cou'd Allbut be ſuch a villain! didn't my uncle interpoſe with his advice? his fortune?—is he in London, I'll—

Mrs. Bell. No, William, I muſt now forget I had a brother! Since your departure he has had an heir to his eſtate—a Baronet's title too! No, Sir Henry now never ſees me!

Will. But why!

Mrs. Bell. My fault is adverſity, and that the proſperous cannot forgive.

Will. Then, Madam, I muſt not face my uncle —With hopes to raiſe a fortune for Maria, I quitted the Captain with whom you ſent me—rambled to the Eaſt Indies—but our relation wou'd not encourage my diſobedience—I left him in diſguſt —and after many perils, was returning in a Dutch India

India ſhip—we were taken by a Frenchman, but in the night, I got upon deck and——

Mrs. Bell. (*ſnatching up a news-paper*) Your ſhip was retaken: then the brave youth was not drown'd!—Was it you, my William, that preſerv'd—it was! I ſaid I knew none ſo likely to perform ſuch an action as my ſon, my gallant William—oh, my child! in this thread-bare jacket ten thouſand times more welcome to your fond Mother, than if clad in jewels acquired by the plunder of the unfortunate! my ſon! my ſon! (*embraces him; looking out*)—Oh, the lady that Maria told me of.

Will. And my appearance— [*Exit haſtily.*

Enter LOUISA.

Louiſa. Madam, pardon my intruſion——

Mrs. Bell. Madam, you do me honour; Maria has informed me, that you wiſh to become an inmate here.

Louiſa. I do, Madam; the miller and his wife are good people, but coarſe—the man blunt—and as Maria tells me, not too honeſt—an aſylum with you will make me happy.

Mrs. Bell. Madam, that ſhall be my endeavour.

Louiſa. You ſhou'd know ſomething of me tho' a family diſagreement drove my father, a man of rank, from his country—I follow'd him to France—he was a Captain in their navy—I hav'n't heard of him ſome years, which gives me much doubt and uneaſineſs, and I retir'd, Madam, to this village, 'till I either might hear of him or be recall'd by my friends.

Mrs. Bell. Here you may have tranquillity; but chearfulneſs you muſt bring with you.

Louiſa. Yes: but 'twas taken from me in my way hither, by a moſt unkind young man—juſt come from over ſeas—I believe only to vex me.

Mrs. Bell. Over ſeas? What ſort of man?

Louiſa. Oh, very handſome.

Mrs. Bell. A ſtranger—it muſt be my William!

Louiſa. Aye: I thought he look'd like a falſe William.

Mrs Bell. My ſon!

Louiſa. Indeed, your ſon! but do you think he has given away his heart?

Mrs. Bell. He loves, and is belov'd (*looking out*) and here comes the very amiable girl.

Louiſa. (*looking*) Aye: the very ſame—— What cou'd ſhe mean by her fineſſe to me at the mill this morning---as a meer ſtranger---expreſs ſuch feeling for his ſervice to her father! (*aſide*)

Enter MARIA *dreſſed.*

Maria. Oh, Madam, where's William?

Louiſa. And ſhe left him this moment. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Bell. Not far off---Maria, you're very fine, what is this?

Maria. Hav'n't you heard? Ah, Madam, I fear an union with William is now far diſtant.

Louiſa. (*joyfully*) Is it?---I aſk your pardon, Ma'am, I'm very rude, but I---I---(*confus'd*)

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. (*to Maria.*) Now, my beloved (*ſees Louiſa*) here again?---want your change---hav'n't ſo much in the till---ſend you ſeven bottles of peppermint---Maria I'll celebrate your brother's ſucceſsby illuminating my windows---the village ſhan't blaze

blaze in bonfires, and my houſe dark—wiſh I'd a few ſquibs, or ſome little guns to make revolutions.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. (*to Louiſa*) Miſs, a ſervant in mourning aſks for you.

Louiſa. Madam, your pardon. [*Exit haſtily.*

Mrs. Bell. That ſeaman was your brother, my love; go to him.

Edw. What, William! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. But, Maria, you aſtoniſh me—what can have turn'd your heart againſt my William?

Grig. Talk not of Williams or Georges—her heart muſt turn to nobody but Jack Grigſby—her noble brother! to give her to me, in preference to the nephew of a baronet!

Maria. To you? impoſſible that Charles can be ſo abſurd!

Mrs. Bell. Nephew of a baronet—muſt mean my boy—Is Charles this rich man, whoſe arrival has occaſioned ſuch univerſal joy?—Oh, then his contempt for my William is accounted for—here's the world! ſtep this way, my ſon—never mind your dreſs. (*calling off*)

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Madam, my brother's gone. He overheard you all talking, and went out greatly troubled.

Mrs. Bell. How!

Maria. Which way, Edward?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Bellevue, Maria, and Edward.*

Grig. Her brother giving Maria to me—very handſome—but I muſt dreſs terrible ſmartiſh—with

the eclat of her fortune, I ſhall indeed be a phyſician—Doctor! Beautiful!—I will buy a deplomar—job-coach—pretend to be reading—own footman thump muffled knocker—door open'd by lady of the houſe—ſtep ſlowly up ſtairs—ſhoes creak—chair plac'd—patient's bedſide—all ſilent, reading my looks—pinch of ſnuff—ſtop watch—ſqueeze pulſe—touch guinea—beautiful, thrice beautiful! ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Road.

Enter WILLIAM, *agitated.*

Wil. Maria falſe! My mother in indigence—this my home! Where ſhall I turn my face?—Heavens!

Enter ALLBUT *and* WAITER.

Wait. You'll ſup at our houſe, Sir?

Allb. (*ſeeing William*) I don't like your ſtraggling ſailors—it's Willy Bellevue!—He come back too ſhabby! Yes; he wants to play on us the ſame game that Charles did—certainly rich—ſeems poor, only to try us.

Wait. (*apart to Allbut*) Aye, Sir; you've hit it! like Mr. Willows, he certainly has brought home the ſhiners—and I'll tell 'em ſo up at our houſe. (*aſide, runs off*)

Allb. He'll play the devil with me for ranſacking his mamma! Oh! this, 'twas that puff'd Mrs. Bellevue up when ſhe trim'd us ſo this morning—

I'll

I'll ſeem to think him poor—then the greater merit in my kindneſs, Willy Bellevue! (*joyfully*)

Wil. (*aſide*) The wealthy brute that oppreſs'd my mother.

Allb. I'm ſo glad to ſee you come home again!

Wil. Glad! If I had even gone away in your debt, I have brought no money to pay you.

Allb. Sly! (*aſide*)—Talk of money between friends; I ſaid when you went abroad, you were too honeſt, like Charley Willows, to make fortunes, by cutting Rajahs throats—and running off with their coats.

Wil. Has Charles brought home money?

Allb. He has, my honey. My ſweet boy, he has been as great a rogue to get pelf, as yourſelf, or myſelf (*aſide*) He has been ranſacking abroad; brought home rupees enough to fill a porter-butt.—No, give me the honeſt conſcientious man, tho' he hasn't a halfpenny to buy his dog a roll---and Billy, I reſpect you by my ſoul!

Wil. Charles make fortunes! this doesn't correſpond with his ſtory to me---perhaps, flaſhing away to procure a little civility from them--- (*ſhouting and joy-bells without*)

Allb. That dog of a waiter has been blowing this news all about, (*aſide*) Don't mix with that rabble at the Roſe; come to my houſe.

Enter a VARIETY *of* CHARACTERS.

All. Huzza! Welcome home Squire Bellevue!

1ſt *Man.* Sir, if you make a purchaſe of lands here I ſhall be happy to lay out your grounds.

2d *Man.* Sir, I've the letting an excellent manſion-houſe, woodland, warren, and trout-ſtream.

3d

3d *Man.* Your honor, if you're not engag'd, I'm a taylor—ſhall be proud to work for you.

4th *Man.* All ſorts of haberdaſhery—town prices.

5th *Man.* My ſhop—perfumery—firſt quality.

Allb. Devil's in you all; not even civil without ſome view; but when I thought him as poor as Jonas, I offered him my houſe and all its comforts. There was liberality! I deſpiſe oſtentation, I do ſuch charities in ſecret, that nobody ever knows any thing about them. You ſelf-intereſted pack! come daubing him with your flummery!

Enter VILLAGERS *with Election Chair, and* JOLLYBOY.

Villagers. Chair Squire Bellevue! Huzza!

Joll. This is popularity! To-day they'll make brutes of themſelves, and drag your coach about; to-morrow they'll burn you in effigy, with a great wig and paper pin'd to your back!

Wil. My good friends, you're wrong. I'm not come home worth a ſixpence.

Allb. Charles ſaid the ſame, and my numb-ſcull'd wife was ſending him into the kitchen. He ſhall not go up to the Bear. Come to my houſe, tho' you haven't a ſouſe! (*they gather round him*)

Wil. I requeſt you'll deſiſt. (*they chair and raiſe him on their ſhoulders*)

[*Exeunt ſhouting.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Drawing-Room in ALLBUT's *Houſe.*

ALLBUT.

QUICK, Peter! Put wax in the girandoles and cluſtres—blazing cluſters.

Enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Mrs. A. I hope you hav'n't aſk'd Mr. Willows and his party to come here?

Allb. No: but there's another young old friend of ours arriv'd in England (*running about and adjuſting the furniture*)—Jenny! bid cook buſtle, take thoſe clumſy ſurtouts off, and unmaſk the damaſk.

Mrs. A. What do you mean by your buſtles and illuminations?

Allb. I tell you here's a Gentleman—(*knocking without*)—there he is—give me a kiſs?

Mrs. A. With ſweet conſent to conjugal endearments thus the turtle-dove——Oh, fie! (*going to him ſmiling*)

Allb. Lord! I don't want to kiſs you—I only ſaid it for the rhyme's ſake.

Mrs.

Mrs. A. Perhaps indeed ſome perſon of condition is coming—(*goes to the glaſs*)

Allb. This way, dear Sir——Mrs. Allbut waits the honor of receiving you.

Mrs. A. Why didn't you give me more notice?

Allb. Pray, walk in, Sir.

Enter WILLIAM.

Mr. Bellevue, Mrs. Allbut. (*introducing them*)

Mrs. A. (*ſtarts*) Ah!—introduce your tarpaulins to me——who's there? Shew the fellow out.

Wil. Madam, though its a novelty being deſired to quit this houſe—yet, as it was once my mother's, I think I can find the way. (*going*)

Allb. Stop, my ſweet Willy! (*holds him. Apart to Mrs. A.*) The devil's in you—are you going to make the ſame blunder with him you did with Charley Willows? You won't be convinc'd that he's come home with the caſh, till you ſee the banker's chariot. Billy, be ſeated.

Mrs. A. Upon my ſopha! (*pulls it away*) Go about your buſineſs.

Allb. Stay, Peter! A bottle of ſack for me and my friend.

Wil. Now is it the wife or the huſband that gives me the real welcome? (*aſide*) [*Peter ſerves wine.*

Allb. Here's friendſhip without intereſt, and a ſpeedy kick-up to all ſcoundrels. (*drinks and coughs*)

Mrs. A. One wou'd think, Sir, that you got the wine out o' th' rivers—I inſiſt——

Allb. (*apart*) So rich—brought home from the Indies—my dear Billy (*ſhakes hands*) cargoes of nankeens, bamboos, pepper, tea, china, fontaragree, lacca, and bagatapaex. Love, doesn't Billy look

look charmingly? The dolts without there think him quite a man of gold---and I humour'd them in it; tho' I knew 'twas no ſuch thing---(*apart*) he has money enough to ruin us for chouſing his mother.

Mrs. A. (*changing her manner*) Proteſt I did not know him at firſt!

Allb. There, you ſee ſhe did not know you at firſt---(*apart*) ſeem to think him poor, and behave kind to him.

Mrs. A. And the Willows' family---this croud of ſucceſs is ſo provoking! (*aſide*) My dear William, I am ſorry for your own ſake, you've had no better fortune abroad; but you are as welcome——

Allb. As the poſtman!

Wil. When I reflect on certain proceedings towards my mother, I am at a loſs how to account for this very extraordinary kindneſs to myſelf.

Allb. Billy---didn't I tell you the good lady cou'dn't ſtoop to live in this ſcene of buſineſs?

Mrs. A. Mrs. Bellevue, my dear, you know, was a woman of quality---deſpis'd every mechanic idea, and we indulg'd---let her have her own way.

Allb. I've plagu'd myſelf with the whole property, merely to rid the dear gentlewoman of the trouble of buſineſs——I've toil'd, while ſhe lives ſnug in the cottage without a care to make a grey hair. Peter, has John taken the coach for Mrs. Bellevue?

Mrs. A. (*aſide*) My coach!

Wil. Sir, I'll call and bring my mother.

Allb. I ſuffer the dear lady to ſhuffle through the mud!--What ſhould a gentleman keep a coach

for, but to accomodate people that are genteel and honeſt---Go! (*to Peter*)

Peter. Our coach for the poor widow---well! [*Exit.*

Wil. (*aſide*) Some balance this againſt Charles's unkind conduct.

Allb. Billy, conceal your poverty and you'll get enough to help you; for your ſordid raſcals are always thruſting their money on thoſe they are ſure don't want it; your travels may have exhauſted your caſh---command my purſe. (*gives money to William*)

Mrs. A. Nay, my love; you muſtn't engroſs all Mr. Bellevue's compliments---my dear William accept---I'll not be refus'd---(*giving him her purſe*)

Wil. Eh! the world ſeems better than I thought it (*aſide*)---Pray, Sir, how long has the marriage been talk'd of between Maria and your Doctor here?

Mrs. A. The firſt I heard of it.

Allb. Or I, huſh!---Only from their finding out your empty pockets.

Wil. Really!

Allb. (*aſide*) I'll get the doctor's bones broke---offer to take ten pounds from me! Griſby's a terrible rival! abus'd you at ſuch a rate only for thinking of his Maria---my love, you know he ſaid he'd kick Billy.

Wil. Scoundrel! but is he worth my anger? I'll conſult my Iriſh friend the Captain. (*aſide*) (*a loud knocking without*) if you expect company permit me to retire.

Allb. Poh! what's a man's outſide? We'll pack 'em off, and then us three will make a party quarré over a ſnug bit of ſupper. [*Exeunt Wil. and Allb.*

Mrs.

Mrs. A. (*looking out*) Mrs. Bellevue in my houſe! this is indeed a ſacrifice to intereſt!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Ma'am, Mrs. Bellevue wou'dn't come in the coach.

Mrs A. Proud wretch! ay: ſhe'll not join in William's deception upon us; our ſudden notice of her will appear ſo unaccountable, I ſcarce know what colour to give it.

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE.

Mrs. Bell. Theſe people muſt have ſome motive for their reverſe of conduct---has Providence wrought it in their hearts, or do they dread my ſon's indignation; and yet who is faultleſs! If their contrition is real, I ſhou'd meet it with forgiveneſs---Oh, Madam, I hope you'll excuſe my warmth this morning.

Mrs. A. Madam, pray don't mention it, as the poet ſays,

" The heart that's wounded by the dart of date,
" Aſſumes in dire diſtreſs ſublimer ſtate."

It hurts me, Madam, to think---that---ſtill ſome little miſunderſtanding or other ſhou'd have unluckily kept us at ſuch a diſtance. I fear I have been wrong---the ſight again of your dear William revived ſparks of former kindneſs.

Mrs. Bell. Accept my thanks for the reception you have given him---he left me juſt now in great trouble of mind.

Mrs. A. Madam, won't you pleaſe to ſit---Peter get Chocolate. (*Exit ſervant*) Now, Madam, you

ſhou'd be happy---how aſtoniſhingly Mr. William's improved!

Mrs. Bell. He's certainly very good, and I am ſure he has gratitude---he's hurt exceedingly at ſome change in his friend Charles, but your attention to him in his preſent diſtreſſed circumſtances——

Mrs. A. Diſtreſſed circumſtances! Gratitude! Can ſhe too give into this little artifice her ſon is playing off upon us? I'll try her farther. (*aſide*) Life is ſubject to viciſſitude, and did we withdraw our countenance from our friends in the hour of calamity we ſhould be barbarians, Mrs. Bellevue.

Mrs. Bell. But, Madam, though my ſon is now in poverty, and has found me in extreme indigence---

Mrs. A. Poverty?

Mrs. Bell The hour may yet come when---

Mrs. A. Stop, Madam; (*riſes*) anſwer me---Is your ſon's diſtreſs real? It muſt be ſo---this proud creature is above falſhood.

Enter PETER, *offers chocolate to Mrs.* BELLEVUE---*Mrs.* ALLBUT *puts it aſide.*

What's the blockhead about? Mr. Allbut! (*calling off*)

Enter ALLBUT.

That fellow isn't worth a ſhilling!

Allb. What my ſweet Willy! No?

Mrs. Bell. I'm ſure he cou'dn't attempt to impoſe the contrary upon you.

Allb. He did! Becauſe he ſaid he was poor, I thought he was rich---it's ſuch a lying world! Give him a ſupper!---Betty! Take the pig from the fire!

Mrs. A. He took my purſe.

Mrs. Bell. So then, all this humanity that I---

Mrs.

Mrs. A. I like people chattering of humanity, that have nothing to loſe by it!

Allb. Fine talk of hoſpitality, when they can't lay in coals enough to boil an egg for their ſallad! Peter! Where's the ſailor?

Peter. Sir, he went out, he ſaid, to look for ſome Iriſh Captain.

Allb. Bring an Iriſh Captain upon us!

Mrs. A. We're robb'd! [*Exit.*

Allb. And bobb'd! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bell. What can they mean? What new miſchief to my unhappy child.

Enter Captain MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Pray, my pretty lad, was there e'er a young William come in here?

Mrs. Bell. I fancy you mean my ſon, Sir.

Capt. M. Your ſon!---then this is his mother—a moſt noble preſence! (*aſide*)—Stop (*to Peter*) ſuppoſe I partake of theſe people's kindneſs, and ſave them the trouble of an invitation—Madam, will you do me the honor to take a diſh of chocolate?

Mrs. Bell. Sir, have you ſeen my ſon?—What do the Allbuts' intend?---I am tortur'd with the moſt extreme and perplexing ſolicitude!

Capt. M. Poor lady! Then I'll divert her ſorrows with an account of my own misfortunes. (*aſide*) Firſt, Madam, it may be neceſſary to inform you, I'm an Iriſhman and a foreign officer; but when I did accept a French commiſſion, England had no ſhare in the quarrel; for, Madam, let me be blown from the mouth of a cannon, when I turn my face as an enemy againſt Great-Britain, my honor'd country! or my gracious King!

Mrs.

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir, your acquaintance with my ſon?

Capt. M. Oh, we fought ourſelves into the ſtricteſt amity---Madam, I took a Dutch prize, and he took it from me---ſo when my kicking and cuffing about cou'dn't ſave it, I jump'd overboard.

Mrs. Bell. How, Sir——

Capt. M. And to ſecure myſelf a welcome in 't'other world, I brought the brave boy, your ſon, along with me.

Mrs. Bell. Oh, heavens! then it is——

Capt. M. We were pick'd up together, and got to ſhore—our little money was ſoon ſpent—loyalty forbids my return to France——

Mrs. Bell. To what perils have I expos'd my boy!

Capt. M. My brother, Ma'am, is a Lord; no fault of his for, he was born to it—not Madam, a humpy Lord; but a real Right Honorable, that can row a boat and play cricket---

Mrs. Bell. But, Sir---(*with anxiety*)

Capt. M. Madam, I don't know how it was; but we cou'dn't agree, and you know that muſt have been his fault, becauſe I happen'd to marry one day---my wife had only beauty and virtue, and I ſpent my own little fortune in all the ſplendor of a younger brother; then I came away in a huff.

Mrs. Bell. Sir; will you be a friend to my ſon?

Capt. M. Aye, Madam; and I hope I can be a friend to him: for our family eſtate and title deſcend only in the male line; to be ſure my elder brother's wife, the Lady Caſtle-Somers was juſt brought to bed; but I left Ireland in ſuch a hurry, that

that I don't know this moment, whether I am an aunt or an uncle.

Re-enter ALLBUT.

Allb. I'll have him.

Capt. M. Sir, will you take a diſh of chocolate? (*drinks*)

Allb. What! (*ſtaring*)

Re-enter Mrs. ALLBUT.

Capt. M. Madam, do you prefer dry toaſt, or cake?

Mrs. A. Take our money! Madam, not the leaſt neceſſity for honoring us any longer with the company of perſons of your rank.

Mrs. Bell. The intruſion wasn't my choice:

Capt. M. Nor mine; but ſince they're here, Madam make free.

Mrs. A. You make very free!

Allb. To ſup our tea.

Capt. M. Oh, you're come here to drink tea; never mind being aſham'd about it—you're heartily welcome.

Mrs. A. Can the man know that we're in our own houſe?

Capt. M. (*ſurpriz'd ſets down his cup*) Oh, you're Mrs. Allbut—then there's ſixpence for your cup of chocolate, and keep the halfpenny yourſelf, (*throws down money*)

Allb. Here's an affront! (*puts the money in his pocket*)

Mrs. Bell. Sir, can I ſpeak with you?—you can give me information that my ſon's modeſty will not ſuffer him to diſcover.

Capt.

Capt. M. (*bowing, takes her hand*) Mr. Allbut, Sir, I have the honour to—(*Allbut bows*) deſpiſe you. [*Exit leading Mrs. Bellevue.*

(*a ſhot heard at a diſtance*)

Enter PETER.

Peter. Oh, Ma'am, I fear I've done miſchief---I lent a caſe of piſtols out of the hall to young Bellevue.

Allb. William taken piſtols---ah, true---gone after Doctor Grigſby---then I know where to find my purſe that I gave Willy---Peter---my juſtice wig-- musn't loſe my money! I'm a magiſtrate, and authority begins at home. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before GRIGSBY'S *Houſe. Candles at a Window.*

Enter GRIGSBY *and* SHOPMAN.

Shop. Sir, do you think we've candles enough up?

Grig. No. I wiſh we had colour'd lamps---a fine tranſparent C. W. Mr. Charley Willows would take that for ſuch a high compliment---They've made a bonfire at the Roſe and Crackers ---ſince I've no pateraroes, I'll give another double ſhot. (*takes piſtols*)

Shop. Oh, Sir, you'll alarm the whole village! [*Exit.*

Grig. (*Bawling*) Tom! touch 'em with turpentine, and they'll be ready to light up as ſoon as its dark. Have I the ſquibs?---yes, how I'll fling 'em about!---the Landlord of the Roſe won't take his

his wine from me, tho' I made him a preſent of two decanters, ſixteen to the dozen---a nice occaſion to break his windows---the glazier's my cuſtomer! Now I'll go up to drink tea with my bride, and lay my vardi againſt Jollyboy---a few links to my paliſadoes---noble blaze! (*goes in*)

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. Let Sir Henry Check, whoever he is wait! Buſineſs muſt give way to honour. William ſays that his rival is one of the learned profeſſions; but whether in the law or the army I quite forget. However, my friend can't be degraded by fighting him. I muſt deliver my meſſage in a decent manner——

Re-enter GRIGSBY.

But which is—oh, Mr. Jack Pudding! Which is Grigſby's?

Grig. Sir, what do you want with Mr. Grigſby!

Capt. M. I'm come to call him out.

Grig. Well, he's out already.

Capt. M. O, you mean he's not at home. Now here I'm making a blowing-horn of this buſineſs, and we ſhall have the ſheriffs and beadles all about us---(*aſide*) I don't come about any quarrel.

Grig. Who cares whether you do or no—What the devil do you want with me?

Capt. M. You! Oh, this is a comical looking learned profeſſor. (*aſide*) Then you are the gentleman?

Grig. Gentleman—he, he, he!—civil enough—but his brogue, moſt infernal hellebore. (*aſide*)

Capt. M. Firſt, Sir, I'm an officer.

Grig. Cuſtom-houſe (*aſide*)—come to ſearch? dam'me, Sir, down into my cellar—I have a few gallons of nullage among my pieces of wine, ſo flouriſh your gauging-rule—who cares for your exciſe ſcratching-irons, and meaſuring gallopers.

Capt. M. Softly, ſoftly, with your ſcratching and galloping. I'm come from a gentleman.

Grig. (*aſide*) Oh, an order! Sir, beſides my old bottl'd, I've neat wine in the wood.

Capt. M. Wood! yes, you ſeem to have a ſup in your head—be quiet—I am come from——

Grig. Oh, a patient!

Capt. M. My friend is——

Grig. Dropſical?

Capt. M. No! my friend is——

Grig. Feveretical?

Capt. M. No! he's——

Grig. Gout or rheumatical?

Capt. M. Not in the leaſt; he's——

Grig. Eriſypelatical?

Capt. M. No! I tell you he's——

Grig. Sanguine apoplectical?

Capt. M. (*impatient*) No, no! Sir! no! he's exceedingly hurt——

Grig. Hurt! oh, a fracture in the os caries.

Capt. M. No, Sir! but——

Grig. A luxation of the os humerum.

Capt. M. No ſuch thing, Sir! it's——

Grig. A diſlocation of the membrum funerum.

Capt. M. Zounds, Sir, no——

Grig. A gibbous body in the latera.

Capt. M. 'Sblood, Sir, no, no! I tell you no! Why my friend's coming here to ſhoot magpies. (*aſide*)

Grig.

Grig. Then, zounds, Sir, tell me what is his complaint, for it is impoſſible I can gueſs it.

Capt. M. Sir, he does not complain about it; but you might have known that he has an affection——

Grig. Oh, a convulſive affection in the midriff ——theſe ariſe from ill humours in the——

Capt. M. He's good-humour'd enough, Sir,—— yet he cannot digeſt——

Grig. A bad digeſtion?---I underſtand---alexipharmic---then, Sir, after ſpeaking aloud, ſinging, running, or drinking, as we of the faculty ſay, dilufactitious liquification of ſwallow's neſt---he ſhou'd take four ſcruples, two drams——

Capt. M. He is a gentleman, and deſpiſes drinking drams---Sir, I don't know what you mean?

Grig. I mean, Sir, water-gruel, if his ſtomach's ill.

Capt. M. He has a very good ſtomach; ſo have I---water-gruel! By the ſmoke of all your chimnies, your pots and ſpits go merrily, but a man may walk about and look at the outſide of your houſes——

Grig. What!

Capt. M. Sir, don't talk of water gruel.

Grig. Why true, Sir, as we of the faculty ſay, ſome prefer butter-milk—but——

Capt. M. Oh, here's a national reflection!—— Hark'ee, friend, talk again of potatoes and butter-milk, and I'll break your pate.

Grig. Why, Sir, ſheep's-head broth is more mucilaginous, as a lacteal lachrymoligon, with an emmolient mixture of Jews-ears——

Capt. M. Stop!——don't ſay another word, but tell me what you mean!

Grig. What do I mean?—Album grecum——a decoction of logwood——there's expectoration for you!

Capt. M. Will you give my friend the meeting?

Grig. Certainly.

Capt. M. And will you give him ſatisfaction?

Grig. I flatter myſelf I am able to do that---I don't fear giving ſatisfaction to him and his whole family—I'll cure him——

Capt. M. Here he comes.

Grig. Abroad! here's variety!—a patient coming out without the help of an undertaker!

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. This affair, end as it may, muſt alarm my mother. (*aſide*) Well, Captain, have you told him?—But wou'dn't a caning—(*apart*)

Capt. M. Fie, fie, to be ſure he's a foul-mouth'd man; but he's ready to anſwer what he ſays.

Wil. I'm aſham'd to tell my friend, this fellow's ſo deſpicable; yet, then he'd not think of urging a ſerious contention.

Grig. Why it's Willy Bellevue! his pia mater! (*looking at his forehead*) How d'ye do? (*ſhakes hands*)

Capt. M. That's right! Courage without malice---We'll all ſtep yonder, and in five minutes time perform the operation.

Grig. Operation!——my inſtruments——

Capt. M. That ſeems a very good caſe in your hand. (*pointing to Grig. piſtols*)

Grig. Theſe! ha, ha, ha! That will be one way of curing indeed!---very good-- after a leaden pill, the patient cou'd never complain o' th' doctor!

Wil.

Wil. Trifling with this fool!---I'll ſee Maria and upbraid her---No! I'll inſiſt upon an explanation from Charles—— [*Exit.*

Capt. M. Stop, William! Come this way, and among the trees we'll finiſh it.

Grig. The trees! Step into my little parlour.

Capt. M. Little parlour! Oh, you don't want to ſettle the affair 'croſs a table.

Grig. I'll tie him in a chair.

Capt. M. Will you?

Grig. Then with my ſaw——

Capt. M. Saw!——Death and 'ouns, if you're ſo deſperate, have you got a ſecond?

Grig. He's gone out for candles! Bring my razor—hem—my amputating knife!

Capt. M. Do you think we're in America going upon a ſcalping party! draw—and by the heavens I'll——

Grig. Bring my ſalve-box, diachylon, and tourniquet.

Capt. M. None o' your tourniquets or tomahawks.

Grig. I'll handle you as gently---The lint and bandage---I'll give you ſuch a dreſſing---

Capt. M. Handle me! I'll give you a dreſſing! (*beats Grigſby*)

Grig. Help! Murder!

Enter ALLBUT, CONSTABLE, *and* JOLLYBOY.

Allb. Here, Conſtable, knock him down and take him up! [*Exit Grigſby.*
He has broke the peace! Why didn't you beat him?—I'll have Juſtice!

Capt.

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Capt. M. I've heard of your juſtice to poor Mrs. Bellevue, the mother of my friend William! (*collars Allbut*) Liſten, oppreſſor of the widow---plunderer of the orphan---you call for juſtice! As I now ſhake your ugly body before this bleſſed ſun that's going down upon your head, let your villainous ſoul tremble at night upon your pillow, you ſcoundrel! [*Exit.*

Joll. Bravo Captain! Oh, how I ſhould like to croſs the rough ocean of life in conſort with ſuch a man of war---we'd chace affliction, take diſtreſs'd merit under our convoy, and bring it ſafe to the harbour of comfort.

Allb. What d'ye talk of, Captain! I'd keep up a fire with e'er an admiral in the navy.

Joll. Yes, in a ſnug parlour with a poker in your hand. I've lectured Mrs. Allbut, and ſhe has promis'd, inſtead of wiping away her tears at fictitious woe, when real miſery appears, that ſhe'll put her hand in her pocket---and now a word with you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III: *and laſt.*

The Village.

Enter CHARLES, *dreſs'd.*

Cha. I will not be acceſſary to Maria's certain diſgrace and future unhappineſs, by tacitly complying with her caprice; her union with this Griſby muſt not be---Oh, Sir Henry---a fine woman with him! why its my adorable!

Enter

Enter SIR HENRY CHECK *and* LOUISA *dreſs'd.*

Louiſa. You're very good, Sir Henry.

Sir H. Sir---Miſs Louiſa Somers---Madam, this is———

Louiſa. Oh, Sir Henry, I could have introduced this gentleman to you. We have met before---haven't we, Sir?

Cha. To my infinite pleaſure, Madam.

Sir H. This is very well---then ſince you're already acquainted, I hope a ſimilarity of ſentiment will ſave me even a wiſh for a more tender intercourſe between two ſuch amiable perſons. (*Going*)

Louiſa. Now, Sir Henry, pray don't go.

Sir H. But Madam, didn't I promiſe to find a very unexpected friend for you? Expect ſoon to ſee him.

Louiſa. To oblige me, won't you excuſe Sir Henry? (*to Charles*)

Cha. Certainly, Madam, when the cauſe leaves me with a lady I ſo much admire.

Sir H. (*apart to Charles*) Follow that, Mr. Willows---She is niece to an Iriſh peer---a deſirable alliance! When your ſiſter Maria gives her hand to my nephew, our family will be very leading in both kingdoms. (*Sir Henry and Charles confer*)

Louiſa. This Mr. Bellevue's experiment to prove his friend was well enough; but his conduct to his mother and this young lady is very equivocal; leaves one in a cottage, and breaks a ſolemn engagement to the other. (*aſide*)

Sir. H. Moſt obedient Mr. Willows. [*Exit.*

Louiſa. Sir, I wiſh'd for an occaſion to talk to you a little, and you ſhall not again ſend me out of

of the way: "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I muſt ſpeak to this lady"—and the poor favour'd damſel ſoon after follows me in a ſhower of piteous tears—don't be offended; but I muſt inquire—What reaſon had you to break off that match?

Cha. Then ſhe has heard of my ſiſter Maria's partiality for Grigſby—(*aſide*) Madam, 'twas diſproportionate—a very vulgar connection.

Louiſa. (*aſide*) True; I heard ſhe was ſervant to Mrs. Allbut—But I thought her a very elegant woman.

Cha. Madam, ſhe reflected a diſgrace upon me; I'd wiſh to have conceal'd it from you; but ſince it's notorious, her partiality for the barber ſurgeon here——

Louiſa. Oh, then you're jealous of Dr. Grigſby.

Cha. Jealous, Madam!

Louiſa. Now I'll queſtion him on his treatment to his poor mother. (*aſide*) Sir, you've acquir'd a fortune abroad—don't you bluſh not to take a little more notice of your honored parent?

Cha. Madam, I have taken every notice that obedience and duty can dictate—my honored parent ſhall never want an eaſy chair and a cheerful bottle.

Louiſa. Oh, this is a horrid man!—he'd inſinuate—Sir, no aſperſion can injure Mrs. Bellevue in my opinion; and I'm ſorry your conduct has turn'd it ſo very much againſt her ſon—but a child's protection the parent ſhall never miſs whilſt I can prove myſelf the friend and comforter of aged benevolence. [*Exit.*

Cha. Very odd this! What can ſhe mean---what conduct of mine cou'd change her opinion of William

William Bellevue?---Why angry that my old father ſhould have an eaſy chair and a bottle---but the ſweet character of her charity prepared my heart for the impreſſion made by her beauty. As Sir Henry obſerves---if I cou'd obtain her with all my wealth, a reſpectable introduction into life is an object---but my ſiſter and this Grigſby! no! ſhe ſhall have Sir Henry's nephew---her affections are alienated from William, ſo I don't injure him.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. Why 'tis he---ſo dreſs'd! The report's then true of my dear Charles' good fortune; yet why conceal your ſucceſs from me?---but anſwer me; do you know of your ſiſter's change of mind?

Cha. Ay William! let her go---ſhe's not worthy of ſuch an honeſt fellow.

Wil. Then ſhe has your approbation of her perfidy?

Cha. (*aſide*) Do you call me to an account! this is rather building too much upon our former intimacy. I ſhou'd deſpiſe myſelf if pride of riches, or hope of more honorable alliance, cou'd warp my heart from an old friend---yet---look'ye, Sir---

Wil. Sir!

Cha. Your marrying my ſiſter is now out of ſight; but to atone for her perfidy, as you indeed juſtly call it, and in conſideration of our former acquaintance---

Wil. Acquaintance!

Cha. Whatever pecuniary embarraſſments you may labour under, if the ſum you'll find here is not ſufficient to extricate you, you may command me further-- (*gives a ſmall pocket book*)

Wil. Sir, I thank you --for---your---bounty---my heart will burſt---(*aſide*) your humane---feelings---for---my abject poverty are indeed generous---(*with great emotion flings away the pocket book*)

Enter Mrs. BELLEVUE, *agitated.*

Madam, I have loſt my Maria!

Mrs. Bell. Then Charles retaliates upon you my former endeavours to ſeparate you from his ſiſter---unkind at ſuch a time to add to your diſtreſs! but what I've juſt heard confirmed is a treaſure of triumph!---Sir, was not the veſſel that brought your wealth to Europe captured at ſea? And but for the intrepidity of one brave young man, might you not, at this moment, be as much the wretched object of ſcorn, as you now ſuppoſe my ſon?---Behold the preſerver of your fortune!

Cha. Was William the gallant ſeaman!

Mrs. Bell. He was. My ſon! who, forgot he had a life to loſe, when call'd by honor, and impell'd by duty.

Wil. Were you, Sir, the owner of Captain Vanſluiſen's cargo?

Cha. My friend! The companion of my youth!---I've pierc'd the heart that loves me---I ſee, now, my judgment was biaſs'd by pride---my generous benefactor too! that gave me his laſt ſhilling! (*aſide*)

Enter Sir HENRY CHECK.

Sir H. Now, Mr. Willows, give me leave to introduce my nephew---(*taking William's hand*)

Cha. (*turning off*) I know nothing about your nephew, Sir Henry.

Sir H. My ſiſter! (*ſalutes Mrs. Bellevue*) ſpare your reproaches, my heart tells me I have uſed you moſt cruelly,

Enter

Enter MARIA.

Cha. With our father's leave, here Maria, take your William; and if ever I hear a word of your infernal Dr. Grigſby, I'll cut his throat.

Enter GRIGSBY.

Grig. Ladies and Gentlemen your moſt obedient—brother your's (*to Charles*)—how do you do, Widow? Your moſt humble—I'm juſt come from the moſt pleaſing adventure—a certain officer was unfortunate enough to fall into my hands—ha! ha! ha! affronted me! but dem'me I ſicken'd him of ſuch aquatic frolics—my little cane here emancipated the pulveriz'd ligaments of his cinabar lobſter-ſhell—I ſwitch'd him—I knock'd———

Capt. M. (*without*) I'll catch you, you raſcal; where is the dog?

Grig. Some gentleman has loſt his dog—hey Pompey—Pompey——(*whiſtles and runs about*)

Enter CAPTAIN MULLINAHACK.

Capt. M. I'll beat you as black———

Grig. A black dog—a pretty dog (*whiſtles*)

Capt. M. Oh, you're there (*to Grigſby*)

Grig. Where? Pompey!—poor fellow (*whiſtles*)

Capt. M. I'll razor and tomahawk you; you raſcal, I aſk'd for a ſecond, and he ſaid he was gone to buy candles.

Grig. I take ſhelter in your arms—oh! my love! (*Runs to Maria—William puſhes him back*)

Capt. M. Depart! or by the powers!——

Grig. Depart! Oh, by the powers of medecine, I'll make ſome of you depart—loſt my wife! I'll—

Capt. M. You'll what?

Grig. Squibs and aquæ fortis!

Enter LOUISA.

Want your change—haven't ſo much in the till—ſend you a pound of bees-wax, and a fine crocodile. (*runs off*)

Maria. Dear William!—brother!—why ſuppoſe I cou'd think of ſuch a wretch?

Cha. Then my error all proceeded from his abſurd vanity.

Sir H. Here, Madam, is the friend I promis'd to introduce to you—(*to Louiſa, pointing to the Captain*)

Capt. M. Eh! (*looking at Louiſa*)

Louiſa. Heav'ns! Do my eyes deceive me, it is——

Capt. M. Louiſa!

Louiſa. My father!

Capt. M. Ladies and gentlemen, won't you wiſh me joy? Why this is my cherub! my darling! that follow'd me to France and back again—flying after me through all my wars like a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth.

Louiſa. Dear father, by letters thro' the medium of Sir Henry, my uncle acknowledges his unkindneſs to you and intreats you to return in the moſt cordial terms of affection.

Capt. M. And this morning I walk'd about here, and didn't know where to break my faſt—If he gives me a bit of an eſtate, I'll build ſuch a country houſe! the ſign, my family arms, and my motto—walk in and eat, all that want a dinner! Ah, child! there's only one thing more you cou'd do, to make me happier—here's the neat boy, that cut and ſlaſh'd your dear Father about—that ſtood upon the deck, ſhaking the bullets out of his hair like a mermaid—With your leave, Madam (*to Mrs. Bellevue*)

Bellevue) Louiſa take William Bellevue (*Louiſa looks ſurpriz'd at the Captain and Charles*)

Charles. Nay, William, this will be puniſhment, if you reject my ſiſter, and rob me of happineſs for ever.

Louiſa. Ha, ha, ha! I ſee it! Oh, what a ridiculous miſtake have I been under!

Cha. Then, Madam, you ſuppos'd that my name was Bellevue, Sir, might I aſpire to render myſelf acceptable to your charming daughter; my gratitude for your permiſſion can only be equall'd by my love.

Capt. M. I'm ſuch a friend to a free choice, that I won't even command my daughter to be happy.

Joll. (*without*) Come along!—don't be aſhamed of ſome good, by way of variety!——

Enter JOLLYBOY *and* ALLBUT, *in Apron and Sleeves, with a Box.*

Give them up! Madam, there are all your papers.

Mrs. Bell. Who are you, Sir? (*to Allbut*)

Jl l. Your clerk.

Capt. M. What! the great juſtice of peace!

Allb. Ay, honeſt little Jack Allbut.

Capt. M. Oh! little honeſt Jack Allbut.

Joll. He reſtores your houſe, and all his ill-got poſſeſſions.

Allb. Ay, I'm a man of conſcience, I deſpiſe wronging the widow and the orphan, becauſe I don't like to go to law—with a long claw.

Louiſa. So, my worthy landlord, when people owe you money, you make them pay you in your own coin—but Margery taught me to thank you for your ten pounds.

Maria.

Maria. And me to retract my ill opinion of a good man.

Cha. My dear William, by a look back to our paſt adventures, you'll enjoy the recollection that you have borne unmerited adverſity—and I, whilſt my pride in undeſerved proſperity is puniſhed, ſhall be taught by my reception here, that when diſtreſs preſents itſelf before me, the bittereſt drop in the cup of human miſery is, the world's contempt.

Mrs. Bell. Thus you'll deſerve your wealth—and when inſpired by heaven to diſpenſe the bleſſings it has ſent you alone for that benign purpoſe, wait not for the application of modeſt indigence—ſeek her in her ſad retreat, cheer her with your ſmiles, wipe away her tears, comfort and relieve her.

Louiſa. Let us begin our acts of benevolence by ſhewing our gratitude to this worthy man (*pointing to Joll.*)

Joll. Thank you Ma'am. But as the wind ſometimes diverts itſelf by playing in the ſails of my mill, and people will obſtinately perſiſt in this odd whim of eating bread, I think I may do pretty well as I am. Ay, we may ſee the world in our village! But a fig for the world—Let induſtry ſecure independence; and if wealth or poverty will come, let the rich man be proud only of his power to be the poor man's friend.

THE END.

THE

HIGHLAND REEL.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1788.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Laird of Col,	Mr. AICKIN.
Laird of Raſey,	Mr. POWELL.
M'Gilpin,	Mr. QUICK.
Sandy,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Charley,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Shelty,	Mr. EDWIN.
Croudy,	Mr FEARON.
Captain Daſh,	Mr. DAVIES.
Serjeant Jack,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Benin,	Mr. FARLEY.
Jenny,	Miſs REYNOLDS.
Moggy,	Miſs FONTENELLE.

HEBRIDIANS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *the Iſle of Col—one of the* HEBRIDES.

THE

HIGHLAND REEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Break of Day. McGILPIN'S *Houſe. A ſmall Court Yard before it encloſed with a Paling.*—(CHARLEY *appears at a Window*)

CHARLEY.

DAY begins to peep—choak that cock! he'll rouſe my old maſter; but if I can get his daughter Moggy to run away with me, let cocks crow, dogs bark, and old Maſters grumble, (*ſtretches out and taps at another window*) Moggy! Miſs Moggy McGilpin!—ha, ha, ha!—I muſt Miſs Moggy her! (*Moggy appears at the window*)

Mog. Well, Charley!

Cha. Here; I've ſtole the key of your room out of your father's pocket. (*reaches a key to her on a ſtick*)

Mog. Oh, precious!

Cha. I'll drop out of the window for fear of making a noiſe on the ſtairs; you've only to unlock your own door, and ſoftly trip down, I'll wait for you below.

Mog. But how am I to get out when I get below? have you got the key of the ſtreet door?

Cha Eh! I quite forgot that.

Mog. What a fool!—If I hav'n't a mind to go to bed again, and think no more about you—but ſince I did promiſe to go off, as we can't get out at the ſtreet door, I'll try to get from my window; if you'll jump from yours, and ſtand below ready to receive me. (*retires*)

Cha. I'm not the firſt clerk that has run away with his maſter's daughter, nor ſhall I be the laſt —while clerks are poor, maſters rich, and daughters pretty. (*leaps down*) (*Moggy re-appears at the window*)

Mog. The duce a thing can I find to——ſtop, I'll cut my bed-cord, tie it to the leg of the table, and ſlide down by it. (*retires*)

Cha. Slide down by her bed-cord! ha, ha, ha! my Moggy's a rare romping Hoyden—but ſhe's good-natur'd, a ſweet temper, and a merry heart; ſo if I never get a ſhilling from the old one I'll have her at a venture. (*Moggy appears again at the window*)

Mog. (*throwing a cord*) There——I think that's faſt—now I'll—Lud, I ſhall cut my hands thro' ——take you for not getting the key of the ſtreet door.

Cha. My dear throw out firſt what clothes you may want.

Mog. Then you won't take me without clothes, ha, ha, ha!

DUETTO.

DUETTO.—CHARLEY *and* MOGGY.

Cha. The lamb and the heifer are taking their reſt,
Mog. The lark and the ſparrow lye ſnug in their neſt.
Cha. Puſſy dozes,
Mog. And ſo does my doggy,
Cha. All are ſleeping but Charley
Mog. And Moggy;
Cha. We wake to love before it is day,
Come my deareſt,
Mog. I come, my dear,
Both. We muſt be tripping away,

Mog. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,
My little old daddy will give unto me;
Will love cool if you take me ſo barely?
Cha. Mog in her ſmicket, is welcome to Charley.
We wake to love before it is day,
Come my deareſt,
Mog. I come, my dear,
Both. We muſt be tripping away. [*Moggy retires.*

Cha. Maſter I think won't riſe early—up late laſt night, rehearſing his fine ſpeeches againſt he's a parliament man in London; tho' only now Laird Donald's ſteward, and collector of taxes here in one of the remote weſtern iſlands of Scotland. Ha! ha! he baniſhed a ſimple old woman for a witch, 'cauſe ſhe foretold his daughter ſhould be run away with—ſo I'll prove the truth of her prediction. ——Odſo! here's the little gate too locked!—now could Moggy—ſtay—here's the horſe-block, and I'll make free with Dick the carpenter's bench, for her to ſtep on the outſide. (*Springs over the paling*) [*Exit.*

Enter McGILPIN *from the Houſe.* (*in cap and gown*)

McGil. I will believe in witchcraft, in wizards, and warlocks!—tho' I did pack Goody Cum-

mins out of the iſland, yet I'm certain her elves have been about my houſe this night—no noiſe in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's—yet noiſes I muſt aſſuredly heard. (*Moggy from her window lowers a box on M^cGilpin's head*)—Eh!—

Mog. Have you got it?

M^cGil. (*feels his head, as if hurt*) Yes, I have got it—what!—my daughter! oh! oh! (*aſide*)

Mog. I thought I heard my father—

M^cGil. So did I! (*in an under tone*)

Mog. Do you think he's up?

M^cGil. No.

Mog. Now you'll catch me!

M^cGil. Yes, I'll catch you, you jade. (*aſide*)

Mog. Now for it.

M^cGil. The devil!—ſhe wont jump out of the window. (*aſide*)

Mog. Now, my fine fellow—here goes—

M^cGil. Oh, Lord! my child will break her bones. (*aſide*)—ſtop—can't you come out of the ſtreet door? It's open.

Mog. Pſhaw! why didn't you tell me ſo before? Upon my word, I don't like ſuch jokes—(*retires*)

M^cGil. Nor I, upon my ſoul. (*aſide*)—If I could carry on her miſtake, I may find out who her fine fellow is—I think it is ſcarce light enough for her to know me. (*retires*)

Re-enter CHARLEY *with a bench, which he places near the rails.*

Cha. There's a wooden ſtepping-ſtone for you my dear—Eh! the door open! we muſt have rouſed

rouſed the old man; he muſt not ſee me.—Who comes here?—Shelty, the piper——

Enter SHELTY, *ſinging.*

Shel. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouſe the boys and girls.

McGil. I think I know that voice—Oh, this is her fine fellow I ſuppoſe. (*aſide*) (*Enter Moggy from the houſe*) (*Charley ſteals in*)

Mog. Come now I'm for you my Dilding. (*takes McGilpin under the arm*)

McGil. And I'm for you my Dolding.

Mog. Ah!

McGil. And pray, my dear, where were you going ſo early?

Mog. Going, Sir,—I—I—was going——

McGil. I know you were going, Sir,——but where, Sir?

Mog. To—to—church, Sir.

McGil. Jump out of the window to go to church! very religious!

Enter CHARLEY *from the houſe, half undreſſed, pretending to be ſcarce awake.*

Cha. What's the matter here? (*yawning*)

McGil. Where have you been, ſirrah!

Cha. Sir,—I—I—was—faſt aſleep. (*yawns*)

McGil. You ſtupid——Where's Jenny?

Cha. Sir,—ſhe's—faſt aſleep.

McGil. You lazy lubber!—Snoring in bed, and robbers and raviſhers running away with my child—(*to Shelty*) Sirrah, what do you want with my daughter?

Shel.

Shel. I——

Cha. Shelty!—Moggy!—ho, ho!—Well, hang me if I didn't long ſuſpect this. Turn it upon him, and we are ſafe. (*apart to Moggy*)

Mog. Go, my dear Shelty.

Shel. Eh!

Mog. Don't attempt to ſeduce my innocence any more.

Shel. I ſeduce!

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you.

Shel. I—jump!

McGil. To make a girl perhaps break her bones!

Mog. Ay—my poor little bones!—cruel lad!

Cha. Oh, fie, Shelty—Bleſs me! how came the horſe-block, and the carpenter's bench here? (*affecting ſurprize*)—I dare ſay, to help Miſs over.

McGil. It was.

Mog. My kind Shelty placed them.

Shel. Why, is the devil in you all?

McGil. Don't name the devil, you profligate! You're as wicked as the witch your grandmother, and the ſmuggling thief your father?

Shel. My granny was an innocent old woman, and ſo is my daddy.

Enter CROUDY.

Here, father, I only came to ſee about Sandy and Jenny's wedding, 'cauſe I hoped to ſell a drop of liquor, and to be employ'd to play the pipes, and here, he ſays, I come to jump out of his window.

McGil. A piper! a tapſter!—marry into the ancient

ancient family of the McGilpins—one of the oldeſt houſes in all Scotland!

Shel. I don't want to come near your old houſe.

McGil. You are a young—and your father there, is an old rogue——

Crou. What?

McGil. You come to ſteal my daughter, and he to rob the King. I ſee he has been out ſmuggling all night;—but as I'm a collector of his Majeſty's cuſtoms, and my Laird Donald's rents, I'll——

Crou. You're a dog in office—I owe the King his duty, the Laird a quarter's rent, and you a beating—all which I'll pay, ſo help me, bonnet, purſe, and cudgel! [*Exit.*

McGil. He threatens my life!—A conſpiracy to run away with my daughter! Charley, I commit her to your care.

Mog. Oh, cruel father!

McGil. Take her, Charley. You marry, you jade! you ſhan't be even preſent at a wedding ——I'll have Sandy and Jenny's celebrated to-day, and, not a peep at it——up to your room ——go!

Cha. Come, Miſs! I'll take care you don't marry any body—but myſelf. (*apart*)

[*Exeunt Charley and Moggy into the houſe.*

McGil. That's right, Charley. [*Exit.*

Shel. Well, if ever I ſaw ſuch capers! the older he grows, the wickeder he is—ay, that's becauſe every day he gets nearer—(*pointing downward*)—Eh! (*looking out*)—As well as I can diſtinguiſh, yonder ſeems a boat put off from that ſhip that could not get in laſt night. I may pick up cuſtomers among the paſſengers, they can't come to a neater houſe than mine. People may at their friends be

better

better entertain'd, but the ſureſt welcome is at an inn. Every body ſays—ha, ha, ha! that Shelty's a queer fellow; I believe I am—but I don't know how——I get on—I do—I will.

AIR.—SHELTY.

When I've money I am merry,
  When I've none I'm very ſad,
When I'm ſober I am civil,
  When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

When diſputing with a puppy
  I convince him with a rap;
And when romping with a girl,
  By accident I tear her cap.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
  I'm a lad that's bold and free;
Yet I love a pretty girl,
  A pretty girl is fond of me.

There's a maiden in a corner,
  Round and found, and plump and fat;
She and I drink tea together,
  But no matter, Sir, for that.

If this maiden prove wi' bairn,
  As I do ſuppoſe ſhe'll be;
Like good pappy I muſt learn
  To dandle Jacky on my knee. [*Exit.*

Re-enter McGILPIN *and* CHARLEY *from the Houſe.*

McGil. Oh, my daughter is a moſt degenerate girl!—Well, you've lock'd her up?

Cha. Yes, Sir---(*ſhews a key*)

McGil. Eh, ay---boy liſten---I'm certain from that old ſmuggling knave Croudy's being towards the ſea ſide ſo early, that he's about landing brandy and tobacco; ſo if I can but make a ſeizure, it may be worth ten times the cargo of tea I ſeiz'd on

on him laſt week; my good lad, you'll be on the look out; ay, and on the look-in too; to watch imports, and prevent exports.

Cha. I warrant, Sir, I'll keep one eye on the ſea, and 'tother on Miſs Moggy's room door.—Oh Lord Sir, yonder's Sandy come home.

McGil. Aye, the fool went to Mull, to buy wedding clothes for himſelf and Jenny—I gave her an education, and I think that was doing very handſome by her—So I make a great compliment in giving her to Sandy, tho' I'm very glad—he rids me of a burden—that's prudence, Charley.

Cha. 'Tis, Sir.

McGil. You know I taught you ſome of my tricks.

Cha. Yes, Sir, and you'll find me an apt ſcholar.

McGil. In return, Charley, all I aſk is your care of my daughter.

Cha. I'll take care of her, Sir.

McGil. Keep her from Shelty.

Cha. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, Sir.

McGil. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to you. How ſhall I reward you!

Cha. I ſhall want caſh for our frolic. A choice opportunity to coax him out of a little. (*aſide*)

McGil. Only let me know what I ſhall do for you.

Cha. Why, Sir, laſt Chriſtmas you promis'd me a Chriſtmas-box—now didn't you, Sir?

McGil. I did ſo, my faithful Charley: keep but a ſtrict watch upon Moggy, and—may be you have thoughts of ſome little bloſſom yourſelf; only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you ſhall have her, by my authority.

Cha. Ah! Sir, there is a girl——

DUET.---McGILPIN *and* CHARLEY.

McGil. Thy ſecrets to thy kind maſter tell,
Cha. I love a maid—
McGil. Is ſhe full of play?
Cha. No kid more gameſome—
McGil. Where does ſhe dwell?
Cha. Lang twango dillo, twang lango dillo day.

McGil. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame;
Cha. As much, kind Sir, I have heard you ſay,
I love my charming——
McGil. Ay?—what's her name?
Cha. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day.

Cha. My Chriſtmas box,
McGil. Oh, I underſtand,
Thy faithful ſervices I'll repay;
Here's five bright ſhillings, (*takes out money*)
Cha. And here's my hand.
McGil. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day. (*puts it up, mimicking Charley*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An open Country—A View of the Sea—Sun riſing.

Enter McGILPIN.

McGil. No, no, my kind Charley—I've a great regard for you; but touch my pocket and our friendſhip ends; ſince they've rais'd me out of my bed, I'll walk down to the beach, and like another Demoſthenes, practiſe one of my declamations, roaring with pebbles in my mouth; a fine high wind for it.—This preverſe girl! Oh, yes, with Moggy's beauty and my talents, I muſt raiſe a for-

tune

tune by going to London. (*Sandy ſings without*) Here comes the ſimple Sawney, that prefers love to money.

Enter SANDY, *with a ſmall bundle.*

Ha, Sandy! welcome home, my boy!

San. (*joyfully*) Here, Sir, I've got all our wedding geer in the neweſt Edinbro' taſte.

McGil. But when comes the Parſon?

San. He's gone over to Raaſey! ſo I deſired Jamy M'Kenzie to ſend us their new Curate.

McGil. Stop, Sandy, I've one word to ſay to you.—Hem!

San. Delay'd now by his nonſenſical oratorical ſpeeches, and my ſoul on the wing to love and Jenny! (*aſide*)

McGil. Sandy, you have, by ſkill in agriculture, which you acquir'd, as you ſay, in an excurſion to England, not only improv'd your own farm, but diffus'd ſuch a ſpirit of induſtry, that my maſter, Laird Donald, if he ſhould deign to viſit us, will find his Iſle of Col as finely cultivated as any patch of land in all Scotland; therefore to reward you, your Jenny you ſhall wed this day.

San. And yonder ſhe comes, bright as the morn that gives the flowers their beauty; welcome as the gale that wafts their ſweetneſs.

AIR.---SANDY.

Oh, had I Allan Ramſay's art
To ſing my paſſion tender,
In every verſe ſhe'd read my heart,
Such ſoothing ſtrains I'd ſend her;
Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid
To ſhew, is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Griſſipoly.

She makes me feel what all deſire,
With ſuch bewitching glances,
Her modeſt air then checks my fire,
And ſtops my bold advances.
Meek as the lamb, on yonder lawn,
Yet by her conquered wholly;
Sometimes ſprightly as the fawn,
Sweet Jane of Griſſipoly.

My ſenſes ſhe's bewildered quite,
I ſeem an amorous ninny;
A letter to a friend I write,
For Sandy I ſign Jenny.
Laſt Sunday when from kirk I came,
With looks demure and holy,
I cry'd, when aſk'd the text to name,
Sweet Jane of Griſſipoly!

My Jenny is no fortune great,
And I am poor and lowly,
A ſtraw for pow'r and grand eſtate!
Her perſon I love ſolely.
From every ſordid ſelfiſh view,
So free my heart is wholly,
Ah! ſhe is kind, and I am true,
Sweet Jane of Griſſipoly!

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Welome home my Sandy!

San. My love! (*they embrace*)

McGil. Ah, hah!—Egad my Highland Lad and Lowland Laſſie, you'll make a neat couple.

Jen. Dear, Sir, take the only return in my power, my thanks, my gratitude, for your unmerited goodneſs.

McGil. Ah, Jenny, were I the man that boaſted of his goodneſs, I'd remind you, that I gave you an Aſylum, when you were but a ſqualling bairn —tho' I did'nt, nor I ſuppoſe I ever ſhall, know what family you are of; your mother coming here

to

to Col to lye-in, privately, aud dying in my houſe —yet my aſtoniſhing benevolence, Oh!—

San. Your benevolence would be aſtoniſhing indeed! (*aſide*)

McGil. I ſay, my amazing charity did—

San. Well, Sir, we have often heard that ſtory.

McGil. To be ſure; wou'd you have me put my candle under a buſhel? Speak, Jenny, didn't I bring you up equal to my own daughter, Miſs Moggy McGilpin? ſent you to the tip top boarding-ſchool in Inverneſs, kept by Miſs Carolina Killecoberry?

Jen. You did, Sir.

McGil. Tho' your forlorn mother didn't leave you a bawbee, (but 500l. which you ſhall never ſee) (*aſide*) ſo out of pure friendſhip, Sandy, there take her—off my hands (*aſide*)

Jen. Dear, Sir!

McGil. I'm a kind friend, Jenny; an't I a gay old fellow?—Why I'm a ſecond Robin Gray!

Jen. Ah, Sir!—this laſt proof of your kindneſs, leaves me not a wiſh but to know my parents.

AIR.—JENNY.

Such pure delight my boſom knows,
My thanks are due to Heav'n and thee,
With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
Kind agent of his clemency!
Humanity, thou good, ſupreme,
To chaſe the orphan's tear away,
Alike the bright all chearing beam,
Brings comfort from the God of Day.

McGil. Hey! yonder's a boat put in from that ſhip in the Offing—ſome ſtrangers landed.

San. Red coats!

Enter

Enter SHELTY *with a Letter.*

Shel. A little drummer boy desired me to give you this.

McGil. You busy—cou'dn't he have found any one else to carry me a message, than such a—you are a bad man!—

Shel. The letter, Sir—

McGil. Seems a small running hand.

Shel. Then saddle your nose, and run after it.

McGil. (*puts on his spectacles, and reads*) "Mr. "McGilpin, The Gentleman that delivers you "this"—

Shel. Gentleman! that's me.

McGil. "Is a soldier."

Shel. Not me.

McGil. "Commands a company in my regi- "ment." And who is yourself?—"Robert Do- "nald!"—Oh, dear! why Jenny, Sandy!

Shel. Well, Sir?

McGil. Get along, you busy impudent—Why here, young Laird Donald's gone into the army.

San. Indeed!

McGil. Stay—(*reads*)—"delivers you this, is a "Gentleman—soldier—company—my regiment. "—His name is Captain Dash, I have dispatch'd "him and Serjeant Jack, to raise recruits in the "Isle of Col, the possession of which my father "some time back made over to me"—So then young Robert is our landlord. (*reads*) "I desire "you will give Captain Dash all the assistance in "your power, get him as many good men as you "can"—you'll go—(*to Shelty*)

Shel. You know I'm a bad man.

McGil. "He's a friend I esteem, therefore "every civility you shew him will oblige yours, "Robert Donald." *San.*

San. This is the firſt I heard of young Laird Donald's being in the army.

McGil. I muſt dreſs, to meet and welcome this Captain, with one of my moſt eloquent orations. [*Exit.*

Shel. (*calling*) Charley! get Mr. McGilpin's Sunday coat, bruſh his three cock'd beaver, and powder his ſcratch.

San. I muſt gather all the lads, to make a handſome wedding proceſſion to the kirk, Jenny.

Jen. And I to aſſemble the laſſes. Oh, Sandy! here, as the packet's in, will you ſee if there's any letter for me, I deſired the lottery man to ſend me notice if this chance ſhould be drawn a prize. (*gives it him*)

San. You never told me you had bought a lottery chance, but it muſt, it ſhall be a prize, I'll keep it ſafe for you—this day proves I'm a favourite of fortune, and ſhe ſhall ſmile upon my Jenny.

Shel. Huzza, for good fortune! now theſe ſoldiers are come, I may have the rendezvous at my houſe—ſo now to ſinge the ſheep's head, bake the bannocks, tap a barrel, and tune my chaunter! and then your wedding, Tol, lol, lol! high doings!

AIR.—TRIO.

Jen. Excuſe a fond maiden's confeſſion,
Shel. Her bluſhes exhibit her bliſs,
San. My joy is too great for expreſſion,
Shel. Suppoſe then you ſpeak in a kiſs,
Jen. Affections moſt pure now unite us,
San. Chaſte pleaſures now wait to delight us;
Shel. The muſic and bottle I'll bring,
Jen. The finch and the linnet invite us,
Shel. Fond turtles ſhou'd pair in the ſpring.

San.

San. Let laſſes purſue your example,
Jen. The youths may take pattern by thee,
Shel. You give me of love ſuch a ſample,
Soon married I'll certainly be.
Jen. Oh, what is the gay blooming flow'r,
San. The tranſient ſweets of the hour,
Both. Compared to the charms of the mind?
Shel. Good humour to charm has the power,
Tho' time leaves no beauties behind.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Before SHELTY'S *Houſe.*

Enter Captain DASH *and Serjeant* JACK.

Serj. Yes, the letter you ſent by little Tom the drummer, has prepar'd the old tax-man, ha, ha, ha! he hasn't a doubt but you're a real Captain in the army.

Capt. And my ſole commiſſion only the promiſe of a pair of colours in the Eaſt India ſervice, on condition I can raiſe an hundred men.

Serj. By this ſham of pretending their young Laird is our Colonel, from the affection of a Scotch Highlander to his Chieftain, I'll warrant they'll flock to our ſtandard—and yet, now, tho' 'tis I that have brought you to the field of action, ſomething whiſpers here, (*points to his heart*) Friend Jack, don't impoſe upon theſe honeſt innocent people.

Capt. Pſhaw! nothing's an impoſition till found out; and our's cannot before we have got our number of recruits, and ſhip'd them off—you know we're certain their young Laird is in England,

land, learning the neweſt faſhion of ſowing oats! in order to improve his eſtate here! and his father, the old Laird, in London, in full cry after jobs and places! our impoſition can't be eaſily detected.

Serj. We know our ground, and the character of old M'Gilpin—flatter his eloquence, promiſe him an army agency, and we have every man in the Iſland.

Capt. I'd rather have one pretty girl I ſaw juſt now, than the honor of planting my ſtandard on the walls of Belgrade. (*a loud laugh of peaſants without*)

Serj. Some country gambols going forward.

Capt. The time to recruit—introduce yourſelf to them—ſet 'em on to drink and play cards.

Serj. Right—for when the poor devil's ſenſes and money ſlip off, honor glitters on a bayonet, and riches gingle in a Britiſh ſhilling.

Shel. (*without*) Come along, boys!

Capt. To 'em, Jack—coax, wheedle, drink, ſwear—zounds! make 'em—

Serj. As wicked as ourſelves. [*Exit. Capt.*

Enter SHELTY *playing the Pipes, followed by* BOYS *and* PEASANTS, *dreſt fancifully.*

Shel. Aye, lads, I think we'll honor Sandy's wedding; but the laſſes muſtn't ſet out for kirk before us.

Serj. Ha, my hearties! my honeſt lad ſhake hands. (*to Shel.*)

Shel. Every man ſhake his own hand.

Serj. Why, you all ſeem very merry, to-day.

Shel. Yes, and we'll be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha! and we were merry yeſterday.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! why you're a pleaſant fellow!

Shel. Yes I am—I was born laughing inſtead of crying, my mother laugh'd out; my daddy lik'd to have drop'd me out of his arms on the floor laughing at me. What's the child's name? ſaid the Parſon that chriſten'd me: Shelty, ſays my god-daddy; then the Parſon laugh'd; Amen, ſays the Clerk, and he laugh'd! Since that moment, every body has laugh'd at me, and I have laugh'd at every body!

Serj. I ſhould like to enliſt ſuch a pleaſant fellow—your good humour wou'd keep us in ſuch ſpirits, you'd be the drum of the corps.

Shel. Yes, and your rattan would be the drum-ſtick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back, row dy dow!—good morning to you.

Serj. I tell you you'd make a develiſh good ſoldier.

Shel. That's more than my daddy cou'd.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! you're an odd fiſh!

Shel. Yes, but I won't be a red herring.

Serj. No? you're a pickl'd one tho'—but pray what are you?

Shel. Me! I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I ſells a horn of malt—moreover, I'm a famous piper. My father, Mr. Croudy is a necromancer—he has the gift of ſecond ſight; and Mrs. Cummins, my granny, was baniſhed for a witch—and now pray, who are you?

Serj. I'm Serjeant Jack—in the company of Captain Daſh.

Shel. Sejeant Jack, you keep company with Captain Daſh—— good bye to you worthy Sir—— (*going*)

Serj.

Serj. But ſtop, you know your young Laird is our Colonel—this halbert is his ſtandard—do you pay no reſpect to it?

Shel. Reſpect!——Oh, I beg pardon (*bows to the halbert, and is going*)

Serj. Very polite indeed——but ſtay——

Shel. I muſt tune my chaunter.

Serj. Any particular feſtival to-day?

Shel. A wedding and here's the bridegroom.

Enter SANDY *and* COUNTRYMEN. (*dreſs'd*)

San. Come lads, quick! quick!—Shelty play up—we muſt march two and two, 'till we join my Jenny and the laſſes!

Serj. Ah! I could put you all in the neateſt method of marching——

San. Yes, Sir, but your marching differs from ours——you march to face enemies, we to meet friends——you to aſſault a town, we to attack a wedding dinner.

Serj. Dinner! ah! my heroes! England's the field for a trencher battle—there our drum head is an oak table, Sir Loin leads the van, our right and left wing are a gooſe and turkey—our balls are plumb puddings—our bullets ſhot from a damſen tart; we poiſe our knives, handle our forks, then ſmoke ſlap daſh, cut thro' thick and thin——

Shel. But don't you ſay grace?

Serj. Yes, my grace is a—bumper of cherry bounce!

San. Well, come to dinner with me me to-day—and tho' in the Highlands of Scotland, you ſhall find we talk like French, eat like Engliſh, and drink like Iriſh farmers.

Serj. Ha! well ſaid my lad! you deſerve encouragement—I've a rough guinea here, and egad I'll make one at your wedding, to drink our King's health, and ſucceſs to the young couple.

AIR.—SERJEANT.

For ſoldiers the feaſt prepare,
Who friends protect, and foes annoy,
What war has won, let's now enjoy,
Good cheer bright mirth beſtowing,
Sir Loin firſt we'll nobly dare,
Our hoſt looks round his table,
His breaſt with friendſhip glowing;
We jovial lads whilſt able,
Reſolv'd to do all honour
To the donor,
With courage charge
His boil'd and roaſt,
In goblets large
Each loyal toaſt,
With ſpark'ling bumpers flowing.
Let drums beat, and fifes ſound ſhrill,
Ye Clarions lend your ſweeteſt notes,
Ye trumpets rend your ſilver throats,
Proclaim in warlike meaſure,
When the roſy bowl we fill,
The fair ſhall do their duty,
And ſip it s balmy treaſure,
Touched by the lip of beauty:
'Tis now a draught for Hector,
'Tis, nectar,
The Gods delight,
Here's wine and love,
Like Mars who fight,
Shou'd kiſs like Jove,
By turns the ſoldiers pleaſure.

[*Exeunt into Shelty's.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before SHELTY's *Houſe.*

Enter JENNY *and* COUNTRY GIRLS, *their dreſs decorated with flowers, ribbands,* &c.

ALL GIRLS.

HA, ha, ha!

Enter CAPTAIN DASH

Capt. Eh! faith a lovely group, and the very charmer that pleas'd me ſo much. (*retires*)

Jen. True, but no matter whether you are all in white.

1ſt *Girl.* Ay, but we ſhou'd for a wedding.

Enter MOGGY.

Mog. Jenny!

Jen. Why, Moggy!

Mog. Oh, dear! I've ſcarce breath to laugh—Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Nay, but tell us how did you get out.

Mog. Ah, that's it—he, he, he! Charley ſo over-acted his part, that he lock'd me up in earneſt, ha, ha, ha! and I to play mine as well, puſhed back the lock, and here have run away in earneſt

earneſt—When Charley miſſes me, he'll act his ſurpriſe ſo natural, that father will place more confidence in him than ever—ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Ah, Moggy! you ſet little value upon the protection of a parent, had I one!---your father is very good to you, and indeed you ſhou'dn't vex him.

Mog. Ay, but when a huſband's in the way—now if I cou'd but meet Charley! Come Jenny, where's the bridegroom, and the garland—the pipes, the parſon, and the harp.

Jen. You wild one!—but love is the theme, and the ſweet birds ſhall ſing a melodious accompanyment.

AIR.—JENNY.

What rapture to think on the times I have ſeen,
On May-day I firſt ſaw my love on the green;
So charming his face, yet commanding his mein,
The King was my lover, and Jenny his Queen,
The garland preſented by Sandy,
More ſweet from the maker, 'twas Sandy.

A ſide look I threw on my lover by chance,
Which ſoon he return'd with as tender a glance;
My heart leap'd with joy when I ſaw him advance,
And right did I gueſs 'twas to lead up the dance;
For none danc'd ſo neat as my Sandy,
In all things complete is my Sandy.

Beneath a gay woodbine with myrtles entwin'd,
On cowſlips and violets one ev'ning reclin'd,
So charming a place and a ſeaſon ſo kind,
He artfully choſe to diſcover his mind.
So ſweet were the vows of my Sandy,
I then exchang'd hearts with my Sandy.

Mog. Dear! if here isn't the ſtrange officer! he's been liſtening to our nonſenſe! he's come to take our men away—he's the moſt impudent creature——

Capt.

Capt. (*advancing*) A fine flock of chickens, upon my honor.

Jen. You're not a fox, Sir, are you?

Mog. No, but he takes you for a lamb, he throws ſuch a ſheep's eye at you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. You ſeem to be all---ha, ha, ha! pray don't let me ſpoil the play—I'll make one myſelf—what is it? If you'd only admit me, you'd find me the the merrieſt play-fellow (*to Moggy*) You are, upon my ſoul, a beauteous noſegay—but here's the roſebud of the bouquet. (*to Jenny*) Tell me, ſweet, what's your play?

Mog. A roſebud grows in an angry buſh, and about fair maids. (*they take hands, and dance round him, ſinging*) "A roſebud grows in an angry buſh, and about fair maids, and about my merry maids all."

Enter M^cGILPIN, *dreſſed.* *The* GIRLS *run off.*

M^cGil. Hey! this is the recruiting Captain? why Sir, I ſuſpect you're come to beat up among our wives and daughters, for a regiment of infantry.

Capt. Was ever ſo ſweet a charmer? (*looking off*)

M^cGil. Captain, if your General ſaw you like a maypole, and the petticoat regiment friſking round you!

Capt. Who are you, Sir?

M^cGil. I am young Laird Donald your Colonel's Steward, and Collector of his Majeſty's Taxes, and am come to bid you welcome to our Iſle of Col.

Capt. Zounds! they've ſet me all on fire! Your hand. (*offers his hand*)

M^cGil.

McGil. Stop, you'll burn my ruffles! But, Captain, what think you of the bride?

Capt. Bride! Eh!—which?—who?

McGil. She in the white and tartan ribbands.

Capt. The very charmer! going to be married! —that lovely ſprig to be worn by a clown!

McGil. Clown! Oh no, I'll aſſure you her Sandy is a very clever lad.

Capt. He muſt not have her.

McGil. Hey!

Capt. I'll have her!

McGil. You!

Capt. Oh, yes.

McGil. Ha, ha, ha! This is recruiting!

Capt. Damn your grinning, Sir! what d'ye mean?—Hark'ee, Mr. Steward, put that treaſure into my poſſeſſion, and what is there I will not do for you?

McGil. Suppoſe you tell me what you will do for me—

Capt. Eh—ſtay—Jack told me the bait to have him. (*aſide*) What think you of the agency of our regiment?

McGil. Good picking in an agency.

Capt. 'Tis yours—ſay no more—I'll ſettle that with my Colonel.

McGil. Eh!—oh, no, no—I promis'd her to Sandy.

Capt. I promiſe you a contract.

McGil. Good cutting in a contract.

Capt. My honeſt——

McGil. I'll certainly——

Capt. Bravo!

McGil. Give her——

Capt. Aye——

McGil.

McGil. To Sandy.

Capt. S'death, Sir!—Dare to tantalize me—Come my worthy, dear, ſnug little fellow, procure me that girl, and——

McGil. Procure you a girl!—fury, Sir! What do you take me for?

Capt. For a wiſe man, that prefers his own intereſt to all other conſiderations.

McGil. I am a wiſe man; and I—oh, Lord!—but the wedding's a thing ſettled, clothes bought, Parſon beſpoke, young folks wiſhes on the tip of expectation! dear, poor Sandy wou'd break his heart.—Eh! the fineſt thought—but, I ſuppoſe you never ſaw her though—you ſhall marry my Mog.

Capt. Damn your Mog! I don't want to marry any body.

McGil. No! why I thought Jenny—

Capt. Zounds! Mr.—think of your intereſt.

McGil. Oh, Lord! I always do—

Capt. Such talents as yours, hid here in an obſcure corner of the world! Such powers of eloquence! Why, man, you're a diamond in a quarry.

McGil. I am a rough diamond—

Capt. I'll dig you out to ſhine in London—a ſeat in Parliament.

McGil. Why, our Laird is a bright man there.

Capt. He bright! a Scotch pebble to you; your eloquence once known, muſt command any thing.

McGil. Why, yes; I think once they find how I can ſpeak, I ſhall get paid for holding my tongue.

Capt. Boards! Jobs! Committees! The girl—

McGil. Jobs!

Capt. Penſion! Place and Peerage!—Little Jenny——

McGil. Penſion! Jenny's yours; from a Surveyor, I'll be a Commiſſioner, and if I am a Steward, it ſhall be of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. (*apart to McGil.*) Sir, Sir!

McGil. Eh! now you puppy, you've let Moggy give you the ſlip.

Cha. No, Sir, I have her ſafe—but as you ſuſpected, Old Croudy has juſt landed ſome run goods.

McGil. Where, where?

Cha. With the glaſs I ſaw him hide them in the Creek, behind the North Foreland.

McGil. From his boat? was it the Swallow?

Cha. You know you ſeiz'd that laſt week, it's the other boat, the Angel.

McGil. I'll have her and lading!

Capt. But my dear Sir, Jenny——

McGil. I'll have the Angel condemn'd.

Capt. My Angel condemn'd! for what?

McGil. For running brandy and tobacco.

[*Exit haſtily.*

Capt. The old fellow's mad—but he muſt prevent this marriage—holloa, Sir! Mr.— [*Exit.*

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! there goes my maſter to ſeize his own goods that I ſtole out of his ſtores, and hid in the rocks, for him to ſeek, whilſt I run off with his daughter.

Enter MOGGY. (*unperceived*)

I muſt haſte and let Moggy out. (*going*)

Mog.

Mog. Dear Sir, won't you wait for company?

Cha. Moggy! how the plague did you get here?

Mog. No matter, here I am, and take me while you can.

Cha. Hey? this is doing things, ha, ha, ha! —Charming! I've cut out work for your father, on the oppoſite ſide of the Iſland; ſo I'll run down to the pier, and get the boat ready, and off we ſkim like curlews. [*Exit.*

Mog. Make haſte, Charley—oh! my bonny Charley.——

AIR.—MOGGY.

My father's houſe is neat and nice,
My little garden Paradiſe,
My chamber deck'd with trinkums fine,
My windows grac'd with jeſſamine;
I have a black bird gay,
Oh he's a pretty fellow,
He whiſtles ſweet and mellow,
The live long day.
My playful kid, for handſome pets I've many,
My wanton bounding friſking Nanny;
Yet I love none half ſo well
As Charley's gift, my dear Fidelle,
My little Fidelle,
Haſte gentle lover, now for you;
Papa, kid, dog, and bird, adieu.
In town I'll be, my glaſs can tell,
A monſtrous flaming married belle,
The foremoſt in all gameſome bouts,
At operas, plays, and balls, and routs;
All in my plumage fine,
Around the ſmarts ſhall flutter,
About me what a clutter——
"She's all divine!"
They ſing, they dance, to pleaſe me how they caper!
Whilſt rivals challenge, huff and vapour;

As birds all welcome here to woo,
For Charley's ſake begone cuckoo;
I'll ne'er create my ſpouſey's ſhame,
To ſinge my wings around the flame.

Eh! yon's a boat put in—here's ſome of the paſſengers coming—what a ſtrange looking man—a harp! why, by the deſcription, it muſt be the Parſon that's expected from Mull, to marry Jenny and Sandy. (*retires*)

Enter Laird of RASEY, (*diſguiſed*) *followed by a* SERVANT *with Portmanteau and Harp.*

Laird Ra. That dwelling looks like a public-houſe. (*pointing to Shelty's*)

Ser. It is, Sir.

Laird Ra. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage there—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land its cumbreous. (*takes it off and gives it to the Servant*)—I will enquire for thoſe I want, and you may refreſh yourſelf within.

[*Exit Servant into Shelty's.*

Here, pretty maiden——

Mog. Sir——What a civil Gentleman! (*aſide*)

Laird Ra. Do you know one Sandy Frazer?

Mog. Eh, Sandy——

Laird Ra. Whom I am to marry to one Jenny?

Mog. He, he, he! Lord, if I cou'd perſuade him Charley and I are they; may be he'd marry us. (*aſide*) Oh Sir, dear Sir, Reverend Sir! you're heartily welcome, Sir (*curtſying*)——My Charley—I ſay, Sir, my Sandy, is juſt gone yonder to the pier, to look out for your, Sir.

Laird Ra. Oh, then you are Jenny?

Mog.

Mog. Yes, Sir—I am Jenny, Sir ——I hope he won't find me out. (*aſide*)—(*Laird of Raſey views her attentively and with emotion*)——Lord! I believe he ſuſpects me—(*aſide*)

Laird Ra. Then it is your wiſh I ſhould marry you to Sandy?

Mog. Yes, Sir; marry us as faſt as you can, Sir—I'm not in a hurry to be married, Sir.

Laird Ra. I ſee you are not.

Mog O no, Sir, my Sandy wiſhes it, and my father, Sir——

Laird Ra. I didn't think you had a father——

Mog. True, Sir---I---I mean Mr. M'Gilpin; he loves me as well as he does his own daughter, Sir.

Laird Ra. Then he has a daughter of his own.

Mog. Oh yes Sir, Moggy---Miſs Moggy M'Gilpin---a very pretty ſort of a body I'll aſſure you; loves me dearly, only Sir, ſhe's given to fib a little now and then.

Laird Ra. I cou'd wiſh to ſee Mr. M'Gilpin.

Mog. Why Sir, I---I---don't imagine you can ſee him becauſe he's gone on great buſineſs, but, he left his beſt compliments for you, Sir, and requeſts you'd perform the marriage as ſoon as you cou'd, pleaſe your reverence (*curtſies*). If Charley was but here now, we might put it beyond the power of father ever to ſeparate us. (*aſide*) Oh, Sir, here comes my Sandy---now, Sir, you'll---oh Heav'ns! my father! (*aſide*) Good bye, Sir, (*going*)

Laird Ra. But, laſſy, ſtop——

Mog. Yes, Sir, I'll ſtop—when I'm out of your ſight. [*Exit into Shelty's*

Laird.

Laird Ra. A whimſical ſort of young lady! Oh, here comes her Sandy——

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. The boat's ready, hey!—where has ſhe ſcamper'd—Sir— did you ſee a young woman!

Laird Ra. Yes, your Jenny is gone into that houſe.

Cha. Jenny!---I mean——

Laird Ra. Then, my good Sandy—I—

Cha. Pſhaw! I'm not Sandy---where the plague can Moggy have run to.

Laird Ra. Well, I thought ſhe meant---but I'll ſee about the marriage, taſte your ale and wedding cheer, and then ferry over to Inchkenneth, where I have three or four more couple to tack together. [*Exit.*

Cha. This giddy tit, to be out of the way now! Her father! 'tis well ſhe miſs'd him.

Enter McGILPIN, *in a rage.*

McGil. Fine police! if the King's Officers are to be aſſaulted in the execution of their duty!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha (*aſide*) Oh, then, Sir, you've beat old Croudy?

McGil No, but he has beat me! I'll let the ruffian know, no body ſhall cheat the King in this Iſland, but myſelf——he's a poacher too, goes fowling, grouſing, and cocking; but I'll grouſe and cock him! I'll ſhew him, that in Col I am grand fowler, prowler, and comptroller. His ſon Shelty have a child of mine!—my dear Charley take care of Moggy.

Cha.

Cha. She's ſafe I'll anſwer, Sir.

McGil. Have you ſeen the Captain? I'll give Jenny to him, to ſecure my preferment there.

Cha. I'll ſet Maſter on another hunt, whilſt I look for Moggy——Sir, have an eye to Jenny, the Parſon's come, and if Sandy gets a hint of your intention to give her to the Captain, they'll be married unknown to you.

McGil. Ods fiſh! but where is Jenny?

Cha. This inſtant gone into Shelty's.

McGil. Run you in, boy, and ſecure her, whilſt I raiſe the poſſey after Croudy.

Cha. Lord! Sir, Jenny wou'd never ſtay with me, you'd beſt in and ſecure her yourſelf, and I'll bring the conſtables for Croudy. (*Moggy looks out at the door*) Look, there ſhe is—after her, Sir.

Mog. Its me, you fool! (*apart to him, and retires*)

Cha. Oh, the devil! its Moggy. (*aſide*)

McGil. (*going*) Stop you Jenny! I'll have you!

Cha. Stay you Sir—I'll have her——

McGil. You! you know ſhe'd never ſtay for you—here, Jenny—— [*Exit into Shelty's.*

Cha. Sent the Wolf after my lamb! I cou'd hang myſelf! What, what is to be done?—Stay, as he'll find her in Shelty's, I'll ſwear it was he that ſtole her out.

Enter CROUDY—*croſſing.*

Odſo! there's old Croudy gone into Shelty's—I'll fetch the conſtables upon him—I know, from his wicked obſtinate ſpirit, it will be a devil of a work to take him; and in the confuſion I may ſtill get

get Moggy down to the water-ſide—then weigh anchor, feather oar, blow kind breezes, and adieu to my old maſter. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Inſide of SHELTY'S *Houſe.—Laird* RASAY'S *Coat, Hat, and Wig on the Table—A Harp.*

Enter SHELTY, *with a Mug.*

Shel. Yes, Sir, I'm here, Sir—I'm there, Sir—coming, Sir. (*drinks*) Lord, what nice ale I do ſell—Yes Sir! my houſe is ſo full—oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money—but father's wrangling with M'Gilpin, will kick down all——here he comes; now if he hasn't been in ſome new combuſtifications.

Enter CROUDY.

Crou. Ha! (*takes the mug from Shelty and drinks*) a ſcoundrel! tell me I rob the King! the Cuſtom-houſe Officer takes his pay and ſmuggles—and he's a bad ſervant, indeed, that robs his maſter. Boy, M'Gilpin wou'd have ſeiz'd my boat, tho' 'twas only laſt week he claw'd up my other. (*drinks*)—Loſt my poor Swallow!

Shel (*looking in the mug*) Father, you ſeem to have ſtill a very good ſwallow.

Crou. This tax-man—Oh! I'll——

Shel. Lord, father! how you do put one out of all ſorts! there's my houſe full—there's the Serjeant has got Sandy and all the lads at cards; and here's

here's Sandy's marriage—and here's this new Parſon ſeems a wet clergy—and then, now your quarrels with M^cGilpin will ſet my houſe in an uproar.

Crou. Go froth your ale, and ſcore double boy, —I've threſh'd M^cGilpin.

Shel. You han't?

Crou. I've bang'd him, ſirrah.

Enter APIE.

Apie. Oh, mercy, Maſter Croudy! here's the Conſtables, and M^cGilpin in the houſe!

Shel. Lord, Lord! you'll be taken——Apie do you go down, and let nobody come up [*Exit Apie*] Eh! this is the luckieſt—(*ſeeing the clothes*) here ſtep into this great coat, hat, and wig, the Parſon's ſervant left here---no time for thinking---do father take a fool's advice.

Crou. Eh!

Shel. If you are taken, to jail you go---do you want to make a riot in my houſe; give him a pretence to take away my licence? no, do things eaſy ---here, quick, quick, father! (*he helps him on with a cloak*) There, the devil a one of them can know you now---I'll run and get the boat ready---you're ſo nicely diſguiſed, you may eaſily get to it-- [*Exit.*

Crou. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no ſon of mine---my cudgel is but a poor defence---if I had only---is that my broad ſword yonder? I made a preſent of it to this pigeon; but he never had ſpirit to uſe it (*takes it from over the chimney*); and ſhall it be ſaid, that a Highlander ſneak'd out like a poltroon, with his broad ſword in his hand! no, no! no diſguiſe now. (*flings off the cloak*) All fair and open ---if they take me, they muſt firſt take this (*draws*) 'twas once drawn in what I then thought a right

cauſe, but ready now to defend my King; tho' I do run a few anchors of brandy to quaff his health, and bring up my children to fight his battles. [*Exit.*

Enter MOGGY, *frightened.*

Mog. Oh, lud! where ſhall I hide from father? If I cou'd ſtand behind the door, and ſlip out as he comes in; but what cou'd bewitch Charley to ſend him after me? If I cou'd but get down to the pier---what's this (*looks at clothes, &c.*) Ha! the Parſon's—I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myſelf in them—Ha, ha, ha! on they go, (*puts them on*) and wig too!

McGil. (*without*) She is here.

Mog. O, Lord there's father (*muffles the cloak round her*)

Shel. (*without*) She is not.

McGil. (*without*) Sirrah! Charley told me ſhe came in juſt now——

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. (*looks at Moggy*) Ay, now you've acted like a ſenſible man.

Mog. Man! (*aſide*)

Shel. I'll get you off.

McGilpin (*without*) I'll have the houſe ſearch'd—

Shel. Its Mr. M'Gilpin; don't ſpeak, and I'll get you out.

Mog. Thank ye (*apart*)

Shel. But pray, don't cudgel him again (*goes to the door, and returns*)---Hark ye, old one, only keep cool; for if it comes to the worſt, I've ſome lads drinking in the next room, every one owe Mr. M'Gilpin ſome grudge, and if he will arreſt you, I'll have 'em all on him at a beck;

beck; I'll engage they'll cut your way thro' fifty conſtables.

Mog. I've a mind to try a race for it (*aſide*)

Shel. Here comes the old ſinner——Huſh, not a word.

Enter M^cGILPIN.

M^cGil. Where is ſhe?

Shel. (*pretending to have been in converſation*) Oh yes Sir, for certain: if the inſular circumference cou'd but round 'about the leger-de-main of three ſquare canonicals---the goats-beards may abrogate our Caledonian ſyſtem with longitudinal parallel---ramifications---Dr. Lexicon told me the ſame thing.

M^cGil. Eh!---What?

Shel. So did Boſee---(*not ſeeming to ſee M^cGilpin*)

M^cGil. Sirrah! where's Jenny?

Shel. Oh! how are you, Sir? (*affecting ſurprize*)

M^cGil. What's that to you? Deliver up Jenny---

Shel. Don't ſpeak, daddy (*apart to Mogzy*)--- Jenny!---Why Sir, you think I'm a devil amongſt the girls---this morning I was running away with Moggy---now it's Mr. Shelty, Sir, you've been kiſſing Jenny!——

M^cGil. Sirrah! where's the knave, your father?

Shel. My father is---a---oh---I dare ſay he is---

M^cGil. Where?

Shel. I ſuppoſe ſo--- (*Shelty ſtands between Mog. and M^cGilpin*)

M^cGil. What are you humming me, you impudent raſcal.

Shel. Keep quiet, father. (*apart to Mog.*)

M^cGil. But I'll have the old rogue!

Shel. Keep your temper, Sir. (*apart to Mog.*)

Mog. How comes this miſtake of Shelty's? but I'll give into it, if it brings me off. (*aſide*)

McGil. What old fellow's that? (*to Mog.*)

Shel. Over the chimney? Oh, that's Lord Lovett.

McGil. Over the chimney! no, that.

Shel. Yes, poor Simon Frazer. (*looking towards a print, paſted over the chimney*)

McGil. Simon Frazer! I mean that--- (*to Mog.*)

Sel. Oh! againſt the cupboard? Jenny Cameron.

McGil. The cupboard! no——I mean he, that ſtands there, next to a ſaucy knave.

Shel. That ſtands next an old crazy knave, Sir--- (*goes over and ſtands cloſe by McGil.*)——that's me, Sir.

McGil. Get along, you audacious——I mean that, that fellow! (*looking at Mog.*)

Shel. Fellow! this? Oh, Sir, this Gentleman is the Welch Parſon from Raaſey.

McGil. 'Od, I beg his pardon---How do you do, Doctor?——Oh, true, you're come to marry Sandy and Jenny—ah! that's all up! ha, ha, ha! I ſee you've brought your harp—I'm glad o'that —Sandy told me how finely you touch'd it—a favourite inſtrument of mine, 'cauſe my daughter Moggy plays it; and ſweetly my child does tune it too; though I have her now lock'd up at home.

Mog. I'm now lock'd up at home! Ha, ha, ha! (*aſide*)

McGil. It's all along of you, you curſed tapſter! 'tis you that has drawn her from her duty.

Shel. Hey! don't abuſe me, Sir.

McGil. Doctor, I ſhou'd like to hear the harp tickled in the genuine Welch ſtrain; pray, Sir, favor me with a tune? *Shel.*

Shel. Yes—now my father muſt be found out; he cou'd as ſoon carry a houſe as play a harp. (*aſide*)

McGil. Now, come Sir. (*places the harp before Moggy*)

Shel. Don't ſpeak to him, Sir.

McGil. Hold your tongue you buſy——you envious cur! you're afraid that his ſweet harp will put your barbarous pipes out of favour.—Dear Doctor, play—

Shel. Father, you muſt play up with your cudgel.

McGil. Charm my ears.

Shel. Yes; he'll be ſoon about your ears! (*aſide*)

McGil. Sir, we are all attention.

Shel. Throw it by, and fight your way out. (*apart to Moggy, who prepares to play*)

McGil. Silence, puppy—not a breath.—(*places himſelf in a liſtening attitude—Shelly ſeems uneaſy:—Moggy plays with much taſte and execution*)

McGil. Charming!

Shel. He has been my father theſe ſix and twenty years, and I never knew he cou'd play the harp before! (*aſide*)

McGil. Fine indeed Doctor! but not quite that angelic Cecilian ſublimity, that certain ſweet feminine delicacy of my daughter's touch.—You are the cauſe of my child's preſent diſtreſſes, you miſcreant!—but I'll revenge all upon the rogue your father.

Shel. Father, you ſee you muſt fight your way. (*apart.*)

McGil. Oh! here Charley has brought the conſtables.

Enter

Enter CHARLEY *and* CONSTABLES.

Cha. Sir, I ſaw Croudy enter here. If I cou'd raiſe a purſuit, I may find, and take Moggy off. (*aſide*)

McGil. There Charley, you ſhew the Doctor here (*pointing to Moggy*) to my houſe; whilſt the conſtables and I ſearch this, for Croudy.

Shel. (*apart to Charley*) Do Charley, take the Doctor—it's my father—get him off. (*apart*)

Cha. What! I help the eſcape of ſmugglers! Sir, (*to McGilpin*) that's Croudy, in diſguiſe.

Mog. It's me, you blockhead! (*apart to Cha.*)

Cha. Moggy again! (*aſide*) ay, come along, Doctor. (*takes Moggy's arm under his, and is going*)

McGil. Stop! Doctor! didn't you ſay 'twas Croudy, 'tis too—I ſee the gleam of his wall eye. Conſtable, lay hold of him.

Shel. Keep off—I'll defend my father with my life! (*brandiſhes a cudgel and ſtands before Mog.*)

Conſt. Surrender.

Shel. Nay then—Lads! (*whiſtles*)

Enter ſeveral HIGHLAND PEASANTS (*armed*).

Down with the Cuſtom-houſe Officer! or he'll ſeize all your boats.

Mog. Oh! they'll murder my father! Heavens!

Conſt. Keep the peace.

Shel. No. (*flouriſhing his cudgel*)

Conſt. No! Then here's no buſineſs for a peace-officer. [*Exit.*

Shel. Father, when they knock him down, you make off. (*apart to Mog.*) Down with M'Gilpin —Hurraw! Lads!

All.

All. Hurra! (*as they raiſe their weapons to ſtrike McGilpin—Moggy ſuddenly flings off her diſguiſe, and throws herſelf on her knees between them*)

Mog. On, ſave my father!

McGil. My daughter!

Shel. This my daddy?

McGil. My dear child!

Cha. I've done this well. (*aſide*)

McGil. Before I lock'd, but now I'll double lock you.

Mog. Don't put me again in Charley's care.

McGil. No, I'll take care of you myſelf, my dutiful, affectionate——but, you jade, who got you out?

Mog. Who, but my dear Shelty!

Shel !! Me?

McGil. Aye, theſe were all your lies——your Simon Frazer's and Jenny Cameron's againſt the cupboard!

Shel. But, where the devil can old Croudy be? Eh! as I found Miſs Moggy under a gteat coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat.

[*Exit.*

McGil. However, Moggy for your concern for me, juſt now, you ſhall ſee me reward deſert, and—

Enter JENNY *and* SANDY.

Give Jenny to——

San. Good Sir——

Enter CAPTAIN DASH.

McGil. To Captain Daſh. (*Hands her to him*)

Capt. Sir, you ſhall be a great man upon my honour,

San. Sir, have not I your promiſe?

McGil.

McGil. Eh! I believe I'm a great man already, for I totally forget my promiſe.

San. But, Sir, I hold you to it, and with my life I'll juſtify my pretenſions here. (*takes her hand*)

Jen. Nay, Sandy——

Capt. Hark'ee, young bull calf, if you've a life to ſpare, in my regiment, it may ſerve your King and country.

San. Sir, the officer that could diſgrace his profeſſion, by injuring the individual, will prove but a poor protector to his country, and is unworthy the favour of his King.

Capt. A ſpirited ſort of a ſcoundrel this!—Old one, I muſt have him. (*apart to McGil*)

McGil. You ſhall (*apart*) Sandy—remember my agency—tho'—I ſay, Sandy, upon recollection, I can't aſſign over a leaſe of the farm I promis'd you, unleſs you immediately pay me down a fine of 50l.

San. You know 'tis impoſſible for me to raiſe ſuch a ſum

McGil. I do. (*aſide*) Oh, Lord! can't you? I'm ſo ſorry—but you muſt quit the premiſes,

San. No indulgence—no conſideration for the ſervices I have render'd the eſtate!

McGil. Indulgence! Sandy!——I thought you were as honeſt as—as myſelf; but now I ſee you'd have me turn an unfaithful Steward.

San. You're a wretch! a mean petty tyrant! and may every unfaithful ſervant, who, like you, uſes his delegated power to oppreſs the poor, and bring curſes on the name of a worthy maſter, meet the villain's reward——ſhame and puniſhment!

[*Exit.*

McGil.

McGil. Damme, you go on the forlorn hope for this! Captain, you ſhall have him.

Jen. After all his labour and toil to improve the country, is my love to be driven thus out of it?

McGil. Come home, you huſſey. (*to Moggy*)

Mog. Ah, do, father, do lock me up, but don't be ſo cruel to poor Jenny——

McGil. What are locks and brick walls againſt ſuch an Algerine family as Shelty's? Even the old water thief his father wou'd rob a Biſhop of his butter boats!

[*Exeunt McGil Capt. and Moggy.*

Jen. And this is the completion of my happineſs!

AIR.—JENNY.

The bleak wind whiſtles o'er the main,
The ſeaman trolls his jovial ſong,
He'll ſee his faithful maid again,
And blithe his tall ſhip rolls along.

From the maſt head the cliff he ſpies,
His joys in pleaſing hopes expand,
The tempeſt roars, the billows riſe,
In vain he tacks to make the land.

Relentleſs breakers guard the coaſt,
His hope, his ſhip, himſelf is loſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in SHELTY'S.

Enter LAIRD *of* COL, *and* SERVANT.

Laird Col. Only enquire if Mr. McGilpin is at home?

Ser. Yes, my Laird. [*Exit.*

Laird Col. I find my arrival is totally unexpected—The moment I ſet my foot on my little

territory here, I found my heart glow with all the pride of an ancient Scottiſh Chieftain! but no reſpect—no one to welcome me—no attendance—Who's there? (*with authority*)

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! there he has taken Moggy home.

Laird Col. Do you belong to the houſe?

Shel. No, but the houſe belongs to me—what d'ye want?

Laird Col. Manners!

Shel. I thought ſo, by your making ſuch a noiſe—D'ye want any ale?

Laird Col. Do you know who you talk to?

Shel. Yes—who are you? Oh, one of my father's ſmuggling cuſtomers. (*aſide*) You're a pedlar———

Laird Col. How?

Shel. I aſk pardon, I did'nt ſee your laced waiſtcoat—you're the puppet-ſhew man come to Sandy's wedding?

Laird Col. Sirrah!

Re-enter SERVANT.

Ser. Yes, Mr. M'Gilpin is on the Iſland, your honour.

Shel. Honor! (*looks attentively at the Laird*)

Laird Col. Inform him his Laird is here—and that I command his immediate attendance.

Ser. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Shel. This Laird Donald? Oh dear! [*Exit cautiouſly.*

Enter LAIRD *of* RAASEY.

Laird Ra. (*on entering*) Only order my bill.

Laird Col. The Laird of Raaſey! Why, my good friend,

friend, what brings you to Col? and your appearance. (*ſurveying his dreſs*)

Laird Ra. Huſh, my dear Donald? I as little expected to have met with you here.

Laird Col. But how! what?

Laird Ra. You may remember my ſiſter Evelyn making a ſtolen match with young Cameron; the lad went for England to acquire wealth, the only qualification he wanted; and my ſiſter, poor thing! to avoid my father's anger repairing here to Col, died in child-birth, leaving a daughter, of whom I am now in ſearch.

Laird Col. But your canonicals! (*to his dreſs*)

Laird Ra. Why, Sir, meeting on the road an old domeſtic of mine, who is now in the ſervice of a Parſon Owen engaged to wed a couple here, I prevail'd on him, for a little caſh, to aſſiſt me in a plan, that on the inſtant I conceived, to perſonate his maſter, he lent me theſe clothes, for I thought, in a feign'd character, if I cou'd diſcover my niece, I might unknown myſelf, have come to her real diſpoſition: If capable of poliſh, I'd have ſnatch'd her from obſcurity—but I find ſuch a——

Laird Col. Oh, then you have found her.

Laird Ra. Oh, yes; but my niece, Miſs Jenny, as they call her, may make a good farmer's wife, and in a young fellow, one Sandy, from his character, ſhe's likely to have a moſt excellent huſband—Ha, ha, ha! ſuppoſing me the Parſon, juſt now, ſhe wou'd have had me marry her to him! Ay, ſhe may grace a dairy, and may thus be much happier than bringing her into a ſphere her ruſtic education has render'd her unfit for; I ſhall give the lad ſome caſh with her; but I ſhan't diſcover myſelf—And now for your affair——

Laird Col. I lately made this Iſland over to my ſon Robert—I parted with him laſt in London; he had then but juſt return'd from Hampſhire, and the ſhooting ſeaſon approaching, he told me he'd ſee what game my new gift afforded; but I don't know how—I can hear nothing of the boy—Fifteen years ſince I've been here, ſo, during receſs of Parliament, I've taken a trip, to ſee if Bob has made any improvements, for his Hampſhire journey made him a ſkilful farmer, I aſſure you;—beſides, I was anxious to know how M'Gilpin, my Steward, has gone on: but I hear nothing but complaints of him, and yet the Iſland wears a fertile look.

Laird Ra. Like me, you ſhou'd have come incog, then you'd have ſeen the true face of things.

Laird Col. Ay, Sir, but no hiding the native dignity of a M'Donald.

Enter SHELTY (*very ſubmiſſively.*)

Shel. My Laird, forgive me taking you for a pedlar. (*bows low*)

Laird Ra. "The dignified M'Donald taken for a pedlar!"

Shel. Pardon me, Sir, for taking you for a ſhewman! (*bows low*).

Laird Col. Ha, ha, ha! well, Sir, I ſhall excuſe your apologies—now for honeſt M'Gilpin—

Shel. Yes, my Laird, he's as worthy a man—

Laird Col. Worthy! I heard—

Shel. All truth—he's as great a rogue as ever ſtood in the picture frame.

Laird Col. Well, let the gentlemen of the Iſland attend me——

Shel. Gentlemen! Yes, we will all attend your Lordſhip. (*bows*)

Laird

Laird Col. And let every one that has any charge againſt McGilpin appear---If well grounded, I ſhall ſee him puniſhed—My Laird. (*to Laird of Raaſey*) [*Exeunt Lairds.*

Shel. (*aping the Laird of Col.*) I ſhall ſee him puniſhed! hem! a fine thing to be a great man---call the gentlemen to attend me (*mimicking*) If I was a Lord, what a deal of good I'd do to---myſelf---I'd, if---that is ſuppoſing I was a very great man indeed---I'd be the patron of genius and talents, I'd reward the---ſtone-eater---I'd attend all ſorts of elegant---cock-fights, to ſhew my good nature, and to ſhew my courage---I'd go to the moſt ſcientifical academies for—boxing—and then there's your concerts, public and private, where ſome great Lords play the violin; ſo, amongſt thoſe famous quality hautboys, who knows how far my chaunter might be eſteemed in polite harmonifications!

AIR.—SHELTY.

Boys, when I play, cry oh crimini,
Shelty's chaunter ſqueaker imini;
In love-tunes I'm ſo emphatical,
Fingers ſhaking quiveratical;
With agility,
Grace, gentility,
Girls ſhake heel and toe,
Pipes I tickle ſo;
My jiggs fill a pate,
Titilate, pretty mate,
My hops, love, mirth, young blood circulate.

Oh, my chaunter ſounds ſo prettily,
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;
Croſs the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb;
Modern Rizzio's ſo,
Pleaſe ma'ams miſſes ſo,

Peers can merry ſtrum,
Act plays very rum,
I'll puff at ſquare Hanover,
Can over, man over,
All the puny pipes from Italy.

I'm in talk a pedant muſical,
In fine terms I lug intruſical,
Slap Bavura's alt, the rage about,
Hayden, Mara, opera, ſtage about;
Oratorios,
Cramers Florios;
Things at jubilee,
Neither he nor ſhe,
Die at Syren's note,
Tiny throat, petticoat,
This is amateur high muſical.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter SANDY *and* JENNY.

JENNY.

MY dear Sandy don't grieve; why ſhould ill fortune diſturb our tranquility, unleſs it cou'd leſſen our affection.

San. M^cGilpin's deſign of giving you to the Captain diſtracts me.

Jen. But he ſhall not; my obligations to him are great, yet this tyrannic attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a ſuſpicion that his motives are not quite diſintereſted, have ſomewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

San. And here won't let me continue in my farm, without this fine of fifty pounds, ſo I muſt give it up; but he laid it on to ruin me.

Jen. Well, and even ſo, are there not other farms, or no farm, cou'd you not be happy with your poor Jenny?

San. My ſource of happineſs! when mine, I ſhall eſteem you as a friend, reſpect you as a woman, and adore you as an angel—be for ever grate-

ful

ful for your honoring me with your choice, before ſo many more worthy——I'll cheriſh you in my heart—love you till death—and protect you with my life.

Jen. When you are my huſband—if you can have faults, to me they ſhall ſeem failings, but your virtues I ſhall eſteem perfections——I'll adviſe you with candour, obey you with cheerfulneſs, make your home the ſeat of comfort; yet, if you ever ſhould quit your door with a frown, my ſmile of welcome ſhould meet you at the threſhold!

San. My ſweet Jenny! this Captain!—I cannot think of reſigning you to him;—but if I truly love you, ſhould I make you the partner of my miſerable fortunes?

Jen. I'll follow you, my Sandy, the world over, equally prepar'd to partake of your good fortune, or comfort you in ſorrow——oh, don't deny me!

San. My dear Jenny!——let me wipe theſe tears from your cheek, they hang like rain upon an apple bloſſom.

AIR.—SANDY.

At dawn I roſe with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day
That cou'd this bleſſing give to me;
Now joy is fled away, Jenny.
No flocks, nor herds, nor ſtore of gold,
Not houſe, nor home have I;
If beauty muſt be bought and ſold,
Alas! I cannot buy, Jenny.

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So priz'd a ſmile from thee;
True love alone our hearts ſhall bind,
Thou'rt all the world to me, Jenny.

Sweet

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient meek,
My lily drops a tear,
Ah! raiſe thy drooping head, and ſeek
Soft peace and comfort here, Jenny.

This is the firſt time I ever was convinc'd money was a bleſſing.

Enter BENIN, *with a Letter.*

Ben. Miſs Jenny, Miſs Jenny, a letter by the boat.

Jen. A letter for me! (*opens it, and reads*) "Ma-"dam, the ticket, No. 125, of which you pur-"chas'd one ſixteenth at my office, is drawn a prize of 1000l. Your humble ſervant,

"GEORGE ROSS."

Heavens! what good fortune! now Sandy, you may keep the farm!

San. Eh!

Jen. My lottery chance—where is it?—you know I gave it to you——

San. Did you? (*with emotion*)

Jen. What's the matter?—let me ſee the paper—its a ſixteenth—ſtay—ſixteen fifties—Lord! you can pay the fine—and we ſhall have—aye—I don't know how much in our pockets.

Enter Serjeant JACK, *ſinging.*

Serj. Eh! isn't this the lad I broke at cribbage?—'tis—hah, my worthy! I'm ready to give you your revenge at the boards again—or any game from lanſquenet to tee-totum, ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Why, have you been playing at cards, Sandy?

San. Eh!---no---yes, my love---I---I had not the ſmalleſt idea---but---that is---diſtraction!--Oh, my Jenny! the die is caſt! [*Exit agitated.*

Serj. Poor boy! a generous lad too---ſpent his money freely on our recruits at cards. I touch'd him for three guineas at Shelty's, beſides a lottery chance——

Jen. (*with emotion*) Sir, did you win a lottery chance from him?

Serj. Yes, my dear, I did; and I'll give it you for a kiſs.

Jen. Sir! was it that number—but it muſt—he had no other. (*aſide*)

Serj. The prettieſt girl I ever ſaw—(*gazing at her*)

Jen. I ſay, Sir, was that the number? (*ſhews the letter*)

Serj. Oh, the number—the lovelieſt! a thouſand! no, no, my dear, I'm not ſo lucky as that—but let's ſee—aye, here it is—ha, ha, ha!—125—tol lol lol!—a lucky dog am I—(*ſings*)

Jen. Yes, it is it——my poor Sandy!—(*burſts into tears*)

Serj. Eh! is this becauſe the lad has loſt it? this is the girl he was to have married—tho' my whole life I've been a petty ſhifting dog, always on the lurch—yet, damme if I can enjoy this firſt viſit from good fortune, as it brings tears into the eyes of a pretty girl.

Jen. By the loſs of this, Sandy loſes his farm, and I loſe my Sandy!

Serj. Farm! true, the Captain told me this feat of his ſeparating two lovers, and getting a man turn'd out of bread!

Jen. I ſuppoſe, tho' it was. I bought the chance,

chance, they won't pay it me, as I cannot bring it to them.

Serj. Aye, the poor fellow was turn'd out of his farm, becauſe unable to pay the fifty pounds the old raſcal laid on it—now this wou'd juſt clear it—this is the firſt time I ever had it my power to do a generous action, and I've a ſtrange curioſity to know how a man feels after one—(*aſide*) Look y'e my laſs—before I knew this bit of paper was worth ſixty pounds, I offer'd it you for a kiſs—I'm not quite a nabob in point of caſh—but if it was worth an hundred I ſcorn to go back of my word to one that can't call me to an account for breaking it—There's your ticket—a kiſs was the price—but tho' my mouth waters, pay it to the lad you love. [*Exit.*

Jen. Can there be ſo much worth where ſo little is expected? now to impart my joy, and make my Sandy happy! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

McGILPIN's *Houſe.*

Enter MOGGY.

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! father thinks he has me now ſure, but I think if our truſty Benin, the black, procures me the clothes, as he promis'd—yes, my kind papa, I ſuſpect I ſhall ſurely ſlip off from you again---Oh, here's poor Jenny---ſhe's as unfortunate in her love affairs as myſelf.

Enter JENNY, *agitated.*

Jen. Oh. my dear Moggy! for ever I'm undone!---Sandy is---

Mog. Well, I know father has turn'd him out of his farm.

Jen. But then he is gone,-in a fit of deſpair, and enliſted himſelf among the ſoldiers!

Mog. What a fool---make him run away from them.

Jen. Deſert!---Oh, the puniſhment, if taken, is terrible!

Mog. If you cou'd procure a man in his place.

Jen. The equal of my Sandy! not in Scotland.---

Mog. Oh, yes, my dear, there's another very good man in Scotland!

Jen. I mean no affront to your Charley, my dear---but I've ſold my lottery chance, and I'm going to offer the money to the Captain, to ſee if he will let him off.

Mog. Money!—I wiſh I had a lottery chance, or ſomewhat—here I am going to run into the wide world, and I don't believe Charley and I, between us, can muſter up ten ſhillings for travelling charges.

Jen. My poor friend!—I wiſh I cou'd aſſiſt her—(*aſide*)

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! Jenny, I think you had better offer yourſelf to the Captain! I warrant he takes you in his ſtead—if not, you muſt, as the ſong ſays, "Pack up your tatters and follow the drum"—you'd make a very ſmart little ſoldier's wife—with a brace of bairns in your arms, and another little ſquat fat fellow ſqualling on the knapſack behind your Caledonian Alexander.

Jen. If it ſhou'd come to that, I'm prepar'd for all weathers.

AIR.

AIR.—JENNY.

Deareſt youth this heart will break,
If cruel ſoldiers take thee far;
Why peaceful home and me forſake,
To tempt the dangers of the war?
But all is home where thou'lt reſort,
My Sandy's ſmiles ſuch comfort bring,
The humble village is a court,
Graced by the preſence of a King.
My ſilken geer I'll leave behind,
Prepare to face the rain and wind,
With him I'll meet the blaſt ſo keen,
And ſmile while on the billows toſt;
The heart where love is warm within,
Enjoys a May in winter's froſt. [*Exit.*

Mog. My ſweet gentle friend!—my father uſes her very unjuſtly—I'm certain her mother, for all he ſays of her poverty, and his charity to her, left the money behind that has been the making of him—She muſt be come of good people, from her refined ſentiments and elegant manners—ſhe quite eclipſes me, yet I do not envy, but love her dearly—How long Benin ſtays—if he ſhou'd diſappoint—perhaps betray me to my father!—no, here he comes, the faithful little fellow—has them—oh, precious!

Enter BENIN, *with a Bundle.*

Well, Benin, have you brought them?—ſhew me.

Ben. Yes, Miſſy, and I tink dey vil fit you.

Mog. My beſt creature——

Ben Ah, Miſſy! but Maſſa lick a me, as I was vorſe creature—Miſſy, if you run away, I run too—Maſſa killa me, if he know I help you.

Mog. Pſhaw you fool, I'm not going to run away.

Ben.

Ben. Miſſy, dere Miſs Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it——Pray don't tell Maſſa I brought you clothes. [*Exit.*

Mog. Let's ſee what you have brought—jacket, kilt, bonnet, complete. I won't even tell Charley of my deſign till I'm equipp'd—ha, ha, ha! I'll ſurpriſe him.---There I'll lay all ſnug---(*puts the bundle into a preſs*) Now if Charley cou'd borrow caſh to carry us up to Edinburgh, father cou'd never find us out there---let's ſee, lud! I hav'n't above half a guinea left of my pocket money---Oh, poor Charley and I---

Enter BENIN, *with a Letter.*

Ben. Miſs Moggy, Jenny deſire me give you dat.----

Mog. Very well. [*Exit Benin.*

What's this! an Edinburgh bank note for forty pounds---(*reads*) "My dear Moggy, for certain the Captain will never part with ſuch "a ſoldier as my Sandy; therefore I ſhall take "your hint and 'follow the drum.' As I ſhall "not want the inclos'd, accept it, my dear friend, "for travelling charges---beſides a ſupply of caſh "you will find neceſſary till you can obtain your "father's pardon for the ſtep you are about to "take, in which be happier than your

"JENNY!"

---My generous friend!---no, I will not enjoy happineſs whilſt you feel ſorrow!---With the aſſiſtance of my Highland dreſs, here in my cupboard, if I once more elope; the firſt uſe I make of my liberty is to procure it for your Sandy---ay---tho' father catches me the next moment.

Enter

Enter McGILPIN.

McGil. I'll firſt catch you this moment. (*takes a key from his pocket*) Go in there.

Mog. No, Sir!

McGil. Go in—— (*pointing to the room*)

Enter CHARLEY.

Cha. What's the matter, Sir?

McGil. Here's a young lady won't be lock'd up.

Cha. Oh, fie, Miſs, refuſe to be lock'd up—that's ſo unreaſonable of you.

McGil. So it is—isn't it a proof of what value I ſet upon you!—Don't I lock up my guineas? You brazen-face go in there. (*puts her in*) If I ſhould be obliged to go out, Charley, you will have a watch here. (*as McGilpin turns his head to ſpeak to Charley, Moggy, unſeen by either, ſlips out; pulls Charley by the ear, and runs into the preſs*)

Cha. Now Sir what's that for? (*putting his hand to his ear*)

McGil. Charley don't ſay a word againſt it—it ſhall be as I like with my own family.

Cha. Yes, Sir, but when you count ears, pray don't conſider me as one of your family.

McGil. Stay you there, my plague! (*locks the door*) I think I have you faſt enough now, my deary.

Cha. My poor girl! (*aſide*)

McGil. Charley boy, tho' I have the key, yet I ſcarce think I'm ſure of her—ſhe's full of hocus pocus—ſo, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to the door—that rogue, Shelty, muſt have been aſſiſted by his grand-mother, the old witch I baniſh'd, to have got her out before.

Cha.

Cha. Eh! I'll encourage this thought—yet not ſeem to give into it. (*aſide*) No, Sir, no.

McGil. Well, well, I defy the black art, I depend upon ſimple wit——

Cha. Simple indeed!

McGil. Charley, I am now going into my ſtudy, to practice oratory—my Parliament oration on the ſlave trade. If I can but perſuade Jenny to liſten to the Captain, I imagine I am pretty ſure, by his intereſt, of ſome handſome appointment on going to London; ſo I muſt prepare myſelf on ſome important queſtion—ay—the abolition of the ſlave trade is a popular motion.——Don't let any body interrupt me, boy! [*Exit.*

Cha. I find he does'n't know yet that the old Laird Donald is arrived——his ridiculous idea of Shelty's grand-mother being a witch, ſhews his poor brain is weak; and his prejudices of witchcraft are ſo very ſtrong, that his credulity may be eaſily impoſed on; he is prepar'd to believe any extravagance that may confirm his favourite opinion. ——If I cou'd make it the means to procure my dear Moggy's releaſe——to perſuade him that —ha, ha, ha! I'm extremely tickled with the thought.

Shel. (*without*) Suppoſe he is buſy.

Ben. (*without*) Well, I'll tell my maſſa—

Cha. And here comes Shelty, in the nick of time, to help my project—I'll try it, however.

McGil. (*without*) I'll break your bones!

Ben. Me don't care—oh—(*crying*)

Cha. Hey! what now?

McGil. An impudent ſcoundrel!

Cha. Here he comes, and in a rare humour for my purpoſe—If I can but make him give her up to

to Shelty!—once ſhe's out of theſe doors, I have my dear girl.

Enter M'GILPIN *with an open Paper, and* BENIN, *crying.*

M'Gil. You villian! you ſhou'dn't have interrupted me at ſtudy—no, not for the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Cha. What's the matter, Sir?

M'Gil. This black dog here diſturb'd me in a ſpeech which wou'd have done honour to Cicero, to announce Shelty, the piper!

Ben. Why, Maſſa, I did taut——

M'Gil. You thought, you Canibal! what have you to do with thought.—There had I got into my fine ſpeech on the African ſlaves—painting the diſtreſſes of the poor blackamoores—You dog, you ſhall live on bread and water for this. I was deſcribing in the moſt pathetic—the moſt feeling manner, the cruelty of the planters to the unhappy negroes—I had work'd myſelf up to ſuch a pathos, that even recounting their ſufferings, brought tears in my eyes!—(I'll cut the fleſh off your ugly bones, you miſcreant!) (*to Benin, who kneels*)—Says I, and Sir, theſe inhuman taſk maſters have no touch of pity for their fellow creatures!—Eh! Sirrah! don't you know your black race is little better than the Baboon, you Guineaſwine!

Cha. Sir, don't put yourſelf into ſuch a paſſion—he's not worth your notice.

Ben Why, Maſſa, I only ſaid——

M'Gil. Will you prate? interrupted for Shelty! (*looks at the paper*)

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!

Ben. (*apart to Charley*) Ah, you may well laugh —Maſſa never beat you—Oh, he did ſo thump a me.——

Cha. This may give a lift to my ſcheme— (*aſide*) No, Benin, Maſter never beats me, becauſe when I find him in a paſſion I never anſwer him. (*apart*)

Ben. If that ſaves me a beating, I will never make no anſwer.

Cha. Don't, you know he's an orator, and likes to have all the talk to himſelf.

Ben. Ha, ha, ha!—then he ſhall—Thank'ye, Charley, when I find he raiſe his voice, I will no anſwer him—— [*Exit.*

McGil. I wonder Shelty dares thruſt his ſaucy face into my houſe.

Cha. Now for it—if I can but work upon his fancy—aye, Sir, Shelty wou'd feign make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

McGil. Power, and terms, what d'ye mean?

Cha. And yet, I aſſure you, Sir, I put little or no faith in theſe ſort of old woman's ſtories—there now his father Croudy too pretends to this gift of ſecond ſight—about a month ago, he got fortelling that Laird Donald would arrive here in Col—aye, this day—ſo you ſee what a fine prophet he is.——

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, my maſter, Laird Donald, is arrived and wou'd ſpeak with you. [*Exit.*

McGil. Eh!—why, Charley! did Croudy really tell you that Laird Donald wou'd come this day?

Cha. Heaven defend me! he certainly did.

McGil. Very aſtoniſhing!—his mother a witch too—why this is a bleſſed family—I begin to fear

to fear that nothing ſhort of magic can keep my daughter from Shelty. But Charley, you muſt inſtantly ſet to work to regulate my accounts---I muſt you know, colour over my little tricks---if Laird Donald ſhould be for peeping into my books---but I have a ſpeech, with a ſpoonful or two of flattery, that is excellently adapted to talk him over.

Cha. A ſpeech !---oh---I ſee Shelty's intent as he ſaid——

McGil. Why, what did he ſay ?

Cha. Says he, juſt now, Charley, I have your maſter under my thumb---I know that the clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue---therefore ſays he, with my ſciſſars of fate I'm determined to cut——

McGil. What ! to cut out my tongue with his ſciſſars ? Oh, the bloody minded wretch !

Cha. No Sir; to cut the thread of your diſcourſe—to deprive you of——

McGil. Of what, Charley ?

Cha. Your power of——

McGil. Of what, boy ?

Cha. Of voice !

McGil. What ! make me not ſpeak ? Impoſſible !—I will talk, tho' there were three women in company.

Cha. Yes, Sir, but what ſignifies your talking if you can't make yourſelf be heard ?

McGil. I not be heard, ſirrah ! how dare you ſay ſo ? Does not my very whiſper command attention ? I, that to ſtrengthen my voice, and ſharpen my articulation, roar every morning to the ſea, with my mouth full of pebbles !

Cha. I tell you, Sir, it is his wicked determi-

nation, if you don't give him Miſs Moggy, to take from your ſpeech all ſound—that your voice ſhan't paſs your own head—that you cannot be heard by any body but yourſelf, though you roar like fifty cannons. This, Sir, I thought a bounce, 'till this proof he has given me of foretelling the coming of Laird Donald, has ſtagger'd my doubts.

McGil. He cannot ſtagger my elocution!—my rhetoric is proof—I defy the power of Belzebub—

Cha. Bleſs us, Sir, look where he comes—and ſee the very taliſman in his hand!

McGil. Eh! what, that crab ſtick?

Cha. Stick! its cut from the yew tree in the church-yard—and he told me he had it from the witch his grandmother—but this (*ſhewing a ſtick*) was brought from Ireland—an Iriſh oak againſt the Devil himſelf——

McGil. Charley don't talk wicked—don't mention the Devil!—now I don't think the fellow looks like a conjuror!

Enter SHELTY.

Shel. Where's McGilpin?

Cha. You don't mean my Maſter?

Shel. The Maſter now has a Maſter.

McGil. What's that ſirrah?

Shel. Only the kicker will be kicked—Laird Donald is come—fine overhawling of accounts Maſter Steward, the eagle is pounc'd, you'll have ſomething elſe to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

McGil. Though you wou'd take the chick from the rooſt—aye, from under my wing, you moſt catiff hawk, yet, you ſhall never prevent me from talking in ſpite of your arts, the old cock will crow.

Shel. Let's hear you crow.

Cha.

Cha. You ſee by his inſolence, he's conſcious of his power. (*apart to McGil*)

McGil. I do!

Cha. Shelty, forbear——

Shel. Forbear!——

Cha You know I know your buſineſs.

Shel. Buſineſs! true, you know I'm a piper.

McGil. Keep off—if you dare to uſe your infernal ſciſſars——

Shel. I've no ſciſſars---but I have---look here, (*ſhews his ſtick*) I know you'll be hatching up a ſtory to Laird Donald, but if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me or my daddy---ſee, let this keep you ſilent.

Cha. He ſays that ſhall keep you ſilent.--- (*apart*)

McGil. Keep off your baneful yew.

Shel. I'm as good as you.

McGil. Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe——

Shel. Moon's eclipſe!---he's touch'd.

McGil. Am I? has he touched me with it?—then farewell tone, trope, and beautiful figure! My flowers of rhetoric are faded---my period is at a full ſtop! You villain, you barbarous Goth! wou'd you annihilate the ſoul of eloquence? Overturn pathos! climax! images!——

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! Charley, do you hear him?

Cha. I do hear him, and he ſhall be heard in ſpite of your necromancy; my maſter can and ſhall talk.

McGil. O dear!--then I've ſtill the uſe of my voice?

Cha. Yes, Sir, and you ſhall keep it. Hark'ye Shelty, dare to come near my maſter with your damn'd twig there, and I'll kick you and it to the Devil!

Shel.

Shel. Kick me, you little pick thank——I'll---*(ſtrikes Charley with his ſtick---they ſtruggle--Charley wrenches it from him, and thruſts him out.)*

McGil. Out with him, my hero——you're a clever boy, faith. *(Charley throws the ſtick down, uſes much action, and moves his lips, as if talking)* Charley can't ſpeak, he's ſo very angry---I never ſaw him in ſuch a paſſion before---is he gone?—He is, the knave! ſo let's come to ourſelves, and return to buſineſs---call Benin. *(Charley turns his face to the door, and moves his lips, as if calling.)* Why don't you call him when I bid you?- -Sirrah, call him----What's the fellow at----is Benin coming?---an't I worthy of an anſwer? I ſhall knock you down if you ſtand making mouths at me, you raſcal!---Why, can't you ſpeak?---Eh! I ſaw Shelty ſtrike him with that fatal ſtick; but it's impoſſible---it can't be---ſpeak---I won't believe but you can!-----none of your capers upon me---come ſpeak this moment---this inſtant ſay in plain audible Engliſh---how dy'e do, Mr. McGilpin---or down you are as flat as a flounder, *(Charley kneels in beſeeching attitude, ſtill moving his lips)*---Eh---poor Charley!---faith, if he has really loſt his voice-- but I won't believe it---I'm ſtrangely tempted to try it on myſelf; but then when I get into Parliament, if I loſe my voice, I ſhall be fit only to be the Speaker---I'll venture---you Charley, ſirrah, take up that ſtick and touch me with it, very gently, boy *(Charley ſtrikes him)* -Zounds that is enough to knock a man ſpeechleſs.

Char. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I'm a miſerable being!

McGil. Why you have, I heard you ſpeak then very plain.

Cha.

Cha. Now my maſter's lips move as if he was talking.

McGil. Ha, ha, ha!—why I am talking, you fool!

Cha. Yes, they ſtill move, but no ſound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice, by the ſtick touching him—Oh, true, Shelty told me that the dumbneſs was transferable!

McGil. Transferable!—the dumbneſs—what's that you ſay, boy?

Cha. May be he's not inclin'd for talking.

McGil. Sirrah, I'm always inclin'd for talking.

Cha. I'll aſk him a queſtion to prove it. Sir, what ſhall I do with this wand of Shelty's?

McGil. Burn it.

Cha. Speak, Sir!

McGil. I ſay to the flames with it; and I believe on a ſtatute of James the Sixth, I cou'd burn the owner.

Cha. Dear Sir! ſpeak if you can.

McGil. Why I am ſpeaking, you puppy!

Cha. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor Gentleman thinks he's talking.

McGil Zounds, I'm bawling!—I won't believe but I'm heard.

Enter BENIN.

Ben. (*apart to Charley*) What humour is he in?

Cha. Shelty has put him in a paſſion?

Ben. I taught ſo by his roaring—I won't anſwer whatever he ſays.

Cha. Don't.

McGil. Now I'll ſee if—Know if I've really loſt my voice—(*aſide*)—Here, you ſcoundrel Benin, do you hear me?

Ben. Tank you, Charley. [*Exit. McGil.*

McGil. Tank you Charley, aye, 'tis plain I cannot make myſelf be heard—Oh! I'm dumb—I have loſt my voice, (*bawling*) but it can't be!—This may be a confederacy—hold—if ſo, my daughter can't be in the plot as no body could have ſpoken to her ſince I lock'd her up here within. True, and even the windows are nail'd down—I'll ſee if ſhe can hear me—(*unlocks the door and goes in*)

Cha. Oh, the plague!—now Moggy will anſwer him, and overthrow all my magic.

[MOGGY *peeps out of the Preſs.*]

Mog. Charley——

Cha. You there---why, I believe the black gentleman has been at work in earneſt---how the deuce got you there, and the key, which lock'd you into that room, in your father's pocket?

Mog. Huſh! I'm dreſſing---why, you're humming him nicely---but only get him out of the way, and off we go.

Cha. Pop in, here he comes.

Re-enter MCGILPIN, *in a great rage.*

McGil. She's gone---I ſhall go mad---he has got her out, but how? no other way but the chimney, or the key hole---how the devil!---bleſs us---yes, if Shelty cou'd carry her off, when here---I found the door lock'd, I can no longer doubt his power to take my ſpeech---Oh, I'm a moſt miſerable old gentleman! (*weeps*)—I'm in grief, and have no body to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations but hold—as Charley recovered by my getting the dumbneſs, I can as eaſily transfer it to ſomebody elſe, and ſo recover my own voice, ha, ha,

ha, ha!--except his taking Moggy—If this is the worſt, a fig for his power—I've a great mind to return it again to Charley, but his voice will be neceſſary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

Cha. Well, Sir, what does Miſs Moggy ſay to her lover's tricks?

McGil. Pſhaw! this fool tantalizing me with queſtions, when he knows I can't make him hear my anſwers!—who ſhall I confer this favour on? Eh—ay, ſtupid Benin, the blackamoor, has little occaſion for his gutteral ſounds—ſome revenge too for his interrupting my ſtudies juſt now.

Enter BENIN.

Ben. Sir, here's Laird Donald.

McGil. Oh, dear! I muſt recover my tongue to talk him over!—Yes, I'll give my dumbneſs to Benin—I'll bang you into ſilence, my double dy'd ſwarthy acquaintance (*takes the ſtick from the ground*)

Ben. Tank y'ee, Charley. [*Exit.*

McGil. He has hopp'd off like a black-bird—wou'dn't even wait till I ſhook ſalt on his tail.

Cha. I ſee my only method to get maſter out of the way, is to bring him into diſgrace with Laird Donald, which, from the complaints of all the tenants, and the Laird's haughty temper, a little thing will do. (*aſide*) Oh, dear Sir, yonder comes the Laird, and I believe the whole clan.

McGil. Then I'll touch Charley, for ſpeak to Laird Donald, I muſt, and uſe a good deal of palavar too.

Cha. Now, Sir, what will you do? ſtay—odſo—well remembered; Shelty told me one virtue of that wand, whilſt its held in the left hand, a perſon

can be heard by every one but the very perſon they addreſs.

McGil Eh—

Cha. Now Sir, you've an opportunity of doing what no body does; to ſpeak your mind to a great man.

McGil. I never ſpoke my mind to any man.

Cha. And my dear Sir, inſtead of this fine complimentary ſpeech which you intended, I would ſpeak boldly to him; by that you may ſtill keep up your own conſequence amongſt the tenants, without incurring his diſpleaſure, as he will be the only perſon preſent that cannot hear you.

McGil. I'll abuſe him!—Zounds! what a great bird they'll all think me! for a Highland Chief is a Demigod amongſt his vaſſals—ha, ha, ha!—here he marches at their head, like a great turkey.

Enter Laird of COL, SERVANT, *and* HIGHLANDERS.

Laird Col. Well, Mr. McGilpin——(*pauſes*) with the remembrance of my perſon, you ſeem to have loſt all duty for your Laird.

Cha. Hem! my Laird—Collect yourſelf, (*apart to McGilpin*) I ſay, my Laird, I have the honor to be confidential Secretary to your Lordſhip's Taxman; and, my Laird, in a moſt reſpectful ſpeech, the voice of your whole Iſland of Col conſtitute Mr. McGilpin their humble mouth. (*bows*)

McGil. Humble mouth! I didn't think Charley cou'd ſpeak ſo pretty!—I'm glad I did'nt unvoice him. (*holds the ſtick in his left hand*)—As he can't hear me, I'll give it him on both ſides of his ears—in what a ſuperior light they'll all

all look upon me in future—now for it—off I go! hem!—Sir, you Donald here—in the name of the aſſembly preſent, and the Iſland in general, I tell you, you are an oppreſſive upſtart tyrant—in a word, you are a proud old puppy! (*ſmiling, and the action of ſervile adulation*)

Laird Col. Hey!

McGil. He's ſurpriz'd I don't ſpeak! and they are all ſtruck with wonder at what I do—I'll at him again. (*aſide*)—And ſo you've got into Parliament?—a pretty repreſentative of the people, to ſtand like a puppet, with your leg out, and turn and twiſt, juſt as the Miniſter pulls the wire faſtened to your jaws, you ſtupid blockhead!

Laird Col. How!—this confirms all I have heard—but I coud'nt have believ'd his inſolence roſe to ſuch a height—lay hold of the ungrateful villain!

McGil. Why my Laird did you hear me?—— Charley!——

Laird Col. Apprehend him! (*Highlanders ſeize him*) I wiſh, like the ancient Barons, I had the power to hang you on the inſtant.

McGil. Oh, my Laird!——Oh, you rogue Charley!

Laird Col. On my authority take him to priſon; till he renders an account of his charge—away with him!

McGil. Oh that rogue Charley!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III: *and laſt.*

Before SHELTY'S *Houſe.*

Enter Captain DASH *and Serjeant* JACK.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha!——Well, Jack, our ſucceſs is even beyond my expectation—I think I ſhall flap my colours, and you ſport your halbert in Calcutta: but as ſoon as we've our compliment of men, we muſt decamp.

Serj. I've done my beſt, becauſe I undertook the thing; but under a falſe hope, trapanning the poor fellows from their homes and families—Preſſing in the ſea ſervice is a cruel contradiction to our boaſted freedom, and a diſgrace to humanity!—but we are worſe—we have made the Highlander's loyal affection to his Chief the inſtrument of his ſlavery!

Capt. Why, Jack, you had none of theſe fine morals when I found you a drumm'd-out trooper; and on my promiſe of a halbert, had your conſent to join in any ſcheme that might better your fortune.

Serj. Why I was drumm'd out, though ſav'd from laſhes by the clemency of my Royal Maſter; but my only crime was inſolence to my officer; I was ſaucy, and I deſerv'd puniſhment—yet, when a ſoldier, I never forgot I was a man; and now bluſh to think, by an act of diſhonour, I have ſunk beneath the noble character of a Briton.

AIR.—SERJEANT.

Old England, great in arts and arms,
For manly worth, and female charms,

Renown'd

Renown'd has ever been;
And now the care of bounteous Heav'n,
Has to happy Albion given
A gracious King and Queen;
In their Royal progeny our blooming proſpects ſmile,
The fair poſſeſs'd of every grace,
And in the gen'rous ſons we trace,
The guardians of our iſle.

On Creſſy's plains an Edward fought,
A captive King to London brought,
'Twas there his glories ſhone;
Tho' terrible in battle, he
Cou'd ſhew, by God-like clemency,
He grac'd the wreath he won.
Whene'er ambiton tempts the war, we're ready for the field,
To find a Creſſy ſtill in France,
A Royal Fred'rick weilds the lance,
And holds Britannia's ſhield.

Let fame record Eliza's days,
Her trumpet tune to ſongs of praiſe,
The grand Armada ſee,
The Invincible ſhe overcame,
Then Spaniſh pride was turn'd to ſhame,
By Britons great and free.
Old Neptune thus exulting, to Royal Clarence ſpoke:
"If woman once cou'd guard my realm,
What triumph now, when at the helm,
I place a heart of oak."

Capt. This Sandy that I've juſt now 'liſted, is a clever lad—old M^cGilpin ſhoving him out of his farm, has plump'd him into our net.

Serj. I wou'd certainly fiſh up men by hook or by crook; but can't enjoy the proſperity that's built on the deſtruction of another.

Capt. Pſhaw! nonſenſe!—what the Devil is come to you? this Sandy is—oh, have you ſeen his Jenny?

Serj. Yes, I have ſeen her, and wiſh ſhe was his.

Capt.

Capt. Wiſh ſhe was his! very civil, when you know I love her to diſtraction—hey! what's here?

Enter MOGGY, *dreſſed as a Highlander.*

Mog. I beg your honour's pardon, but hasn't your honor 'liſted one Sandy Frazer?

Capt. Yes, my lad, and I'll liſt you too.

Serj. Yes, we'll 'liſt you, if you're willing.

Mog. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother Sandy's place.

Serj. Why is Sandy your brother?

Mog. Yes, Sir, he is, and the eldeſt of eight little brothers and ſiſters, not one of them but me, able to earn a morſel of bread for themſelves; Sandy and I did tolerably well for them while he had the farm, as he was able to take care of them, becauſe he cou'd manage and provide, and knows ten times more about land nor I, from his having been in England—No, I can never do it: if you take him away, what will become of my brothers and ſiſters—Yes, they'll be ſtarv'd—oh, merciful good Captain! take me, and diſcharge brother Sandy!——(*cries*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! you young dog, do you think I'll exchange an effective man for ſuch a whipper-ſnapper as you?—get along, you little monkey!

Mog. I am a little monkey!—oh! I ſhall never be able to maintain the family!—oh! (*cries*)

Capt. Why, Jack, (to *Serj.*) ha, ha, ha! here is another opportunity for your ſentiment!

Serj. Yes, and for your humanity, if you have any. (*walks up*)

Capt. Go home, my boy.

Mog.

Mog. Sir, I have rais'd a little bit of money here, by ſelling ſome of our ſtock; if this cou'd make up for my deficiency, till I grow bigger?

Serj. (*advancing*) Hey! money!

Capt. Money!

Mog. Yes, Sir, if you'll accept this forty pounds and me, in the place of my brother Sandy—Oh, worthy noble Gentlemen! you'll ſee what a good fine ſoldier I'll make in time.

Capt. Forty pounds——

Serj. And this younker will grow taller.

Mog. Oh, yes, Sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

AIR.—MOGGY.

Tho' I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For wart of a better I may do,
To follow the boy with the rat tat too;
I may ſeem tender, yet I'm tough,
And tho' not much o'me, I'm right good ſtuff,
Of this I'll boaſt, ſay more who can,
I never was afraid to meet my man.

I'm a chickabiddy ſee take me now now now,
I'm a merry little he, for your row dow dow,
Brown Beſs I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
With my knapſack at my back like a roving boy.

In my Tartan plaid a young ſoldier view,
My philibeg and dirk, and my bonnet blue,
Give the word and I'll march where you command,
Noble ſerjeant, with a ſhilling then ſtrike my hand.
My captain, as he takes his glaſs,
May wiſh to toy with a pretty laſs,
For ſuch a one I've a roguiſh eye,
He'll never want a girl whilſt I am by.
I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad ſword I long to begin,
Cut, ſlaſh, ram dam—oh glorious fun!
For a gun pip-pop, change my little pop-gun.

My

My foes ſhall fly like geeſe in flocks,
Ev'n Turks I'll drive like turkey-cocks,
And where ever quarter'd I ſhall be,
Oh, Zounds! how I'll kiſs my landlady.
I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Capt. Well, my little-tall boy—(*writes in his pocket-book, and tears a leaf out, which he gives to Moggy*)—there's your brother Sandy's diſcharge—I take your forty pounds, and there's a ſhilling.

Mog. A ſhilling!—generous Captain! thank'ye Sir—this paper—what a preſent for my poor dear friend Jenny! (*aſide*)

Serj. Sir, we are lucky rogues! this forty pounds comes to us moſt apropos! (*apart*)

Capt. We and us!—In profit I am ſolus. (*to Moggy*) Now you are the King's man.

Serj. And Sandy is his own.

Enter SANDY (*as a Recruit*) *and* SHELTY.

Mog. There's your diſcharge, Sandy; no more the King's, you're now only Jenny's man.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Ah, Sandy! how cou'd you forſake me?

Capt. Jenny's man—Hey! the Devil!—what's all this about?——Here, you little buſy raſcal. (*to Moggy*)—True, my lad, (*to Sandy*) as he ſays, you're free, but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts——

San. Me!—I've no brother!

Capt. Why, what the devil is all this you've been telling me, ſirrah? (*to Moggy*)

Mog. Oh! Lord! Sir, I'm the greateſt fibber you ever knew,

Capt. Why, you little ſon of a gun——

Mog.

Mog. No, Sir, but I happen to be daughter to an old great gun!

Enter CHARLEY.

Here's my match, touch! and hey! (*gives him her hand*) I'm off like a ſky-rocket. (*runs off with Charley*)

Jen. Sandy, didn't you know her?

San. But, my dear, what has ſhe been about here?

Jen. Oh, Sandy, ſhe's a worthy girl.

Capt. She!—a woman!—have I parted with an Alexander, to make a ſoldier of a girl!

Shel. A ſoldier!—the Captain has been liſting Moggy M'Gilpin.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. My dear whimſical good-natured friend!—may ſhe be as happy with the lad of her heart as ſhe has made me with my Sandy!

Capt. Oh, ho—I ſee it now—then you have been a confederate in this impoſition, (*to Sandy*)

San. Totally innocent; and yet Captain, I'm an impoſtor, as well as yourſelf.

Capt. How? Me ſirrah!

Laird Col. (*without*) This way——

Capt. Damme, I'll—(*threatening Sandy*)

San. Nay, Sir, be cool, here comes an old gentleman that will find us both out.

Enter LAIRD of COL, *and* M'GILPIN.

Laird Col. (*to M'Gilpin*) Sir, you ſtand upon your own guilt or innocence—you've turn'd the ſword of juſtice into a reeping-hook, and her balance to a money ſcale—but it's putting a weapon into the hands of a madman, to give power, where

the mind is baſe and venal; ſo expect no favour from me—And pray, Captain, by whoſe authority do you enliſt men in this iſland?

Capt. The King, and my Colonel.

Laird Col. Who is your Colonel?

Capt. The owner of this iſland, my friend, young Robert M^cDonald.

Laird Col. Well, this is rather odd; my ſon a Colonel! the firſt time I ever heard he was even in the army.

Capt. Son!—Jack, (*to Serj.*) Zounds, if—can this be the old Laird?

Laird Col. (*ſeeing Sandy*) Eh! is't poſſible! Bob!

Capt. Why, Sir, do you know this Sandy?

Laird Col. What do you mean by Sandy? This is my ſon Robert, your friend—Colonel M^cDonald.

Jen. Indeed!

McGil. What, Sandy our young Laird!

Laird Col. But ſon if you are a Colonel, as this Gentleman ſays, I don't admire the mode of your uniform.

Donald. Why, no, Sir—but this gentleman dubs himſelf a Captain, his friend Bob a Colonel, and then cruelly degrades me to a private in my own regiment, ha, ha, ha!

Capt. This young Donald? confuſion!—Jack, we are undone—they'll hang us. (*apart*)

Serj. "We and us!—In hanging you are ſolus"——(*mimicking*)

Laird Col. Then Robert, you are the Sandy I've heard ſo much of for improving the land; but why diſgrace yourſelf and family, by turning plough-boy yourſelf, lad?

Donald. Sir, nothing diſgraces any family but a diſhonourable action; and of that I am unconſcious

ous. I came hither, as I told you I ſhould on my ſhooting ſcheme; but on the inſtant of my arrival, a tranſient ſight of this lady inſpir'd me with the deſign, which has made me the happieſt of men. In this ſequeſter'd Iſle I have found this lovely flower, whoſe diſintereſted ſmiles upon the farmer, have proved ſhe muſt grace the boſom of the Laird.

Laird Col. But, ſtill your whole conduct to me wears a face of myſtery; your turning common ſoldier—how?—Come, Sir, I inſiſt upon a full and clear explanation.

Donald. Sir, my motives for enliſting were, to ſecure this gentleman's conviction, for his very impudent fraud, founded on a forgery of my name—and by fabricating imaginary diſtreſſes, I have prov'd how far true love wou'd go to alleviate a real one.

Enter Laird of RAASEY. (*in his Diſguiſe*)

Laird Ra. Well, I am come to bid you, farewel, my Laird.

Laird Col. Going?

Laird Ra. Yes, but where is this lad? I don't know how to find this Sandy Frazer.

Laird Col. Ha, ha, ha!---Oh, Sir, there ſtands the gentleman (*points to Donald*)

Laird Ra. An honeſt looking youth—ſo then young man you purpoſe to marrying Jenny——

Donald. If ſhe will honor me.

Laird Ra. It is an honor, if you knew all. (*aſide*) Here's an hundred pounds with her; don't aſk why I give you this—ſhe's wild and vulgar, but keep a tight rein, and you may reclaim her.

Donald. Sir, whoever you are, keep your advice and money for thoſe who want them.

Shel. Want them! then, Sir, give my father the advice, and me the money.

Jen. Sir, tho' I have not the honour of knowing you, and wou'd wiſh not to deſerve the character you are pleas'd to give me, yet I humbly thank you for your generous intention.

Laird Ra. You, madam!—I mean Jenny!

Donald. Well, Sir, this is Jenny.

Laird Ra This!—why, you are not the young woman that was wanting me to marry you to Sandy juſt now?

Jen. Me, Sir, to my recollection, I never ſaw you before.

Shel. The Doctor has been taking his whiſkey.

Laird Ra. Very odd this; I muſt have been impos'd on.

Shel. Oh, yes, they forgot to mix it for you.

Laird Ra Pray, Madam, where are your parents?

Jen. I know not.

Laird Ra. (*to McGil*) Sir, from you I expect, and muſt exact, a confirmation of what indeed I ſcarce now entertain a doubt, (*looking at Jenny*) Tell me what you know of this young woman.

McGil. Firſt, Sir, tell me am I obliged to tell you?

Laird Col. You are. (*authoritatively*)

McGil. Then, Sir, you muſt know—upon my word, my memory is ſo very bad, I can't recollect any thing at all of the matter.

Laird Ra. What, Sir, not recollect the 500l. left her by her mother?

McGil. The five pounds! I tell you, were I even on a trial, I never could remember what I was

was determined to forget—however, Sir, if as I now find, you are the Laird of Raaſey, I'll make a free confeſſion, if 'twill do me any good.

Laird Ra. Well, Sir.

McGil. This is your very neice, the ſweet babe that was born in my houſe.

Laird Ra. 'Tis confirm'd—I ſaw there the features of my beloved unhappy ſiſter, (*embraces Jenny*) I now, with pride acknowledge her for my neice.

Laird Col Do you?—then I acknowledge her for my daughter-in law.

Jen. Hard now that I can't turn out to be ſome body elſe.

McGil (*to Donald*) I proteſt, Sir, had I known you were our young Laird Donald, I'd never have turn'd you out of your farm.

Donald. Ha, ha, ha!—Why, I believe you.

McGil. So, Sir, I hope you'll procure my Laird's pardon for the genteel manner in which I had Miſs Jenny brought up at Miſs Kilcooburry's boarding-ſchool, at Inverneſs—you know, Miſs, what a fuſs I made about you when a little fat puppet.

Jen. Indeed, Sir, whatever may have been his other failings, to me he has prov'd an affectionate guardian—permit me, alſo Sir, to recommend to your favour the worthy ſerjeant here, to whoſe unexpected generoſity I partly owe my preſent happineſs.

Serj. Thank'ye, Ma'am—I own I came here on a very roguiſh plan, which, if you can prevail on the young Laird to pardon, let it extend to my friend, the Captain—'twas I that led him here, to help my recruiting ſcheme—we were partners in the guilt.

Donald.

Donald. Recruiting, call you it---kidnapping---a diſgrace to your profeſſion---for in your zeal for the ſervice, remember, that honour ſhou'd be the characteriſtic of an Engliſh officer.

McGil. But now your juſtice, my laird, on this curs'd, juggling, conjuring piper Shelty, who has, without my conſent, run away with, and married my daughter.

Enter CHARLEY, *and* MOGGY *in boy's cloaths.*

Cha. (*to McGill.*) Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain McGilpin. (*preſenting Moggy*)

McGil. Moggy! hey---turn'd ſoldier?

Mog. I am, Sir, and under the command of General Charley---the real parſon Owen, who is now below, gave the word---'twas love, honour, and obey.

Laird Ra. (*looking at Mog*) Ay, ay, this is the young lady that is ſo clever at fibbing; how do you do Miſs Jenny?

Mog. Pretty well, I thank you, maſter Parſon!

Laird Col. My dear ſon, the noble manner in which you have made your choice, with all my family pride, gives me pleaſure---Madam, I wiſh you joy. (*to Jenny*) Your affection, have been proved, and you muſt both be happy---where virtue and innocence reſide Heaven is the orphan's friend; and I wiſh every fond pair, who marry for love, may thus be rewarded with unexpected felicity.

Shel. If I was ſure of that, I'd marry for love myſelf.

Donald. All we want now is the parſon.

Parſon

Parſon Owen (*without*)—Cot's ſplutter! hur will ſee if difinity can hafe law, and if law can have juſtice.

Mog. Ha, ha, ha! Then here comes the Parſon.

Laird Ra. What then becomes of me?

Enter Parſon OWEN (*in a great rage*) *and* TAFFY.

Parſ. Shew him to me you knave.

Taffy. That is the man, Cot knows (*points to Laird Ra.*)

Parſ. Yes, here is the wolf, not in the coat of the ſheep, but in the fleece of the ſhepherd—If, in my name you have chriſtened any young couples, or married any little childers, they muſt pay me—or if you have buried any body, cot ſplutter! they muſt pay me!——

Laird Ra. Stop, my good doctor, don't be in a paſſion—I confeſs myſelf an impoſter; but you prove your miſſion by Chriſtian meekneſs—Here, for the hire of your cloak of ſanctity---Here's Peter's Pence (*gives money.*)

Parſ. This proves you no churchman---You're not a curate, for you hafe gold to give away---you're not a beelhi[illegible], for you do give it away---Taffy, you knave, your maſter has gold!---Sir (*to Laird of Ra.*) If you're an anabaptiſt, I'll chriſten you---if you're a fool I'll marry you---if you were dying, I'll bury you look you, but as you are a wiſe chriſtian, to keep you alive and merry, oh! for my harp! theſe fingers ſhou'd ſo play, that every one ſhou'd dance to the tune.

Shel. Doctor, give me half the money, and my pipes to your harp, will make a choice duetto---I'm a conjuror!---theſe are comical conjura-

tions

tions!---The tenant is the landlord---the poor orphan is the lady of the land---the captain is no ſoldier---the ſoldier is a woman---the 'prentice is a maſter----the maſter is---nobody---the Welch parſon is a laird of much land---and poor Shelty the Scotch piper, your humble ſervant to command. This is the happieſt day I ever ſaw in the Highlands of Scotland! and whether I tap the barrel, or tune the chaunter---Hey! let's all be merry.

FINALE.

Don. Come ſprightly Lowland laſs,
Shel. And Highland
Lad, trip here in jovial glee,
Jen. Gentle winds from ev'ry iſland,
Don. Waft hearts merry, blythe and free.
Shel. At Shelty's houſe,
In gay carouſe,
Your hours employ,
McGil. Oh, well ſaid boy!
Serj. Lay ſupper down, and broach the booze,
To wiſh the young folks love and joy.
Chorus. Whiſkey, friſky,
Prancing, dancing!
Sorrow kick to Nick the De'el,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel?

Mog. Mind, deareſt lad, I tell you fairly,
Marri'd, I muſt have my way,
Cha. I'm ſure dear laſs, you'll govern rarely,
Love and honour, I'll obey.
Don. Nor marriage chain?
Shel. Nor bit nor rein?
Mog. The duce a bit!
McGil. A gameſome tit!
Shel. Gadzooks! poor hen-peck'd Charley!
McGil. A wiſe man I, my child's a wit.
Chorus. Whiſkey, &c.

Don.

Don. The torch of love by Cupid lighted,
Never ſhall extinguiſh'd lye.
Jen. True vows at Hymen's altar plighted,
Roſy hours the knot ſhall tie,
Don. Earneſt this
Jen. Of heavenly bliſs,
Both. My only love.
McGil. Well ſaid, by Jove!
Don. Sweet bloſſom, ne'er be blighted!
McGil. She'll coo like any turtle dove.
Chorus. Whiſkey, &c.

Cha. Great Cicero, (*to McGilpin*) this grand occaſion,
Since you've now your tongue ſo free,
Calls forth your fineſt declamation,
McGil. Sir, a pinch of your rapee, (*to Laird of Col.*)
My pate's ſo full,
My empty mull,
Don. As all depend
On each kind friend,
Firſt, laſt of your oration,
Indulgence hoping lowly bend.
Chorus. Whiſkey, friſky,
Prancing, dancing,
Sorrow kick to Nick the De'el,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel.

THE END.

ALFRED;

OR,

THE MAGIC BANNER.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

IN 1796.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Alfred, ... Mr. PALMER.
Haſtings, ... Mr. AICKIN.
Hubba, ... Mr. CAULFIELD.
Earl Burthred, ... Mr. DAVIES.
Euſtace, ... Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Odune, ... Mr. GARDNER.
Anlaff, ... Mr. JOHNSON.
Sweno, ... Mr. R. PALMER.
Hollybuſh, ... Mr. WATHEN.
Gog, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Oſwald, ... Mr. BURTON.
Lady Albina, ... Mrs. KEMBLE.
Bertha, ... Mrs. HARLOWE.
Blanche, ... Mrs. GIBBS.

EARLS, KNIGHTS, SAXON AND DANISH SOLDIERS, SAINTS, &c.

SCENE, *Dorſetſhire.*

ALFRED;

OR,

THE MAGIC BANNER,

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Cloſe Wood.

Alarms and ſhouts.

Enter SWENO, *running* (*with a Standard*).

SWENO.

MY head has eſcaped a thouſand uplifted Engliſh faulchions, but my heart is pierced by the eye of an Engliſh damſel. A poor exploit for a luſty warrior to take my body priſoner, when my ſoul is already captive to a puny girl. (*retreat ſounded without*) The diſmal trumpet of our flying Danes.—(*march without*) The exulting clarion of the victorious Saxons. If they make a priſoner of me—the bold Daniſh ſtandard bearer—our magic enſign ſhall be ſafe. (*retires to a thicket*)

Enter

Enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Silly I, in ſuch times of peril, to run about the country ſeeking Euſtace—but my joyful heart tells me he's not kill'd—if ſo, this precious ſcarf, preſented by my love, will be my only ſad remembrance. Now to make my way home, thro' buſh and bramble—ſhould any ſtraggling Danes meet me——

1ſt *Sol.* (*without*) Hollo! hollo!

Enter two Daniſh SOLDIERS (*with drawn ſwords*)

2d *Sol.* Thus far we have brought our lives. Surely our ſtandard-bearer, Sweno, came this way ——ha! (*ſeizes Blanche*)

Bla. Help! help!

Sweno. (*advancing from the thicket*) The very beauteous girl! (*aſide*) How now, brother ſoldiers!—a rare prize you've got there.

1ſt *Sol.* Oh, Sweno! Ay, a prize—won by me. She's mine.

2d *Sol.* But I firſt ſaw her, and therefore ſhe's mine.

1ſt *Sol.* 'Twas I that ſeiz'd her, and by this ſword I'll have her.

2d *Sol.* Oh, if you ſwear upon ſwords, I'm there as ſharp as you. (*they prepare to engage*)

Sweno. Hold—Here are two curſt barbarous brutes, going to fight for this dainty morſel; if I cou'd play the fox and ſnap it up. (*aſide*)

1ſt *Sold.* Come this way, damſel.

2d *Sol.* I ſay, come to me. (*they lay hold of her*)

Sweno. Stop—Is the poor creature to be drawn to pieces between two wild aſſes? I'll decide this point —Here

—Here I ſhoot an arrow, and he that brings it to me, ſhe's his.

Bla. Oh, heavens!

Both Sol. Agreed. (*Sweno ſhoots an arrow, the Soldiers run off*)

Bla. I ſee your purpoſe to ſave me, kind-hearted generous ſtranger.

Sweno. Yes, I've ſav'd you for myſelf——Aye, you may run, but I win the prize——come.

Bla. In pity ſpare me! Oh—where—where now is Euſtace! (*ſtruggling*)

Sweno. Take Sweno to your arms. (*he claſps her, ſhe winds her ſcarf round his head, then runs and hides in a cluſter of trees*)—Eh! (*takes it off*)—Gone! then our game has been blindman's buff—Oh, you treacherous little pullet—I muſt give up my character of fox, I've made myſelf as great an aſs as my rival comrades——Engliſh! I'm taken.

[*Runs off.*

Enter Earl BURRHED, OSWALD, KNIGHTS, *and* ATTENDANTS (*as hawking*).

Earl B. Is not that a Dane that fled? Bring him back. [*Exeunt Attendants.*
But to return to our ſport.

Oſw. If your humbleſt vaſſal might offer an opinion, when an enemy ravages our country, it is not a moment for a Saxon Baron to give up his time to amuſement.

Earl B. Audacious villain! haven't I caſtles, lady, family, and vaſſals, as great a ſtake as any Noble in the land? Beſides, the Danes are routed. You, the high prieſt of my diverſions, my head falconer, to prate! At home and abroad to be teiz'd thus

—my

—my wife Albina, hangs upon my arm, with "do, "my dear Lord, ſtay at home with me; why will "you prefer the airy ſwoops and ſkirmiſhes of ſilly "birds to my company."—then ſhe thinks to melt me with her tears—and here you to cloud the bright meridian of my ſport——Begone!

Oſw. Then thus I throw up my employment; and while there's a Dane in England, here's the implement of my future game. (*draws*) Alfred the King is now my only maſter. [*Exit.*

Earl B. So now I'm without a falconer; unlucky the defection of this knave.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with* SWENO.

Sweno. (*kneels*) Mercy, moſt valiant Baron—

Re-enter 1ſt Daniſh SOLDIER, *with the arrow.*

1ſt *Sol.* Huzza! the damſel's mine—Oh, ho! [*Sneaks off.*

Earl B. What are you? (*to Sweno, fiercely*)

Sweno. A lie is my only ſhield. (*aſide*) Now your priſoner, but formerly I was grand falconer to Hubba, our General.

Earl B. Indeed! this is fortunate. (*aſide*) If I lend you life, cou'd you repay it with faith and diligence?

Sweno Let me take your hawks to the field, my Lord, there lies my approved ſervice.

Earl B. And ſhall, ſirrah——

Knight. My Lord, take a Dane into your houſe! our perfidious enemy.

Earl B. We'll try his ſkill in hawking, and if he fails, his fleſh ſhall ſerve as a breakfaſt for my beloved birds.

Sweno.

Sweno. (*aſide*) I've left our Daniſh banner yonder —without it our army will fail—if ſo, Sweno bid good night to fortune.

Earl B. To our ſport, and then for a morning beverage at Gog, the carpenter's cottage yonder. Go (*to Sweno* —I always keep a rogue before me.

Sweno. And I ſometimes keep a rogue behind me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Carpenter's Yard before GOG's *Houſe.*

Enter GOG, *carrying large Timber.*

Gog. (*throwing it down*) Yes, that bit of ſtick will make two ſhafts for Gaffer Clump's waggon—(*ſits and fans himſelf with his hat*) I'm a man that's uſeful and generous—giving up my pretty time, and my handſome labour, to make carts and wheelbarrows, only to oblige every neighbour that will honeſtly buy them of me—Wife! Bertha! (*calls*)

Bert. (*ſpeaking at a window*) Is that Gog?—whither haſt been, huſband?

Gog. How fond theſe women are of aſking queſtions. What haſt got in the houſe?

Bert. A good wife's in the houſe when I'm not out of it.

Gog. Come out then, and in good company, with a ſlice of bread and bacon, for I'm a man that loves delicate fare.

Enter EUSTACE *haſtily* (*in Peaſant's dreſs*) *and* BERTHA, *from the houſe.*

Euſt. How we have fought! Oh, what a golden day!

Gog. And left me to an iron day among my ſaws and hatchets. Was this your promiſe when you hired to chop trees for me.——What haſt been about?

Bert. I muſt excuſe the poor lad. (*aſide*) Why, huſband, I ſent Euſtace——

Euſt. Yes, dame, you know you ſent me——

Bert. Down to the garden——

Gog. What did you want in the garden? Speak, I'm a man that loves the truth.

Bert. To—to—cut a few cauliflowers.

Euſt. Yes, I was cutting cauliflowers. (*a bloody ſword drops from Euſtace's cloak*)

Gog. (*takes it up*) Cauliflowers! Why you've been cutting red cabbages. You villain, you've been chipping ſomebody's head off. Oh you moſt bloody-minded rogue! Get from my houſe—I woudn't ſleep under one thatch, where there's ſuch a fiſt as yours, and half a dozen hatchets at your elbow——

Euſt. Then the truth is, I've been diverting myſelf among the Danes.

Gog. Diverting yourſelf! Pretty morning's paſtime this!

Euſt. Aye; and you ſhould have been with us.

Gog. Me! I'm an old Briton. As the Saxons came over and took our inheritance, let the Danes come and take it from them—its only one thief robbing another. But I ſay, how dare you go hack men, when I wanted you to ſaw deal boards, you great rogue you? (*Euſtace throws down a purſe, which*

which Bertha picks up, and Gog ſnatches) how nimble finger'd theſe women are---what's this my honeſt boy?

Euſt. A proof that the Danes, beſides heads on their ſhoulders, brought money in their purſes.

Gog. My pretty lad go out and divert yourſelf every week day---and we'll all be merry on Sunday. I'm a man that loves to be merry. (*ſhaking it*)---Euſtace, ſome poor ſoul has died for this---ah! it will add another bunch to Blanche's portion.

Bert. Now Gog don't you conſent Euſtace ſhall have our daughter Blanche?

Gog. Certainly, no man more willing than I to marry off his daughter, when its the ſon in-law pays the dowery.

Euſt. Thanks my dear, dear Bertha. (*kiſſes her hand*)

Gog. Be quiet. I want no journeymen at that work. Euſtace you ſhall be a bridegroom; oh, its a pretty thing, how I ſhou'd like to be a bridegroom.

Bert. What Gog, wiſh to have another wife?

Gog. Oh! no, dear ſpouſy---one wife is full enough. Come, don't be angry, you know I took you. tho' I might have married the rich young lady that fell in love with my dancing.

Euſt. But where's my ſweet Blanche?

Bert. Aye, ſhe loves you Euſtace---ſhe wou'd go look for you all thro' the dangers——

Gog. Let a handſome young fellow run to the devil, he'll always find a woman to run after him.

Enter BLANCHE.

Euſt. Blanche! you ſeem faint my love---What's the matter?

Bla. Only a little weary. (*ſhe leans on Euſtace, they walk up*)

Gog. (*looking out*) Lord, lord, here comes the Earl, and all his train!

Enter Earl BURRHED, *attended.*

Earl B. My new falconer's ſkill is beyond what I cou'd have imagined---but where is this gallant Sweno?

Gog. My Lord you are right welcome to the dwelling of Gog; and your Lordſhip is come moſt timely to let the benediction of your Grace ſhine out on the ſolemnity of our aforeſaid wedding. (*bows*)

Earl B. Aforeſaid wedding! who are to be married, Eh?

Bert Pleaſe your Lordſhip our daughter Blanche—

Gog. Will you hold your tongue wife—Yes, Sir, as I told you our daughter Blanche to——

Bert. My huſband's journeyman.

Gog. Shut your mouth, and keep your teeth warm. Yes, Sir, as I ſaid to my journeyman, he's the handſomeſt—cutter of red cabbages.

Earl B. But is this a time for joy when your country is drowned in ſorrow——

Gog. Sorrow! wife bring a ſtoop of wine.

[*Exit Bertha into the houſe.*

Earl B. A hoſpitable peaſant! I conſent to this wedding.

Gog. You conſent! you might have waited till it was aſked: now this bluſtering Baron I warrant is meek enough before his betters—aye, he that is proud in one houſe is generally a ſycophant in another. (*aſide*)

Re-

Re-enter BERTHA, *with wine.*

Bert. Will your Lordſhip honour this flagon with your noble mouth.

Earl B. (*drinks*) You'll make her a good huſband. (*to Euſtace*)

Gog. Aye, and me a good grandchild.

Enter SWENO.

Earl B. Ha! my truſty falconer, here drink to the happineſs of that young couple. (*Sweno drinks*)

Gog. Why this is a Dane—eh, he may cut my throat whilſt I've the cup to my lips—Euſtace when I drink watch and be my ſurety and then when you tipple I'll be your guard and pledge you, as is now the cuſtom when Danes and Engliſh drink together. (*apart*)

Sweno. By heavens my wood nymph again—ſhe the bride! oh, oh—(*aſide*) My Lord in your commendations of my trifling ſkill you promis'd your favor, and left me to name how you cou'd beſtow it: here the means offer; yon fair damſel is betroth'd to me. (*pointing to Blanche*)

Euſt. (*advancing*) How!

Gog. Why you moſt portentous brock, ſhe never ſaw you before.

Sweno. Speak my love, is'nt this the dear pledge of your affection that with your own lily hand you threw round my unworthy neck? (*ſhews the ſcarf*)

Euſt. The very ſcarf I gave you! oh Blanche!

Bla. My ſenſes are loſt in ſurpriſe and indignation.

Euſt. Treacherous girl! with my own will I'll never ſee you more. [*Exit.*

Gog. Will he never come back?

Bla.

Bla. Oh Euſtace! (*weeps*)

Bert. Euſtace! (*calls*)

Gog. Huſh wife, I owe him ſix weeks wages.

Earl B. I'll have this marriage ſolemnized at Corfe—here is the bridegroom—(*preſenting Sweno*)

Gog. That! my daughter's mine, I've ſaid Euſtace ſhou'd have her, and whilſt I've a leg at liberty I'll kick any varlet that dares take her againſt my will.

Earl B. So ready with your legs. (*aſide*) Well, well, I admire your ſpirit, you certainly have a right to give your daughter to whom you pleaſe.

Gog. Your Lordſhip is very good, I hope you're not offended. (*bows*) I ſhou'd be ſorry that the ſolid wedge of your genteel kindneſs ſhou'd be knock'd away by the mallet of my ruſticability.

Earl B. You're a very clever, induſtrious mechanic.

Gog. His Lordſhip is mighty civil, (*aſide*) why I don't boaſt of genius, but my fooliſh brain has hit upon tolerable improvements in my trade.

Earl B. Did you make all thoſe implements yourſelf?

Gog. Aye, and moreover invented many.

Earl B. What is the uſe of this? (*pointing to a pair of ſtocks*)

Gog. That, Sir, is to bind refractory people by the legs; it is to be put before the church porch next Sunday.

Earl B. Compleat, no doubt, but I don't comprehend the principle of the mechaniſm.

Gog. Oh, very ſimple! I'll ſhew you, my Lord —Suppoſe moſt noble Baron, you were a public diſturber and I the beedle; I'd ſay—"Sit down you vile ruffian"—there he ſits, (*ſits*) put in your hinder

hinder paw, you noiſy dog—(*puts his leg in*) now my Lord you're the beedle—look at me as ſoft as a hand ſaw—very well, turn that—there the culprit's faſt.

Earl B. So now the offender can't get out?

Gog. Oh no, Gog don't make his work ſo ſlight as that. If I was at this moment to ſee a hawk run away with one of my chickens, I'm the man that here muſt ſit.

Earl B. Very well—now Sweno, take your bluſhing helpmate. (*to Sweno who ſeizes Blanche*)

Bla. Oh father! Euſtace!

Gog. My daughter!

Earl B. Bear her to Corfe Caſtle. There the pious Auſtin, my Chaplain, ſhall join your hands.

[*Sweno carries her off.*

Bert. Blanche! my child. [*Exit.*

Gog. Murder! thieves! and the devil! The hawk has got my chicken—I can't even get one leg out to hop after. (*ſtruggling*)

Earl B. "Oh no, Gog don't make his work ſo ſlight as that—you're a man that there muſt ſtay." So farewell moſt ingenious mechanic—ſit quiet—and contemplate on the viciſſitudes of fortune.—

[*Exit.*

The Scene cloſes on Gog.

SCENE III.

King ALFRED's *Camp, near Wareham.*

Enter ODUNE *and* ANLAFF.

Odu. Well, you like the terms?

Anl. No—but we perforce muſt ſubſcribe to them.

Odu.

Odu. You Danes have taken rather too much trouble, to ſail here merely to be conquered.

Anl. Aye, ſcoff now, but fortune may yet befriend us.

Odu. Then you deſign to break the treaty?

Anl. Oh no——not till occaſion offers.——(*Grand flouriſh*).

Odu. Here come Alfred our victorious King, and Hubba your beaten General, to ſign it.——(*Flouriſh*).

Enter at oppoſite ſides, ALFRED *and* SAXONS—HUBBA *and* DANES.

Alfred. Cruel and pitileſs Dane! So thou art beaten, and now come to ſue for peace; for thy unprovoked ravages upon our happy iſland, thy rapine, and thy murders the avenging hand of Heaven hath ſtruck thee down! Yet, vanquiſh'd as thou art, had the contention been for thine own, I ſtill would ſay—Hubba, thou haſt fought nobly.

Hub. Alfred, when your Saxon anceſtors invaded Britain, did they then fight for their own? But poſſeſſion giveth right.

Alfred. Then why diſpute ours?

Hub. We are no uſurpers; we come not hither merely to ſnatch the crown from Alfred's head—we are here againſt England.

Alfred. Therefore do I oppoſe you. My enemy I regard not—Supine and paſſive tho' I bear a private injury, I ſhall be ever active to revenge a public wrong.

Hub. We march'd to the field for war—but hither are we come for peace—Say, is it granted us?

Alfred. Danes and Saxons hear the terms.

Odu.

Odu. (*reads*) "The Danes ſhall reſtore the for-
"treſſes they have taken, and inſtantly evacuate
"the dominions of Alfred."

Hub. What on our ſide?

Anl. (*reads*) "The Saxons ſhall not interrupt
"the Danes in the conqueſt of any other part of
"the Iſland."

Hub. Take notice, Danes, on theſe conditions peace is hereby ratified with our natural enemy.

Alfred. Natural enemy! expreſſion moſt unnatural! —Away with ſuch diſtinctions among men! If the affections for our families ſhould be exceeded by that for our country, let the circle ſtretch round the globe. The falacious and execrable policy, couched in ſuch a phraſe, is the ſource of inceſſant variance. Nay, what is even our ſhining patriotiſm, but the centre of a narrow prejudice, that only contracts the mind, and ſhuts it up from the glorious flame of univerſal brotherhood.

Odu. Our warlike ſpirit, King, well might prompt us to ſign this bond in blood.

Alfred. But we are Chriſtians, therefore in milk be it ſubſcrib'd—pure and white as my intent to keep it. (*ſigns*)

Hub. (*ſigns*) The chance of war compels and here I ſign.

Enter OSWALD, *haſtily.*

Oſw. Where's the King?—my liege, the ſea off Purbeck is cover'd with a new arrived fleet of Daniſh ſhips!

Enter 1*ſt Daniſh* SOLDIER.

1ſt *Sol.* Joy, noble General! (*to Hubba*) the reinforcements under your colleague Haſtings, the

Briton, have already landed—ſome are now on their march to our relief; the frighted Saxons fly before them.

Hub. Alfred, there's your treaty of peace—(*tears the bond*) and thus your beloved England ſhall we ſcatter to fragments! where now is your boaſted hand of Heaven?—Come Danes—adieu Saxons; farewel gentle King you may ſow in peace, but we will reap in conqueſt. (*flouriſh*)

[*Exit with Danes—Saxons oppoſite.*

Alfred. Perfidious enemy!

Enter EUSTACE, *richly habited.*

Euſtace!—ſay how has the coaſt been guarded—where was Earl Burrhed's care? this his viligance! his ſcouts from Corfe did they ſleep, or were they bribed to treachery? And Euſtace where haſt thou been?

Euſt. My King! I've baſely triſled away the time that ſhould have been devoted to your ſervice—diſguis'd, I've labour'd like a ſervile hind to win a peaſant beauty.

Alfred. (*with ſeverity*) Pleaſure may be the happineſs of vice, but happineſs is the ſure pleaſure of virtue. Theſe are no times for dalliance. (*ſhouts and alarms without*) The Danes approach Wareham—We muſt cut our paſſage thro'. (*going*)

Euſt. Hold!—Alfred's hand can only graſp one ſword, whilſt his life's a ſhield for millions.

Alfred. And that life ſhou'd not be reſign'd but to the command of Heaven that gave it—Tell Odune quickly to repair to Devonſhire; his holds are there ſtrong and impregnable. The Barons too—they muſt preſerve communication from their caſtles till we can muſter ſtrength to oppoſe our barbarous

barbarous foe. But hold—Know, Euſtace, the hoſtile leader of this expedition is like yourſelf a Briton—this is not the moment for doubt—unequivocally declare---do you with me reſiſt Haſtings your rebel countryman, now leagued with our invaders, or will you raiſe a weapon againſt England?

Euſt. Oh Royal Alfred! far dearer to me than my natural parent---the tears for whoſe death thy kind adoption hath wiped away--thou, the indulgent guardian of my youth---the ſtar of ſcience and virtue that illumin'd my early mind --never will I forſake thee. (*they embrace*) (*ſhouts encreaſe*) My liege under the ſemblance of a peaſant---look yonder (*points off*) the garb I wore in my truant ramble---clad in that diſguiſe you may paſs the Daniſh hoſt in ſafety.

Alfred. Come then---juſt providence pour every hardſhip on me, but let me live to ſave my country! (*alarms without*)

[*Exeunt Alfred and Euſtace haſtily.*

SCENE IV.

The Iſle of Purbeck.

Enter HASTINGS *and Daniſh* SOLDIERS.

Haſt. No—ſtill keep under arms—Oh, Britain! where firſt I drew my breath, do I come to thee an enemy? as I approach'd thy much-loved coaſt, whilſt that thought drew colour into my face, it ſeemed that thy pale cliff bluſh'd with the reflection

from my glowing cheek—ere my impious foot trampled on thy green boſom, why didſt not thy ſtony limits daſh my ſhip in pieces, and thy white virgin mound grow truly red, ſtained with a traitor's blood!—but I am ſworn to aſſiſt the Dane.

Enter HUBBA *and* DANES.

Hub. Oh welcome Haſtings! welcome my noble auxiliary; are all your forces landed?

Haſt. Yes, every man a phalanx in himſelf; his ſoul a flaming brand; his body a mighty javelin—But you have had a defeat?

Hub. Only trading in blows, took more than we gave—you plaguy Britons are pretty liberal dealers in that ſort of barter; but all our ill-fortune is owing to that daſtard Sweno, who at the firſt onſet diſappeared with our magick ſtandard; had this battle been fought under the auſpices of the Sacred Reafen, we ſhou'd as heretofore have been crown'd with victory. (*trumpet without*)

Haſt. The trumpet of the enemy.

Enter EUSTACE, HERALD, SOLDIERS, *&c.*

Euſt. I come from Alfred—When he granted the peace you implored, why renew your abhorred work of devaſtation? Why, (ungrateful to the power that ſpared, when it might have cruſhed) do you appear ready again to ſtain thoſe hands in blood that have been newly waſh'd with the tears fallen from the helpleſs victims of your ruthleſs fury? Alfred aſks, why you have broke the treaty?—and requires, that in compliance with its terms, you'll inſtantly depart his territory.

Hub. England is ours——

Euſt.

Euſt. Yours! by what tenure?

Hub. This! (*touches his ſword*)

Haſt. Inform your King, a Briton, who fled to Denmark from Saxon uſurpation, now returns—Say, that Haſtings comes to drive Alfred from the field of his fathers.

Euſt. I alſo am a Briton; but learn, countrymen, from me that the liberal mind expands beyond the narrow bounds of local affection; what's in a word, a ſound of breath—no matter how pronounced—Briton, Dane, Gaul or Saxon? Alfred is a man, great, becauſe he's good!

Hub. (*ſurveying Euſtace with contempt*) Oh I've heard of this ſtripling when a babe—found, as 'tis rumour'd, in an eagle's neſt; and foſter'd here by Alfred——

Haſt. (*agitated*) Indeed!—the peculiarity of this circumſtance—So ere my precipitate retreat from Britain, my infant boy, my Euſtace, was loſt.

Euſt. How!

Haſt. It may be—I would wiſh to think it ſo—Tell me, young man, what truth is there in this ſtory?

Euſt. Do I, at this firſt meeting with a parent, behold his ſword raiſed againſt my Sovereign, my youth's protector?—(*Haſtings and Euſtace embrace*)

Haſt. My ſon!

Hub. Why waſte the precious moments in cant and whine? Suppoſe you are ſon and father—What are kindred ties?—Knots of ſtraw, to the burning ardor of a ſoldier's fury.

Euſt. Oh, father! theſe the monſters you have leagued with, againſt the generous Alfred! You are human, this a brutal ſavage, whoſe paſſions are his law. Prevail on them to keep the ſacred oath

oath they have taken, rather than become a party in the deſtruction of that country which nature and juſtice urg- you to protect.

Hub. Eh! why this prating boy has ſtaggered our truſty prop.

Haſt. Euſtace, prove you are my ſon, and follow the Daniſh ſtandard—meet Alfred as a foe.

Euſt. Never!—whilſt I revere a parent, let me not forget that gratitude is the firſt bond of humanity!

Haſt. He's right—Shou'd the firſt precept of a father teach treachery to a friend——Euſtace, let me not warp your purpoſe—throw your ſhield before Alfred; but as I came—I am, his enemy!—Yet hold—father and ſon oppos'd in battle!——. Boy, give me thy helmet; by this exchange we may avoid each other in the field. (*they change helmets*)

Hub. You warriors! giving parting tokens, like a baſe-born ruſtic and a dairy wench! Nothing but talk—to action! Inſtantly ſet fire to the caſtle at Wareham! (*to the Soldiers*)

Haſt. An example which I'll follow at Corfe.

Euſt. My father, you may attack the noble Alfred; but my ſwotd ſhall teach yon boaſting Dane, that to defend the oppreſs'd is the genuine glory of a ſoldier! [*Exit.*

Hub. Come, let us pour like a torrent on the head of Alfred.

Haſt. This is loſing a wild beaſt on a man—No—I'll lead my forces againſt Wareham, you attack Earl Burrhed at Corfe. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Inſide of Corfe Caſtle.

Enter BLANCHE.

BLANCHE.

THIS is a fine caſtle; but to force one into finery, is putting rich trappings on a filly. That malicious wretch, Sweno, to ſay I gave him the ſcarf! Euſtace thinks me falſe—Oh that I cou'd but ſee the Lady Albina—ſhe's good, and I'm certain wou'd let me run home again. They may kill me, but marry Sweno I never will.—Eh—here comes my Lord's jeſter.

Enter HOLLYBUSH, *with a Friar's Dreſs on his arm.*

You're the Earl's fool?

Holly. Yes, I'm the fool, for I live well and do nothing. Very ſtrange, that the only wit in a court ſhould be a fool!

Bla. What's your name?

Holly. I don't remember being chriſtened; but let any man ſay, "Hollybuſh, take this horn of "wine, and I'm the man that drinks it."

Bla.

Bla. But if any man ſays, "I want to give Hollybuſh a beating—where is he?" are you the man that will ſay, here am I?

Holly. Who'd be fool then—ha, ha, ha!

Bla. How unfortunate that the Lady Albina is abſent—ſhe would not ſuffer her wicked Lord to tear me from my dear Euſtace, and my ſorrowful parents. What's that?

Holly. The cowl, ſtole, and all that of Father Auſtin. Tho' I'm a fool and he's a friar, yet one of us two is my Lady's Confeſſor.

Bla. How ſhall I eſcape?—Eh, isn't that the villain falconer that brought me here?—(*pauſes*) By what I heard from Sweno himſelf, he can't read—ha, ha, ha! I'll try. (*aſide*)—(*tears paper from her pocket book and writes*) Hollybuſh, give this to Sweno. Mind don't ſay you ſaw me; tell him that was ſent from Gog's houſe; this will be doing a very good deed—there's money. (*offers money*)

Holly. It's only a knave muſt be paid for doing good, but I'm a fool. Keep your money.

Bla. Lend me this cowl; (*takes the dreſs*) and if Sweno aſks you to read that paper for him, be ſure you don't. [*Exit.*

Holly. I'm very kind, really I'm a worthy creature—my generoſity is that of the lion; whereas in general human kindneſs is of a cat-like diſpoſition—Call it, it turns tail and walks away; don't ſeem to want it, and it comes purring about you.

Enter SWENO.

Sweno. Where the plague is my ſweet Blanche? —Hollo! heark'ye, fellow!

Holly.

Holly. You my fellow! Oh then the Earl has got a new fool! (*ſurveying him*)

Sweno. Eh—why, my friend, you're rather ſatirical.

Holly. Moſt people would be ſo, Sir, were they not afraid of Satire. I've been looking for you theſe three hours, to give you that; it was ſent to you from Gog's houſe. (*gives the note*)

Sweno. Read it.

Holly. Can't you? Let my ſpeech teach you—to read naturally, and ſpeak correctly, read as if you were ſpeaking, and ſpeak as if you were reading.

Sweno. But I never learned to read; I was a natural wit; now they taught you becauſe you were a fool.

Holly. Then the difference, Sir, between you and me is, I'm a fool and you're a natural?

Sweno. Why you're clever.

Holly. Am I ſo, Sir? Good bye. (*going*)

Sweno. Stop—I want you.

Holly. You do not. When a man extols our abilities in our hearing, it's a ſign he does n't ſtand in need of them.

Sweno. Pſhaw! I want to hear.

Holly. You ſhall hear, Sir—Hollo! (*bawls very loud*). [*Exit.*

Sweno. There's an impudent varlet! Oh here's a friar; he ſhall read it.

Enter BLANCHE, (*diſguiſed as a Friar*).

Bla. Now if I can but eſcape, and for retalliation make Sweno himſelf guard me home. (*aſide*)

Sweno. Holy Father, read that for me.

Bla. Invention befriend me. (*aſide*) (*reads in a feigned voice*) "Kind Sweno—Tho' hid by my "terror, my love for you is much"——

Sweno. Why this muſt be from Blanche—love for me! Excellent! But how could this come from her father's and ſhe here in Corſe?

Bla. (*reads*) "Your caſtle was ſo dreadful, I "found means to get to my father's, where I "now am"——

Sweno. Fury! How did ſhe eſcape?——

Bla. (*reads*) "Come to me; there's a friar in "the caſtle, coax him along with you. If you "delay, my father gives to Euſtace your affec-"tionate, "BLANCHE."

Sweno. Oh joy!—I'll be with her, and bring a friar too. (*aſide, looking at Blanche—takes the note*) Why my young ſaint, there ſeems very little writing for the number of words you read.

Bla. Oh that is becauſe its writ in Laconian character. I am now going to chriſten a babe.

Sweno. Stop——Marriage ſhould come before chriſtening—therefore, you muſt firſt marry me to a beauty.——You muſt go with me to Gog's houſe.

Bla. Charming! (*aſide*) I cannot go with you —I walk now to a holy well, round which I ſcramble twelve times on my knees. I ſhall proceed in fear, leſt I be met in my way by any of thoſe pagan Danes, they have little reſpect for our holy order. Yet the duty of my function calls, and if even murdered, I ſhall die a martyr.

Sweno. I'll be your defender.

Bla. You are yourſelf an infidel.

Sweno. On my life I'm a true believer—for I do moſt ſincerely believe, if you refuſe to go with me this

this inſtant, I ſhall the next ſend you up to Heaven, with your head under your arm. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Earl BURRHED, ALBINA, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Earl B. But, Albina, why contradict my pleaſure, when it is an honorable match 'twixt Sweno my falconer and this ruſtic maiden.

Alb. Nay, my Lord, think leſs of your falconer and amuſements abroad, and give me your thoughts and your company at home.

Earl B. Very true, my ſweet Lady—where is Friar Auſtin?

Enter HOLLYBUSH.

Holly. Juſt walk'd out of the caſtle with Sweno —the damſel, Blanche, has run away with Father Auſtin's caſſock. (*aſide*) My Lady, when you want the friar, you'll find him all ſanctity—a nut without a ſhell.

Alb. Reflect, my Lord, the Danes expected every hour to attack the caſtle—ſtay to defend your lands, your property—nay more, your wife, who loves your tenderly. You would not at home be expoſed to greater dangers than thoſe you daily encounter in the perilous pleaſures of the chace. Have I been remiſs in tenderdeſs of affectionate duty. Why this cruel indifference? Come, my Lord, prepare to repel the expected invaders—your Albina wou'd be your ſhield—I wou'd receive the ſhaft aim'd at the heart I fear no longer mine. (*weeps*)

Earl B. Nay my dear Lady---indeed I love you well---(*kiſſes her hand*) and ſo adieu, I'll ſee you preſently, don't be melancholy; here you dull fool, why don't you divert your Lady? [*Exit attended.*

Holly. If ſhe's to be diverted only by a dull fool, your ill ſucceſs makes me afraid to attempt the trial.

Gog. (*without*) Tell not me of croſs-bows and port-cullis's, I will have my daughter.

Albi. Who is that?

Holly. Gog the carpenter.

Albi. Call him hither?

Holly. Hither, no Lady, I'll call him by his name---Gog!

Enter Gog.

What's the matter?

Gog. The matter---I'm angry.

Holly. Angry before a woman---wear my fool's cap till the fit's over.

Gog. Clap me in the ſtocks! I'm a man that's induſtrious. Yet like an idle fellow there I ſtuck in my own work. But, madam, my lord's wife ſhall know it all---where's the Lady Albina?

Holly. Why that is——(*Albina makes ſigns*) ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh!

Gog. Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, oh! what the devil do you mean?

Alb. (*aſide*) I may know more by not being known myſelf---did you want our lady?

Gog. Madam, I've had a heavy loſs.

Holly. Heavy! wrong in your phraſe; if you have loſt, you're the lighter.

Gog. Oh if I had that gobbling turkey, the Baron's falconer, Sweno here, how I wou'd dance upon his breaſt bone---Madam, I've been ſo ill uſed.

Holly. Wrong again, to have people uſe you well never tell them you've been ill uſed by others; your

your firſt complaint is liſtened to, your ſecond is thought troubleſome, and for your third you are deſpis'd—Kick'd down ſtairs.

Gog. What's that?

Alb. Come tell me your grievance, and I'll lay it before my Lady.

Gog. I'll let my Lord know I'm an old Briton—my veins ſwell like blue ropes with the blood of the great Caractacus—and tho' I'm an humble carpenter I can——

Holly. Throw the hatchet.

Alb. Nay be calm, ſo much do I know of my Lady Albina's heart that I can aſſure you ſhe will feel moſt ſenſibly for any miſeries brought upon her vaſſals by the miſdeeds of an injurious and oppreſſive Baron.

Gog. Madam, Earl Burrhed took my daughter Blanche from a young man that loved her, how wou'd he like to have his wife taken by another?

Alb. In truth he deſerves ſomewhat of that by way of puniſhment.

Holly. Loſe his Lady! puniſhment indeed—ſuch a good Lady, ſo beautiful, ſo charming!

Gog. I'm a man that loves the damſels myſelf, but I never thought of ſuch claw work—I'll tell you, Madam—fool liſten—one Eaſter Tueſday, this very Lord's father bringing all the company from the caſtle down to our green, we danc'd before them, at firſt they laugh'd in a ſort of flout, but at length their hearts got ſo merry, they coudn't keep their own illuſtrious timbers quiet, but needs muſt join in our dance. Here they went, and there they went. (*mimicks*) Swept and ſwam with ſuch grace and ſtatelineſs that they put us all out. However the Lady, my partner, was ſo taken

taken with my footing it up to her, that ſoon her languiſhing eyes ſaid, I wiſh you and I were partners for life—So Gog never went about the buſh, but put the queſtion ſo plump, that on the ſpot ſhe promis'd to marry me.

Alb. Well, and ſhe did marry you?

Gog. Oh, no!—my father ſent me the next morning to finiſh a job in the North; and I've never heard any thing of the Lady from that bleſſed hour to this.

Holly. Madam, join in my joke, and you ſhall have revenge on your noble indifferent huſband. (*apart*) Well, Gog, this is the ſtrangeſt affair! the Earl has taken your daughter, and you have a moſt excellent opportunity for vengeance.

Gog. How?

Alb. Ay, how, good Hollybuſh?

Holly. Why the Baron's lovely wife, our great Madam Albina, is that very identical Lady you danc'd and fell in love with, on the green.

Gog, What's that!

Holly. Come, Ma'am, you're my Lady's favorite confidante—Sure you, as well as myſelf, have heard Lady Albina mention this circumſtance.

Alb. Excellent fool! (*apart,* Is it poſſible this can be the charming youth, her rural partner, that my Lady ſo often ſpeaks to me of with ſuch rapture?

Holly. It is this very clumſy, aukward, ſtupid looking dolt: but the fancy of women! every eye makes a beauty—Come, Ma'am, now do tell poor Gog what the Lady Albina ſaid of him——

Gog. (*ruminating*) That ſweet young creature Lady Albina—then after dancing with me ſhe muſt have married my Lord.

Alb.

Alb. "Oh friend"—ſaid ſhe to me no later than yeſterday—"though my perſon is wedded to the "Baron, my ſoul is united to my firſt and only "love."

Holly. Then Gog ſhe really promiſed to marry you?

Alb. Yes; but what are promiſes.

Holly. By King Alfred's new law, they are ſolemn contracts.

Gog. (*pauſes*) Solemn contract!—Was her bare promiſe ſo very binding!—it was—The Baron has married my wife—She's my betrothed.

Alb. Oh, no no——

Holly. I ſay aye, aye—Lady Albina is—Mrs. Gog.

Gog. You're right, fool, ſhe is Mrs. Gog—to all intents and purpoſes. Aye, one of the Mrs. Gog's, I was forgetting my poor Bertha. I'll have my Lady—I'll claim her of the Baron.

Alb. Delightful! (*apart*) Now, Hollybuſh, what wicked miſchief are you raiſing. Don't think of ſuch a thing. (*to Gog*)

Gog. I will—What do you preſume to adviſe a man about his wife! Go bruſh your Lady's toilet, Madam Prattlechops.

Holly. I'll lay this noble, that if you do claim her, ſhe quits the Baron, and goes home with you.

Gog. He took my child, and I will have his—no, my wife—And as for my old ſpouſe, Bertha, ſhe ſhall be my beſom; I'll ſweep the houſe with her, if ſhe dares to talk. (*traverſes*)

Alb. Well, I'd wiſh to ſee my Lord puniſhed for his ſlights, and alſo my Lady happy; but after ſo long a ſeparation, ſhe ſhould ſee you better attired.

Holly.

Holly. She ſhall too—I know the way to the wardrobe, tho' a yeoman you ſhall look a Knight.

Gog. Alfred is a juſt King, he'll give her to me—if he's beat out by the Dane, the Dane will give her to me—if the Dane's beat out by the fortune of war, I'm a man that will beat the Baron, and take her herſelf. [*Exit.*

Alb. Ha, ha, ha! thanks for this device—it may reform my negligent Lord into an affectionate huſband.

Holly. Aye, my Lady; when he fears to loſe, he'll ſtrive to hold you.

Alb. That Gog may not know me again, I'll dreſs moſt magnificently; and as a pretext, a banquet muſt be ordered.

Holly. And ſhou'd the Danes viſit us, nothing like jovial cheer, to put ill tempers into good humour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A wild Country, and diſtant View of the Coaſt.—Scattered Cottages on fire.

Enter ALFRED (*in* EUSTACE'S *Peaſant Dreſs*).

Alf. In this humble garb I am thought too mean a prize to be purſued—no gems or ſtudded arms to tempt the ſpoiler. Thoſe ruffians that fell like wolves on yon defenceleſs village, muſt have been an haraſſing party, detached from the main body of brutal Hubba's force—Ha! I knew not I was wounded—my limbs fail me——(*leans againſt a tree*)

Enter

Enter HASTINGS, *with a drawn ſword, and Daniſh* SOLDIERS.

Haſt. Diſorderly, ſhameful conduct! This is not the march of an army, but the irregular rambling of freebooters. On pain of death, no Dane ſet fire to another cottage. In chace of the lion Alfred, and delay in the ſlaughter of ſheep!—See! the unhappy peaſants fly their blazing hovels!—I've work'd myſelf into a fever, by haſtening to their reſcue—and this burning deſſolate plain affords nor ſhelter from the ſcorching ray, nor ſpring nor refreſhment—Oh, you have found water.

Enter Daniſh SOLDIER (*with water in a helmet*).

How difficulty creates value. The moſt ſparkling juice of the richeſt grape never look'd half ſo tempting—now for luxury—every drop's a liquid gem. (*going to drink*)

Alfred. (*not ſeeing them*) Oh—I—faint——

Haſt. (*in a low tone*) Who's this?—a Saxon peaſant.

1ſt *Sol.* One of the baſe herd that dar'd to prevent us from plundering their mud-built hovels.

Haſt. Soft! (*puts the Soldiers aſide*)

Alfred. The torments of extreme thirſt!

Haſt. Thirſt!—poor fellow—his greater neceſſity has baniſh'd mine—I'll firſt allay—but hold; my flinty companions wou'd deride my weakneſs, and call pity cowardice—(*aſide*) March on, whilſt I queſtion this wretched boor; by promiſes or threats I may extort ſome uſeful information.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

(*Haſtings looks after them, then turns, raiſes Alfred's head, and holds the helmet to his lips*). Here, ſlake thy parched throat. (*Alfred drinks*) Don't thank me, 'tis I that have receiv'd the greater pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Alfred. A Dane!—Kind, generous barbarian!—That a friend to man ſhould be an enemy to Alfred.——Now refreſh'd, I may find ſhelter from the ſtorm that overwhelms my unhappy ſubjects. I'm uncertain as to the fate of Euſtace. Can he have deſerted me! Thoſe Barons too, my intimates, who ſhared with me the cheerful ray of courtly ſunſhine—where are they now? In the height of our jocund moments, when we chuſe our gay companions, it were well to throw a thought on the real friend, who would alſo partake with us the trying hour of ſorrow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Banqueting Room in Corfe Caſtle.

Diſtant Alarms.

Enter HOLLYBUSH.

Holly. Very many dangers without—there they are——Many comforts within, here I am.—Well, theſe are rare times, when a hundred wiſe men are ſent out to fight, to keep one fool at home in ſafety, ha, ha, ha! Sweno takes Blanche home, without knowing he's ſo kind—Euſtace, ſword in hand, flouriſhes in here, to protect the damſel, little

little thinking that he only defended my all worthleſs Lord, who ran away with her. But Euſtace beating the Dane from the caſtle, has left me and my lady a clear ſtage for our merry play upon the Baron. Oh, here he ſtruts, crowing at the victory, tho' he hid himſelf whilſt the work of death was going on.

Enter Earl BURRHED, KNIGHTS, *&c.*

Earl B. I think we gave our uninvited viſitors ſuch expreſſive hints of their no-welcome, that they'll not again come here till ſent for.

1ſt *Knight.* Euſtace purſued the routed troops too far.

Earl B. If he falls, I'll take the merit of the victory. (*aſide*) Yes, Euſtace was indeed fool-hardy.

Holly. You had it between you, my Lord, he was hardy, and you were—tol, lol, lol. (*ſings*)

Earl B. Ha, my Lady wife! (*looking out*)

Holly. And bravely attired. I think Gog can't know her again. (*a ſplendid banquet ſerved*)

Enter ALBINA (*richly dreſs'd*) *and* ATTENDANTS.

Alb. My dear Lord, are you ſafe?

Earl B. Why how now, Lady mine! did you predict, that my ſimple efforts in your defence, were to give a moſt brilliant occaſion for feaſt and ſplendour?

Holly. Yes, my Lady, in fight my Lord is a moſt valiant looker-on. (*aſide*) Here's to the honor of my victory! (*drinks*)

Earl B. Why, 'twas I that beat the Dane.

Holly. Well; didn't I drink to the fool's victory.

Earl B. How, ſirrah!

Holly. I'm ſilent—Thoſe who are empty of ideas talk much and very loud—a drum makes a great noiſe.

Earl B. Let's have muſic.

Holly. I'll give you the vocals.

Earl B. You!

Holly. Nay, my Lord, I'm ſure I've as fine a voice to-day—as I ſhall have to-morrow. (*they ſit —muſicians play*)

Holly. Stop—let's have morality—The firſt glaſs of wine we drink, after what is neceſſary, is a ſin againſt heaven (*drinks*)—the ſecond againſt nature (*drinks*)—and the third againſt reaſon (*drinks*)—that's my morality.

Earl B. Eh! Where's my new falconer, Sweno? (*riſes*)

Holly. (*apart to Albina*) Madam, here comes Gog; havn't I dreſs'd him very fine, and to give him courage, I've primed him with a couple of bottles. Now if he ſtands but buff to the claim we have made him believe he has a right to make, my Lord will know how to value you, my good Lady.

Enter GOG, (*dreſt ridiculouſly ſumptuous*)

Gog. Every man ſit down by his own wife (*ſees by Albina*) eh!—Lord, ſhe's very grand—I am almoſt afraid—but an't I grand myſelf. (*aſide*)

Alb. How now, Sir Knight, who are you!

Gog. Who are you!—why you're my Sunday wife!—maſter Baron, you ſet me down this morning leg-lock'd in the ſtocks; this evening I ſet myſelf down hand-lock'd to my Lady. (*takes her hand*)

Earl

Earl B. If this is gambol mummery, it affords but coarſe divertion—be gone!

Gog. Man and wife are one, he bids me, and conſequently you go, Lady—Come.

Alb. Who are you that dare accoſt me with ſuch inſolence?

Gog. Look at this face—no recollection of the charming youth?—true, 'twas my dancing ſtruck her—Here, don't you remember this (*dances*) for a hop on the graſs that foot is the daiſy cutter.

Alb. Heavens!—can it be—my early long loſt love! (*affecting ſurprize*)

Gog. I thought that ſhuffle cou'd never ſlip her memory. (*dances*) That's the caper for the mutton—that cuts up your feather. (*lays his hand on Earl Burrhed's head*)

Earl B. Retire!

Holly. Retire!—Oh my Lord, to a merry gueſt; where's your hoſpitality?

Earl B. Well, regale in the buttery with my ſervants.

Gog. In the bedchamber with thy—my wife; for mine ſhe is—and before you and all I claim her.

Alb. Ah! my Lord who cou'd foreſee this heavy hour? Noble Knights mark!—this man, I muſt confeſs, had my plighted faith, ere the Baron woo'd and won me; therefore, on this unexpected ſight of my true huſband, I conſider myſelf now but as the Baron's widow, free to return both heart and hand to my firſt lawful lord; here he ſtands. And however griev'd I muſt be to tear myſelf from you, (*to Earl Burrhed*) I am only his, if he demand me. (*pointing to Gog*)

Gog.

Gog. I do demand, and I command thee. What the devil, isn't a man to be maſter of his own wife?

Earl B. Ha! now I know thee, ſlave.

Gog. I am the ſlave of—dimples. You ſhou'd conſider, Sir, that for this time back you only borrowed my wife; you might have had the manners to aſk whether I would lend her or not?

Earl B. (*ſuppreſſing his reſentment*) A pleaſant jeſt this.

Knight. Jeſt call you it, my Lord! A moſt ſerious affair. And if this man was actually, as the Lady Albina declares, betrothed to her before your marriage, I doubt not but the King, from his ſtrict love of juſtice, would ratify the claim.

Alb. Oh, yes; Alfred, ever impartial in his deciſions, where equity is the point, 'twixt the peaſant and the noble knows no diſtinction.

Earl B. Why, true; yet though he exacts obedience to the laws with much rigour; and to keep the common herd honeſt, even hangs golden bracelets on the trees, which no paſſenger dares touch; yet the ſacred right of a Baron to his own property—Alfred meddles not with that—Oh, no—this is but talk.

Gog. My Lord, your own will ſhall ſettle this affair.——Either my buxom dame ſhall trot up here to you, and your Lady walk home with me, or you go live in my houſe with Bertha, and I ſtay here in your caſtle, with the ſweet Albina.—That's all fair, I give you your choice—Isn't it fair?

Holly. Oh very, very fair.

Earl B. But, Albina, why not mention to me this promiſe—Pſhaw! its all nothing.——The King wou'd

wou'd never take my wife, and give her to a baſe ſcum——.

Alb. How, Sir! (*offended*)

Gog. Neither ſcums nor dregs—I'll ſhew you a pedigree, a tree of genealogy ſtems and branches, lineal and collateral, ramifications of uncles and aunts; and I myſelf hanging from it like a golden pippin.—I'll venture a ſcratching with the Danes and bring my genealogy. (*going*)

Alb. Permit me to ſee you to the gate, deareſt love. (*takes his hand*)

Earl B. Shameleſs woman!—tremble miſcreant!

Gog. Stop—an angry man th t ca d i le his paſſion has a glaſs face, thro' which the devil ſtares and frightens every body.—Come Albina—my Lord, till I return, don't dare even to kiſs her little finger; and I aſſure you, I won't give one kiſs to Bertha—I won't upon my honor.—Wife ſhew me to the wicket of the great portal, at the outward gate—tol, lol, lol—good bye.

[*Exeunt Gog, Albina, and Knights.*

Earl B. Seize them! Cloſe the gates there! (*calling off*)

Holly. I'll tell you the cauſe of this important change.

Earl B. Well, quic —ſpeak.

Holly. What a ſet of buſy idlers were the philoſophers, to take and give ſo much trouble and after all, tell us that the end of knowledge is only a beginning to know that they know nothing.

Earl B. Inſolent caitiff! (*draws*) (*Hollybuſh runs off*) Keep up the draw-bridge there. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Inſide of GOG's *Cottage. A fire on the hearth.*

Enter BLANCHE, (*in Friar's dreſs*) *and* SWENO.

Sweno. Hot fighting work yonder—lucky our Danes didn't know me—Well, holy friar havn't I brought you ſafe to the houſe of Gog, my father-in-law! now you muſt marry me.

Bla. Marry him! Sure he does n't know me (*aſide*)—Son, a bride is neceſſary on theſe occaſions.

Sweno. Oh, I've one already at hand; but where is my ſweet Blanche.

Bla. I'm confeſſor to her mother Bertha, and at her ſhrift yeſterday, I left my breviary in that room. [*Exit.*

Sweno. The friar, Blanche, and I ready at the caſtle, yet ſhe muſt ſcamper off here to be married: ſo whimſical, in one wife, I ſhall have all the charms of variety. (*Blanche in her own dreſs unperceived re-enters from the cloſet and goes off at the ſide*)

Enter EUSTACE, (*unſeen*) *with bow and quiver.*

Euſt. I've almoſt ſpent my quiver, but many a Dane hath bled. By the fools account of Blanche's eſcape from Corſe, I muſt have wrong'd her in my ſurmiſe of her preferring Sweno. My love is here—(*ſees Sweno*) what the falconer too; and here ſhe trips towards him with ſmiles. (*retires*).

Re-enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Oh Sweno!

Sweno.

Sweno. Ah, my love, as your dear letter order'd me, here I am, and have brought a pretty litttle holy friar too.

Bla. I fear you think me very forward in ſending for you.

Euſt. Sent for him! (*aſide*)

Sweno. That you coudn't help—a little love is in your heart, a great deal in mine, and the needle muſt fly to the magnet. (*embraces her*)

Euſt. Shall I with one ſhaft unite them for ever. (*aſide*) (*points an arrow then drops it*)

Sweno. Come my dove now for your promiſe you know we're to be married immediately.

Euſt. Promiſe to marry him! ſhe's loſt! then Love for a worthleſs girl give place to affection for my King.

[*Exit.*

Bla. But a prieſt is uſually preſent on ſuch an occaſion.

Sweno. Egad that's juſt what the little friar ſaid about a bride. But to buſineſs—Hollo! little prieſt, have you got your book? (*calling in*)

Bla. That's my mother's room.

Sweno. Then it contains a holy man, that ſhall make me father to the children of your mother's daughter—Hollo!—Oh but I'll bring you out—ſtay praying in there. (*goes in*)

Bla. (*runs and locks the door*) Now ſtay you in there and ſay your prayers; I'll teach you to run away with young girls againſt their will. (*aſide*) Heavens, my dear Sweno! here's my father and Euſtace, they have ſuch an averſion to a Dane, they'll kill you, ſo don't come out. I'll call you when they are gone, ha, ha, ha! (*runs off*)

Enter ALFRED.

Alfred. (*calls*) Ho! who dwells here?—my wound is ſtaunch'd, I feel ſomewhat ſtronger, and cou'd go on; but where?—My rude enemy has ſcared peace even from the cottage, yet ſhe ſeems ſtill to have a dwelling beneath theſe oaten eyes. When the man is weary this indeed is a ſeat for a King. (*ſits*) Of life the paſt has faded into nothing; the future we know not; the preſent is ours, but that in a moment becomes a paſt, nothing, or future uncertainty; what then is all our anxious preparation for enjoyment; climbing to the height of a pinnacle, which no ſooner gain'd than we ſlip from it

Enter BERTHA, (*with a large dough cake on a plate.*)

Bert. Very well, Blanche—(*ſpeaking off*) ſo glad the child is return'd ſafe—My huſband ſhall have a comfortable ſupper, and ſome ſweet new wheaten bread. My poor Gog to run about out of the houſe in ſuch a fury.—If any of the Danes meet him—(*ſees Alfred, lays down the cake*) Eh! who are you, pray?

Alfred. That's not a queſtion to be anſwered. (*aſide*)

Bert. Who bid you walk in and ſit down here?

Alfred Nay, Dame, I came in, for your door was open—ſat, becauſe weary.

Bert. Marry then, if my chair gives the traveller reſt, I thank my door for being open.—Whither going? want a place? have you a trade?

Alfred. Yes; but they won't let me follow it now.

Bert. What trade?

Alfred.

Alfred. Its called a Sovereign. I make laws, and work by rule.

Bert. Rule! a carpenter, mayhap? Since our lad Euſtace runs about among the battles, my huſband Gog wants a man; he ſhall employ you: Eh, what ſayſt thou?

Alfred. I would willingly be employ'd---I'll ſtay with you but I'm poor.

Bert. If poverty don't ſink you in the opinion of the good, never mind what the reſt of the world thinks of you. (*trims the fire, and lays the cake on the hearth*) I'll run and ſee if huſband's coming; but, d'ye hear, don't let that cake burn; watch and turn it till I come back. [*Exit.*

Alfred. But for the trifling check I gave the Danes, they might alſo have pillaged this cottage. Should they yet come, I have no weapon, and I'm now bound to defend this hoſpitable abode, for the ſhelter it has ſo timely afforded me. Here is genuine kindneſs. What, when I had power, have I done for the poor?—Alas!—Benevolence is man's work; riches are his tools; and, with ſuch tools, woe to the idle!—Eh! a bow and quiver. (*takes them*) The emptineſs of the one proves the other has done ſervice.

Re-enter BERTHA.

Bert. Huſband Gog comes, and merrily too.

Alfred. Without any ſword in caſe of attack—this may do ſomething; but then for a ſupply of arrows. (*fits and adjuſts the bow*)

Bert. Bleſs me! (*looks at the fire*) my cake all burn'd on one ſide! Sat down to divert yourſelf! Is this the way you mind what I ſet you to? I

warrant, when nicely baked, you wou'd be ready enough to eat the cake; and yet cou'd not give a hand to turn it. You idle lazy dolt, get you gone out of my doors. (*puſhes him*)

Enter Gog, *behind.*

Gog. Ay, here's my poor every day wife. I hope ſhe hasn't yet heard that I've got a Sunday wife.

Alfred. Pardon this my firſt offence, kind dame —my good woman. (*takes her hand*)

Gog. Who are you that dares call my wife a good woman? She's not a good woman—that is, to any body but me.

Bert. La! Gog, how fine you are. (*ſurveying him*)

Gog. I'm fine enough without your ornamenting my forehead.

Bert. Go along. (*to Alfred*)

Gog. He ſhan't go along.

Bert. Then ſtay, honeſt man.

Gog. He ſhant ſtay; I dont know what the devil you mean by theſe compliments, honeſt man and good woman; yes, I ſee its a love affair, by their telling lies to one another.

Alfred. Friends, rather than occaſion any contention I'll depart. My only requeſt is theſe weapons.

Re-enter Eustace *haſtily.*

Euſt. Where, where's my bow and quiver?

Gog. Here's another; ſo when I catch them coming about my wife, the excuſe is—my bow and quiver.

Euſt.

Euſt. (*ſees Alfred*) My gracious Lord!

Alfred. My friend! my warrior!

Gog. Lord! Warrior! ay, they're come for no good, by their telling lies to each other.

Bert. Huſband, look, its Euſtace!

Gog. Our ſon-in-law.

Euſt. Not ſo, good maſter, I flatter'd myſelf Heaven in me gave Blanche a huſband; but ſhe wou'd chuſe one for herſelf from the other place.

Gog. Yes, that falconer Sweno certainly was the hell of a fellow: but eh, boy killed one of thoſe foreign beaſts, and roll'd yourſelf up in his ſkin—But, oh dear! true, my dear lady wife, I muſt get my pedigree. Ay, here in the black oak cheſt.

Bert. Stop, ſtop, huſband, Blanche ſays Father Auſtin is there ſaying his prayers.

Gog. I will go in.

Bert. You ſha'n't. (*they retire wrangling*)

Euſt. Oh! my Liege, how rejoic'd to find, and give you notice that the Danes repulſe from Corſe brings no ſafety here.

Alfred. Can I reach again the Iſle of Athelney; whence like an enrag'd tyger I may dart upon my cruel hunters; but, no, I've proved the ſucceſs of of a diſguiſe—(*pauſes*). Yes, under the appearance of a wandering minſtrel, I'll this night enter the Daniſh camp, and take a ſurvey of their operations.

Euſt. But, my Lord——

Alfred. Aſſemble the Barons, and our ſcattered forces in Sellwood forest; keep my deſign upon the Danes a ſecret—Euſtace, you may think me a boaſter, but vanity becomes glorious enterprize when effort is crown'd with ſucceſs—I yet will drive the ſpoilers out of Britain. [*Exeunt.*

Gog

GOG *advances.*

Gog. Now I will talk to Father Auſtin (*kicks open the door, enter from it* SWENO, *with Friar's Dreſs in his Hand.*) Another for the bow and quiver.

Sweno. If the friar went up to Heaven by the window, he caſt his gown, to make him fly the lighter.

Gog. Where's my daughter, ſirrah?

Sweno. Come, don't be ſo rough with your ſon-in-law, for ſuch I will be, and with Blanche's conſent too. (*ſearching his pockets*) Eh! where is her letter that the friar read for me? There, there's your daughter's promiſe to marry me, under her own hand. (*gives the note*)

Gog. (*reads*) "I thank you, good Sweno, for "bringing me home; and now that I have no "more to ſay to you, you may go about your "buſineſs." And this you call a promiſe of marriage?

Sweno. I ſee it—For this trick I'll bring a bevy that ſhall fire your houſe about your head.

Gog. (*ſnatches up a hatchet*) I'll make your head fly out at window, if you don't this inſtant march out of my door.

Sweno. Then know me! I'm not the ſcoundrel falconer to your cowardly Baron, but chief ſtandard bearer to the Generaliſſimo——

Gog. Well, you are a very great General I believe; but for the preſent I'm your trumpeter, and ſound a retreat (*trumpets thro' his fingers*) March!

Sweno.

Sweno. Tremble! I'm a Dane! And if I had but any ſort of weapon——

Gog. You've no weapon, and a Dane? Come, I ſee the point of a broad ſword peeping ſo ſly from under your doublet——

Sweno. I havn't ſo much as a penknife.

Gog. You're my priſoner—reſiſt, and I'll demoliſh you—fellow.

Sweno. (*aſide*) So Blanche has trap'd me here completely. No hopes of the young jilt—If I do not return to my poſt, and am taken, I ſhall be hang'd for a deſerter—What had I beſt do—If I can but again find our magic ſtandard in the buſh where I hid it——

Gog. I'll ſecure him in the ſtocks, till I bring help—but I fear they won't fit him. How dare you have ſuch big legs, you villain? I have him here in the net, like a great fiſh, and I don't know what to do with him—Can you ranſom yourſelf, fellow?

Sweno. I once took a Briton priſoner, and was generous enough to releaſe him without ranſom.

Gog. Generous, indeed! Releaſed him without ranſom! Why, your conduct was inimitable—Pay me this inſtant, fellow. Lady Albina, my new wife, has preſented me with fifty pieces of gold, I muſt make it up a hundred. The other fifty, and you're free—Your ranſom, fellow!

Sweno. Well, Sir, there's the money. (*gives money*)

Gog. (*reckons*) Now you're at liberty, fellow.

Sweno. (*pauſes*) Sir—in my way to my own camp, ſome other Briton may meet and take me again. See me back, Sir—'twill be but kind.

Gog.

Gog. Well, I will juſt ſee you to the ſkirts of your camp. But I muſt firſt get my genealogy, and other credentials, to ſtrengthen my claim to Lady Albina. A long way, I muſt ride. Boy, ſaddle old Bengy—Fellow, I'll give you leave to walk by my horſes ſide all the way.

Sweno. Thank ye, Sir—you're very good, Sir—Eh! cakes well toaſted, faith.

Gog. (*taking it from him*) Stop—in eating, as well as drinking, I'm toaſt-maſter here——Come, fellow.

Sweno. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Out ſkirts of the Daniſh Camp.

SWENO. (*without*)

THIS way, Sir—let us walk about a little.

Gog. (*without*) Stay you there ſafe tied to that tree, old Bengy.

Enter GOG *and* SWENO, *with the Standard.*

Gog. Well, haven't I brought you ſafe within the very lines of your own camp—eh, fellow?

Sweno. Thanky, Sir, I'm now ſafe in my own camp.

Gog. And wasn't it fortunate that a man of ſo much honor as I took you priſoner? becauſe your money is ſo well beſtowed upon me—eh, fellow?

Sweno. It was Sir.

Gog. Well, there I leave you; good bye fellow. (*going*

Sweno. Hold—my dear Sir, you took me priſoner on your grounds, to return the compliment I now take you priſoner on mine: I honeſtly paid you a ranſom for my liberty now you muſt pay me a ranſom for yours—fellow!

Gog. Pay! pho! pay you ranſom! what the devils ſort of talk is that—here I've brought you, and here I leave you. (*going*)

Sweno. Stop—how will you like to be hung up on the next tree; eh, fellow? hollo! piquet guard—here's an Engliſh ſpy in the Daniſh Camp.

Gog. Huſh, Sir, oh my poor precious life! (*kneels*) there Sir is my ranſom—(*gives money*)—let me go Sir—

Sweno. This is only mine that I gave you—inſtantly pay your own, fellow——

Gog. 'Pon my ſoul, Sir, I haven't another bit of coin about me, gold, ſilver, or braſs.

Sweno. You have the latter, by denying you have the firſt—Come, come, I remember the fifty pieces Lady Albina gave you.

Gog. Oh curſe your fine memory!

Sweno. Guard! (*calls*)

Gog. (*terrified*) Here, here, Sir; I muſt be ſo polite as to ſee him ſafe back and the black devil to my manners.

Sweno. Now you may go fellow, and "fortunate that you fell into my hands your money is ſo well beſtow'd."

Gog. It is Sir, good bye, Sir (*going, returns*). But you know, Sir, how civil I've been to you; be ſo kind, in return, as to ſee me ſafe back.

Sweno. No, "for your conduct was inimitable"—go fellow.

Gog. I thought you woudn't, then you'll own Sir that my politeneſs exceeds yours—that's one comfort for my empty pocket. Now I'll ride home; Old Bengy will find me lighter by ſome pounds—good bye, Sir.

Sweno. Dare to touch that brute fellow—and—

Gog.

Gog. What isn't a man to ride home on his own horſe?

Sweno. No fellow. I've contracts to make for the army; this affair is juſt in my way I'm a kind of horſe-dealer.

Gog. You're a kind of horſe-ſtealer—Suffer myſelf to be robbed! This my Britiſh valour! but I'm a man that has courage when put upon—return me my money this inſtant or I'll murder—

Sweno. What?

Gog. Myſelf—but I had better not—this wou'd be an empty world if at every huff we receive, we might open the door and walk out of it. (*going returns*) Give me my money—(*bullying*)

Sweno. Guard! (*calls*) [*Exit Gog terrified.* Ha, ha, ha! ſo I have made a purſe by my Engliſh excurſion—But never again to behold that lovely girl! ah no. I muſt forget the girls and return to my duty. I have been a ſad truant, but delightful, that thro' all perils I've preſerv'd our precious banner this will procure my welcome and pardon—what Blanche here again! fortune befriends me. (*retires*)

Enter BLANCHE.

Bla. Where can my father have gone?—I wiſh my mother had come to look for him herſelf—my danger this morning might have warn'd me not to ramble ſo far from home, Here are tents and ſoldiers, but they don't ſeem dreſs'd like ours.

Sweno. (*advancing*) Then bleſſings on you, holy father Auſtin!

Bla. The falconer again! undone if I can't diſſemble. (*aſide*) My dear Sweno! Lord I'm ſo glad to ſee you——

Sweno. Glad—ha, ha, ha!—that's very good—Whatever brought you, I have, and ſhall not part you again.

Bla. Oh, Sir—had I thought you would have parted with me, I ſhoudn't have come after you, I can aſſure you.

Sweno. With your cowl and beads, to play me ſuch an infernal heavenly prank! Then to throw me under your father's hatchet!

Bla. Lord, how can I help my cruſty father? But are not you and he good friends? and didn't you leave our cottage together?—Why bleſs you, Sweno, I only brought you home that time, that we might be wedded there, and with father's conſent—If without it you had married me at the caſtle, you wou'd have loſt ſo much money, that he has laid by to give with me as a portion.

Sweno. Oh then you are a fortune?—that is the reaſon Euſtace, your father's man, courted you.

Bla. To be ſure it was. I deſpiſe him, I hate him, I deteſt him for it. I'm a girl of ſpirit.—Why do you know, Sweno, that I was the belle of the village.

Sweno. Yes, and your tongue's the bell-clapper.

Bla. How ſhall I get away from him? (*aſide*)

Enter HOLLYBUSH, *in helmet, breaſt plate, &c. ſhort ſwords and daggers ſtuck in his belt.*

Holly. (*not ſeeing Sweno*) Blanche, my Lady Albina is your father's wife—ſhe's gone from her old caſtle to your new cottage, and has ſent me after to protect you—Eh!—(*lays his hand on his ſword, and blaſters up to Sweno, who ſtamps and frowns*

frowns—Hollybuſh ſtarts back)—Now ſhou'd I draw a brace of ſwords—What a pity it is a man can't conquer without fighting. (*aſide*) Blanche, yonder is your horſe tied to a tree.

Sweno. Aye, my love; and as he's yours, I'll prefer him from the waggon. Old Bengy ſhall be my war horſe.

Bla. No hope in my protector's ſword or wit—Oh, for another ſtratagem—Hollybuſh! (*they whiſper and point to the ſtandard*)—Sweno, dear, what is this fine flag?

Holly. On the fine pretty flag! (*walks round it*)

Sweno. The Daniſh magic banner, wove by Hubba's three ſiſters, fair ladies, famous in the black art: that raven work'd on it is our oracle; whilſt we follow this banner we're invincible.

Holly. Invincible! I thought ſo by your being cudgeled from Wareham, and ſwitch'd from Corfe.

Bla. Hollybuſh! (*makes ſigns*)

Holly. Hem! but, Sir, can all your ſoldiers ſee this fine raven at a diſtance?

Sweno. From any part of the field, in the heat of action, they muſt keep an eye upon that. Stand you both there, I'll take a leap on Bengy, and you'll ſee me flouriſh the flag with a noble ſlip and a flap——

Bla. Let me give it a ſlip and a flap——

Holly. I'll ſtand here and judge.

Sweno. What, mount horſes and break your neck?——

Bla. Dear—Bengy knows me very well; I have ſo often fed him out of my hand.

Sweno.

Sweno. Well, I'll hold the bridle—Hollybuſh ſtay there, and bawl out how fine you ſee it.

Bla. No love, if the poor fool is left alone ſome of your ſoldiers may ſurprize and kill him, and I wou'd not have the poor fool hurt; as he came to guard me.

Holly. Do, Sir, ſtay and take care of the poor fool.

Sweno. What! a coward with all your ſwords and daggers!

Holly. Every man is a coward, Sir, the valiant fight for fear of ſhame—Go, child, and let us ſee you——

Bla. Now behold how famous I'll flouriſh it. (*takes the ſtandard, and exit; they look after her*)

Sweno. There, girl, ſit up boldly---Why, old Bengy is as tame as a cow---now walk him towards me---that's from me---turn, don't trot him.

Holly. Try a canter. (*calling off*)

Sweno. Why, ſhe gallops——

Holly. Yes, Sir, for old Bengy is as tame as a cow.

Sweno. She will be out of ſight in five minutes. (*going*)

Holly. Stop, Sir, (*holds him, pauſes*) there, Sir, ſhe is out of ſight.

Sweno. Blanche! the ſtandard! ruin, undone--- But you, curſed varlet, I'll murder you!

Holly. Dear Sir, what ſympathy between us---I was that moment thinking of murdering you---ay, good wits jump---(*Sweno ſeizes Hollybuſh, who ſhrieks*)

Enter HUBBA *and* DANISH SOLDIERS.

Hub. Thou caitiff! (*to Sweno, who kneels*)

Holly.

Holly. Oh, "you curſed varlet!" (*draws and flouriſhes his ſword over Sweno's head.*

Hub. Where haſt thou been, miſcreant?---Deſerted!---ran away!

Sweno No, Sir, I only retired.

Hub. To you I owe my defeat---where's your precious charge, the ſacred banner? Speak ſlave---

Sweno. It is---its——

Holly. Flying about the ears of old Bengy.

Hub. Bear him to inſtant death!

Sweno. Don't let a man periſh that eſteems you, noble Hubba——

Hub. Eſteem me!

Sweno. I ſwear I do, as I hope to be ſaved.

Hub. You've given me juſt cauſe---let him die!

Sweno. But more generous, to let me live; and if generoſity is to be admired, you ſhou'd rather applaud me, for giving you an opportunity of ſhewing it. (*Trumpet without*)

Hub. There victorious Haſtings returns triumphant; and I covered with eternal ſhame—

Sweno. Haſtings has conquered without the magic enſign.

Hub. Hang him on the next tree!

Holly. That ſpreads over the river; and if the poor fellow falls in he'll be drowned.

Hub. Away with him.

[*Exeunt Soldiers, hurrying off Sweno—Hubba oppoſite.*

Holly. Wiſe men uſe ſwords, fools have other weapons. (*pointing to his forehead*) [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

HASTINGS's *Tent, in the Daniſh Camp.*

Enter HASTINGS *and* ANLAFF.

Haſt. Stop to breathe, victorious Danes. Now let the Saxon know what the Briton felt, when they rudely diſturbed the tranquility of our happy Iſle. That was a brave and tough Captain who ſtruck me down, but for you Anlaff I had been taken—I ſaw not Euſtace in the field. I am ſorry I've loſt his helmet. I feel ſomewhat fatigued, ſleep may refreſh me. (*harp without*) A minſtrel! call, and let him touch the inſtrument gently. (*ſits on a couch*)

Anl. A miſerable wretched looking old man.

Haſt. Send him hither. [*Exit Anlaff.*

No matter for his playing—he is poor—Kindneſs exerciſed at a venture is moſt likely to promote the ends of benevolence. By looking out for proper objects, we may, from ſelf-intereſted motives, make it the price of pitiful adulation, or the wages of corrupt ſervices. (*reclines as to reſt*)

Enter ALFRED, *diſguiſed as a Minſtrel, cautiouſly.*

Alfred. Well performed, my minſtrel's habit, to bring me ſafe through the Daniſh camp. (*takes out a paper*) I have here made a tolerable plan of their diſpoſition, and the number of their forces. (*looks round*) This tent muſt belong to one of the Daniſh Generals—but which? I know the perſon of Hubba—Haſtings I never ſaw—Ha! there lies the

the owner. It is not Hubba, it muſt be the Briton Haſtings. The Daniſh hope now reſts on him alone. Here were an opportunity, by the opening of a ſingle vein, to reſtore health to England—(*goes over to him*) This the dreaded warrior!—Where the ferocious lineaments that ſpeak the man of blood? If in ſleep the ſoul wanders from the body, by that countenance his muſt be now with angels—or does it hover round to wreſt the uplifted arm of his murderer—(*taking out a dagger drops the paper*) for ſuch I ſtand, to ſlay the helpleſs—Yet his death brings peace to Britain—Hold! here are no odds—I'll wake, fight, and perhaps fairly kill him. But his guards catch the alarm, before I have time, I'm overpowered, and occaſion is loſt for ever—Then for a coward act, to free Albion, and ſtain the name of—— (*going to ſtrike, ſtarts back*) Ha! by Heaven! it is! the generous ſoldier, who ſuffered the rage of burning thirſt, rather then ſee his humble fellow creature periſh! Then England down, ere Alfred props thy fall by baſe ingratitude. (*puts up the dagger, retires playing on his harp---Haſtings wakes*)

Haſt. Where is he? The minſtrel.

Enter ANLAFF *and* SOLDIERS.

The ſweeteſt ſtrain!—My dream was diſturbed, yet methought I was in Heaven. (*Harp heard without, the ſound dies away by degrees*)

Anl. Why, he does indeed play and chaunt moſt excellently.

Haſt. Ha! what's this (*picks up the paper*) a plan of our camp! (*aſide*) who was in my tent while I ſlept?

Anl. None, Sir, but the minſtrel.

Haſt. Where is he? call him—I wou'd wiſh to hear that air again [*Exit Anlaff.* moſt correct (*looking at the paper*) here has been ſome ſtratagem of the enemy.

Re-enter ALFRED, *playing.*

Oh moſt wily harper. (*ſhews the paper*)

Alfred. My plan loſt! by negligence undone—then England feels no loſs in Alfred. (*aſide and agitated*)

Haſt. Honeſt Saxon, ſmall occaſion thus to hazard your life by prowling thro' my camp in the dangerous character of a ſpy; had I known your maſter Alfred's mind, wou'd myſelf have ſent him the model of our plan, and number of our force—But here you take it to him—walk thro' our lines in ſafety, reckon our men, and let Alfred come to-morrow and conquer if he can.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Inſide of GOG'S *Houſe.*

Enter ALBINA.

Alb. So now I'm in the dwelling of my new huſband—I wonder will my Lord follow me; his fix'd inſenſibility compels me to carry my plot beyond my firſt purpoſe. Tho' he thought he had loſt me—his mind to turn again upon his hawks and hounds! But I'll not upbraid him, any expedient

pedient is preferable to domeſtic bickerings—as words once left us, can never be recall'd—it is well to preſerve the priviledge of reproach ſtill in our own power.

Earl B. (*without*) Albina!

Alb. (*looking off*) Sure that is my Lord. Come after me—have I at length, by this innocent whim of running away with Gog, rouz'd him into jealouſy—that is the ſhadow that proves the ſubſtance of love; till one comes, the other may be doubted.

Enter Earl BURRHED.

Earl B. Albina!

Alb. (*not minding him*) Here I ſhall have a poor, but then a loving huſband. Let me trim up my dear little cottage, to chear his return. The furniture is neat, but placed without order or ſymmetry. (*miſplaces the things*)

Earl B. Elope—fly from your home!

Alb. The Earl!—Pray, my Lord, retire. Its not conſiſtent with my reputation, for Gentlemen to come into my houſe in my huſband's abſence.

Earl B. Pho, pho! this trifling is very ſilly.

Alb. Moſt likely, Sir—but now I muſt conform in mind and manners, to my preſent humble ſituation.

Earl B. Madam, I deſire and command——

Alb. Sir, were my huſband at home, you might command whatever the houſe affords.

Earl B. Come, come Albina, I intreat you to give up this ridiculous jeſt, and inſtantly return with me to the caſtle.

Alb. Oh here comes Gog's real wife, to heighten the j ſt. (*aſide*) (*Takes work, ſits and ſings—Earl Burrhea walks up in a rage*)

Enter BERTHA.

Bert. My huſband running after his priſoners and ſtate affairs—the work all neglected—even the ſtocks here that he broke pulling his handſome leg out, not finiſhed mending yet. (*looks round*) Eh! the things ſeem all in confuſion! (*Albina ſings*) What fine Lady is this?

Alb. Any buſineſs here, good woman?

Bert. Ha, ha, ha!—why yes, Madam; every body has ſome buſineſs in their own houſes.

Alb. Then your are at home here?

Bert. I think I am at home.

Alb. Oh, my huſband's ſervant maid, perhaps. (*ſings—ſtill working*)

Enter GOG.

Gog. Plague of my politeneſs—loſe my horſe and my money!

Alb. What, my dear huſband come home.

Gog. My perplexities made me forget I was married to a Lady—Come to my arms, my charming wife. (*to Albina—Bertha runs to him*)

Alb. Well, upon my word, this is pretty decent before one's face!

Gog. Oh, true— I forgot my every day wife —Bertha, it was my Sunday wife I ſpoke to then.

Earl B. Madam, it is my deſire you come inſtantly to Corfe. (*takes her hand*)

Gog. Let go my Sunday-wife, my Lord, or by Heavens, I'm a man that will be highly affronted.

Bert.

Bert. Oh! my poor huſband is certainly mad.

Gog. Hark ye maſter, my Lord Baron, any one can know when to uſe us ill, but its only ourſelves can teach him when to ſtop.—You come making a noiſe here; go to Selwood foreſt, with the reſt of the Nobles, to meet the King, as he ordered you.

Earl. B. Slave!—What uſe for ſuch reptile traſh!—We have caſtles to defend us, Heaven's noble work—but a good deed for the Danes to fire ſuch grubs as you, like vermin, from your neſts

Alb. Even then, Sir, we ſhou'd be rather ſmothered like induſtrious bees, to rob us of our honey.

Gog. Well ſaid, my queen bee. Get thee gone, ſwaggering drone.

Bert. Huſband, are you crazy? Where is our daughter Blanche, that I ſent after you?

Alb. And where is the fool, Hollybuſh, that I ſent after Blanche?

Gog. (*ſtopping his ears*) Dear, dear two womens tongues to one pair of ears. My Lord, you ſeem diſtreſt for a wife—here I have one to ſpare. (*preſents Bertha*)

Bert. (*curtſies*) My Lord, at your Lordſhip's ſervice.

Earl B. (*ſtamps*) Hell and fury! prefer a baſe-born wretch to her wedded Lord!—(*throws himſelf on a ſeat near the ſtocks*)

Enter Boy.

Boy. Oh Maſter here's Blanche come ſafe home on the back of old Bengy!

Gog.

Gog. (*looking out*) My horſe and my daughter! oh joy—but for revenge in kind, to frighten my noble gueſt—(*aſide*) I have it——(*unſeen by Earl Burrhed ſhuts down the upper part of the ſtocks on his leg*) What's that you ſaid, Boy? the Danes ſet fire to my houſe!—undone!—oh terrible!—Come ſweet wives, don't let us be fired like grubs and vermin from our neſts. (*ſee the thatch blazes*)

Earl B. How!—releaſe me, ſirrah! (*ſtruggles*)

Gog. Oh no, ſit ſtill and quiet—we do ſuch few things well, that there is very little time miſpent in doing nothing.—This way dear wives! There ſtay and contemplate on the viciſſitudes of fortune.

[*Exit with Bertha.*

Alb. My huſband! (*runs and kneels to free him*)

The Scene cloſes.

SCENE IV.

A Foreſt.

Enter ODUNE, OSWALD, *and Saxon* SOLDIERS. HOLLYBUSH *walking before them.*

Holly. Come, follow me.

Odu. If this is the place, why is not Euſtace here, as he promiſed to meet us.

Oſw. How think you, Nobles, may not the Royal Alfred now reap in death, the glorious harveſt of his wintry life!

Knight.

Knight. Aye, if the King is dead, what for us but again to ſhrink, like rabbits, into our burrows, afraid to peep upon the light, leſt we be devoured by thoſe Daniſh dogs.

Odu. But friend are you ſure this is Selwood foreſt? (*to Holly.*)

Holly. You know here I met you all, you were all aſtray. You ſaid you'd reward him that wou'd bring you to Selwood foreſt—If you thought you were there already, the honeſt man would loſe his reward.

Oſw. Certainly—we ſhou'd not pay for knowledge we had already.

Holly. No—Then you are ſome miles from that ſame foreſt; ſo follow me, I'm your guide—tho' by the Lord, I am quite aſtray myſelf. (*aſide*)—(*Goes round the trees, and brings them to the ſame place*).

Odu. Were not we in this ſpot but juſt now?

Holly. Very well—I'll pleaſe you if I can—follow me. (*Leads them round, and again to the ſame place*) Ha, ha, ha!

Oſw. Why, you laughing miſcreant, you only bring us round and round!

Holly. Then I'll be ſquare and ſquare with you—How ſhall I get home? (*aſide*) Gentlemen, if you don't like to follow me, I'll follow you—that's all fair.

Odu. You a guide—you're a raſcally rogue.

Holly. You're right, Sir, to put your bad words out of your mouth—for if you ſwallow them, they may poiſon you.

Oſw. We deſerve this for taking a clown for our guide.

Odu.

Odu. An impudent villain, to pretend to what you know nothing about.

Holly. Impudent villain!—if you're in the mind to ſcrutanize, pray, Sir, convert your window into a looking glaſs.

Odu. Ha!

Holly. Lord, Sir, why ſhould you be angry?—Have not I walk'd you about ſo neatly on the graſs? I believe you don't conſider what graſs is—Graſs is man's carpet, the earth's cloak, the lark's houſe, the lamb's couch, the horſe's breakfaſt, and the bees workſhop. Come, give me the money, the honeſt man's reward—Come, I beg, my noble Earl, you'll give me ſomething, if its only a groat.

Odu. It doth not become a noble Earl to give a groat.

Holly. Well then, give me a piece of gold.

Odu. It doth not become a beggar to aſk a piece of gold. (*harp heard without*) A roving minſtrel.

Enter ALFRED, *in his Diſguiſe.*

Holly. Come, prithee play—divert us. (*Alfred plays*)

Oſw. Is this a time to trifle with our griefs? And the radiant ſun of all our hopes, our beloved Alfred, is perhaps ſet for ever.

Holly. Stir your fingers nimbly, a tripping ſtrain, to ſet even our hearts a dancing. (*Alfred plays*)

Odu. (*ſtrikes the harp out of his hand*) Begone! thou trembling dotard—— (*Alfred diſcovers himſelf*) Royal Alfred!—the King——

[*Hollybuſh ſneaks off.*

Alfred,

Alfred. Yes—your King, partner in your misfortunes, sharer in your joys—joys that now shine at distance thro' the gloom, to guide our doubtful steps strait to the cheerful hall of sweet domestic peace.

Enter EUSTACE.

Oh thanks, Eustace, for thus collecting our scattered forces—My sword, my shield, my best counsel, my staunch defender, my friend!

Eust. But, my Liege, what success? Have you obtained a plan of the Danish camp? Saw you Hastings?

Alfred. Yes.—He has withdrawn himself from the barbarian Hubba's riotous crew, who, returned from Pagan rites, are at this moment wallowing in wine—sunk in swinish debauch. Little glory thus by night to steal a victory—but their superior numbers, their treachery, justify the act. We must take them at this.

Eust. Should my father be still amongst the Danes, he falls amidst the general carnage—Shall I acquaint Alfred that I'm Hasting's son?—No—then he doubts my faith. (*aside*)

Alfred. Up with our tents, like serpents, dart and sting the foe. But let us be secret as our purpose—Be it proclaimed, on pain of death, that no lights appear throughout the camp. [*Exit Officer.*

Eust. (*not attending*) Yes, with all truth to Alfred, Heaven and Nature bid me preserve my father. [*Exit.*

Odu. My Lord, Eustace seems strangely agitated——

Alfred. Why I thought he did not take my orders with his wonted alacrity. Odune, do you

immediately prepare——Ha! where got you that helmet?

Odu. My Liege, thö' it is Britiſh, as you ſee, yet 'tis the ſpoils of a very valiant Dane, whoſe ſword, in our laſt engagement, play'd adroitly among our men. He fell on his knee, was reſcued, but loſt this, his creſt in the ſcuffle.

Alfred. A Dane!—this belonged to—(*examines it*) This is the very helmet I preſented Euſtace—when I frankly gave him his choice did he then only ſeem to take my part, the better to aſſiſt my enemy—Impoſſible!—No matter—I'll conceal my ſuſpicions, they may wrong him. (*aſide*) (*Sprightly muſic and ſinging at a diſtance—Alfred lets the helmet fall*) Hark! the Danes in choral joys of ruffian clamour—This awful moment is the criſis of England's freedom—the word is ſilence, darkneſs, caution. [*Exeunt ſoftly.*

Re-enter HOLLYBUSH. (*eating fruit*)

Holly. Now here might I, by preſenting my duty to my Sovereign, in the ſhape of a few blackberries, have received high honors—but be humble, Hollybuſh—Humility is the ſafeſt path, for none will attempt to ſhove you out of it. Honor is walking on the top of a wall, from which you may tumble—It gets dark—I muſt not loſe ſight of them.—Iſn't that my friend Gog the carpenter yonder? (*ſtumbles over the helmet*)—Eh! a fine helmet—was the owner under it, thus wou'd I put foot to head. (*treads on it*) Here now ſome great warrior's creſt-fallen. Sure I may for once wear a general's cap, as many

a general wears the fool's cap. (*puts it on*) Now am I arm'd cap-a-pee—Hem!—(*ſtruts—drum without—he ſhrinks terrified*) [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Engliſh Camp—Night.

EUSTACE *in Tent——writing.*

Enter ALFRED *wrapt in a Cloak, and* ODUNE.

Alfred. (*In an under tone*) Has the proclamation been made, that whoever brings in the Reafen, the Daniſh magic banner, ſhall be rewarded to his own wiſh, and our power?

Odu. It has my liege.

Alfred. Whilſt the Danes poſſeſs that, their enthuſiaſtic ardor baffles all efforts to ſubdue them—but the time approaches for our momentous enterprize—I'll continue my walk thro' the tents, and ſee myſelf how we are prepared—All darkneſs hitherto. (*walks*)

Odu. A light in yon tent!

Alfred. My orders diſobeyed! who can the traitor be? (*advances*)—Euſtace!

Odu. 'Tis my Lord (*Alfred beckons Odune, who goes off cautiouſly*)

Euſt. With whom ſhould I entruſt this letter to my father, now I've written it. (*aſide*) (*reads*) —"Keep your purpoſe—to night join not the "Daniſh carouſal—let Haſtings take this warning

" from one, who, whatever be the event of bat-
" tle,"———

Alfred. Dies this hour—(*haſtily takes the letter, Euſtace riſes*)—Ho, there! (*calls*)

Re-enter ODUNE *and* GUARDS.

This puts the circumſtance of the helmet beyond all doubt—Euſtace! the hope of my adoption—Child of my heart! (*turns, and conceals his face*) his holding a ſecret correſpondence with my enemy—is a crime ſo black it ſhall not ſtain his memory—Diſobedience only be the pretext (*aſide*) look (*points to the tent*) 'twas proclaim'd through the camp, that whoever had a light ſhou'd ſuffer inſtant death—ſtrike the tents, begin our march—but let him die within the hour. [*Exit.*

Euſt. So firm! where duty of office obliges one man to inflict puniſhment upon another, the occaſion inſtead of hardening the judge to ſeverity ſhould melt him into ſorrow. Diſcloſing the truth to any other might ſave me, but juſtice is Alfred's only counſellor. Odune cannot you for a few hours ſuſpend my doom?

Odu. You heard the King. (*looks out*)—Our army is already in motion, and that ſwift too—let him be guarded cloſe, till the morning determines if even Alfred lives to ſee the execution of his ſentence. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter HOLLYBUSH *and a* PEASANT, *with a Light.*

Peaſ. Aye, let's follow our men.

Holly. Yes, for a little plunder, when the Danes are

are dead, they'll not want money, but we do, becauſe we are alive.

Peaſ. Lord Euſtace going to be executed, I wonder for what.

Holly. I'll tell you, hold your light man for the poor ſoldiers to ſee their way thro' the briars—Lord Euſtace's only crime was—he was ſeen, and by the King himſelf, he was guilty of—don't hold your torch ſo near me.

Peaſ. Well, there.

Holly. His crime was—having a lighted candle in the camp.

Peaſ. Are we not now in the camp, eh, Hollybuſh?

Holly. In the middle of it.

Peaſ. My good friend hold that flambeaux in your hand whilſt I garter my ſtocking.

Holly. I think my ſtocking too is about my heel. (*Peaſant puts out the light*)—What the devil, what a ſelfiſh thing to leave a body in the dark among pegs and tent-ropes; but we have brilliant glow-worms, and the pure flame of our own clear conſciences, an honeſt man may ſee his way if it was as dark as the devil's pocket (*knocks againſt a tree*)—A tree's but a wooden judge of honeſty (*ſhouts without*) thoſe are Engliſh roarings, we're victorious; huzza! huzza!

Peaſ. Come warrior Hollybuſh, with your ſwords and pikes let's join the battle. [*Exit groping.*

Holly. Pikes! Danes and Saxons are the belligerent powers. I am the arm'd neutrality.

[*Exit at the oppoſite ſide.*

SCENE

SCENE VI: *and laſt.*

Wareham—Dawn of Morning.

Shouts, and Martial Muſic without.

Enter ALFRED *in triumph; Trophies, Banners, Spoils,* &c.

Alfred. Joy, my countrymen! victory is ours! the tempeſtuous flame that, in its raging courſe, ſwept deſtruction to the palace and the cottage is at laſt extinguiſhed: yet, whilſt the heart rejoices in the glorious event of battle, let us lament that white-robed peace cou'd only be led to us but by the blood-ſtained hand of war; the ſoul of many a Dane hath this night thro' the wide portals opened by our ſwords fled to its great maſter—from him may they find mercy.

Enter GOG.

Gog. Sacred Sir, by my approaching grandeur you'll never win another victory, becauſe—you will have nobody to fight with. Come Blanche, flouriſh your conjuring flag about in a magnificent manner.

Enter BLANCHE *with the Standard.*

—Shower honors on your father; already I have the Lady Albina's heart as to being a comely man; but when I've dignity!—Child make me a Baron—

no,

no, I'll begin with Knighthood—I'll be Sir Gog Magog.

Alfred. (*examining the ſtandard*) It is the magic banner, on which the Danes reſted all their hopes of conqueſt, the poſſeſſion of this deluſion is, indeed, the very ſummit of England's happineſs.

Gog. Out with your royal blade, Sire, and dub me. (*kneels*)—(*Dead March without*)

Knight. Euſtace on his way to death.

Enter EUSTACE (*led to Execution*)

Bla. Sir, it was by your order proclaim'd, that whoever took this ſtandard from the Dane ſhou'd, if in your power to give, have what he aſked.

Alfred. Demand, and it ſhall be granted.

Gog. Stand out of the way, will you, let his highneſs have room to draw his ſword with a noble flouriſh over my head.

Bla. Royal Sir——

Gog. Well ſaid, child.

Bla. The reward I require is that you'll grant life to Euſtace.

Gog. What's that you huſſey—mind all of you, I don't care what ſhe ſays, by the Lord I won't riſe till I'm dub'd.

Alfred. (*to Euſtace*) Take your life, but be aſſured not from the heart of Alfred.

Euſt. Perhaps the King knows not yet that my fault proceeded from an attempt to preſerve my father's life?

Alfred. Father!

Euſt.

Euſt. Left in the heat of battle a ſon ſhou'd fall by his hand, or I become a paracide—to know and avoid each other we exchang'd helmets——

Alfred. Indeed! then it muſt be this father he ſpeaks of that Odune engag'd—(*aſide*) but who is your parent?—where—how diſcover'd?—Came he to England in the train of Haſtings?

Euſt. My Lord, to Haſtings himſelf I owe my being.

Alfred. And have I condemn'd a ſon to death for endeavouring to ſave his parent! and he, the generous chieftain whoſe ſelf-denial recal'd my fleeting ſpirits—this my gratitude too to Euſtace for his attachment to me contrary to the original ties of nature? Take comfort boy, your parent, as he propos'd did not join the Danes, by my care he lives—Again, my friend (*takes his hand*) without a partial breach of the laws, your miraculous eſcape from death has awakened in me, the godlike privilege of genuine legiſlation. A man's life is too ſacred to depend upon the capricious breath of an individual (*pauſes*)—Alfred decrees, that henceforth none ſhall be deemed guilty till convicted by twelve of his peers; and from this happy moment let poſterity date the glorious bleſſings of an Engliſh Jury (*all kneel—Grand Flouriſh*)

All. Long live Alfred, the father of his people!

Enter HOLLYBUSH, SWENO, *and* BERTHA, *hand in hand.*

Holly. Now ſtep forward, and open your affair to the King.

Sweno.

Sweno. I will, but I'm rather awed— (*apart*) Sir— (*advancing timorouſly*)

Holly. (*apart*) What, are you afraid to go near him? Why he's only a man—Gads-bobs, do you take him for an elephant?

Bert. Sire, my huſband Gog is dead——

Gog. Eh! am I——

Bert. To me—He has left me a comfortable houſe and farm, but now a lonely widow, I have choſen a help-mate. (*pointing to Sweno*) But as the man is a Dane, I muſt beg your ſacred leave to marry him.

Sweno. Sir, our hot-headed General, Hubba, ordered me to be hanged in the cool of the evening, this good widow-woman had me cut down; ſo, out of gratitude, I take herſelf and all her chattles.

Gog. (*ſtarting up*) I forbid the banns.

Bert. Gog alive!—Lord! in this world one is ſure of nothing.

Gog. Ah, I ſee Bertha has been—— (*makes ſigns of drinking*) This comes of ſhutting yourſelf up in the cloſet.

Holly. Friend Gog—a woman that retires to tipple in ſecret, has an aſſignation with the devil.

Gog. So you're there again, fellow—marry my every day wife, you villain. I ſaw you hanging up, wou'd have cut you down—but as the tree was at the edge of the river, I didn't know but you might have fallen in, and hung yourſelf up to dry—fellow.

Alfred. I heard of this pleaſant ſtratagem of the Lady Albina, to recal the affections of her careleſs Lord——

Holly. That pleaſant ſtratagem was mine, Sir, it has melted the ſnow of neglect into tears of remorſe. He promiſes that my Lady ſhall no more be rival'd by a hawk; and ſhe engages never to quit her jay's neſt for the rooſt of an owl.

Gog. So I'm a man that's an owl—my Sunday wife ſay that!—Well then, here I give my chick to you young Chanticleer. But mind, you muſt cut me ſome more red cabbages. (*Giving Blanche to Euſtace*)

Bla. Ah, Euſtace! much you wrong'd me.—When I thought you but a ſimple peaſant I was yours; and even till death ſtill your faithful Blanche.

Alfred. Euſtace, you ſhall have a wedding-cake, and I promiſe dame Bertha to give a better watch towards the baking it.

Bert. Why the gracious! (*looking at him*) Oh, Gog! let's run for our lives; it was the King himſelf I ſet to turn the cake.

Enter Earl BURRHED *and* ALBINA.

Earl B. My Liege, congratulate me on my new created title to the affections of my Albina.

Alb. The joy is mine, in regaining what I fear'd I had loſt for ever.

Earl B. Oh! you're there— (*ſeeing Gog*) Dread Sire, juſtice on this ſlave—

Gog. What the devil's ſort of noiſe you make. Hadn't you juſtice——didn't I put you in the ſtocks!

Holly. Yes, Sir—this honeſt carpenter wanted a job, ſo became a ſtock-jobber.

Earl B. I ſay, you miſcreant—— (*to Gog*)

Euſt. Peace, peace, my Lord.

Gog.

Gog. Aye, hold your tongue.—I'm a juſtice, and have a right to do what I pleaſe. I built a gibbet once for your amuſement, my tender-hearted Baron, juſt before your caſtle—employ me to cut it down; I'll take the timber off your hands, and make a rare pair of ſtocks, for you and your falconer to ſit together, to ſee which way the wind blows.

Alfred. Euſtace—we'll have your wedding ſolemnized here at Wareham; by diſuſing thoſe comforts we enjoy ourſelves, the wiſhes of a happy people ſhall be ratified by the Heavenly Diſpoſer of all earthly bleſſings. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

THE

FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1787.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Valentine, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Fairly, ... Mr. BOOTH.
Total, ... Mr. FEARON.
Farmer Blackberry, ... Mr. DARLEY.
Jemmy Jumps, ... Mr. EDWIN.
Counſellor Flummery, ... Mr ROCK.
Rundy, ... Mr. BLANCHARD.
Farmer Stubble, ... Mr. THOMPSON.
Landlord, ... Mr. LEDGER.

Louiſa, ... Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Betty Blackberry, ... Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Molly Maybuſh, ... Mrs. MARTYR.
Landlady, ... Miſs PLAIT.

WAITERS, TRADESMEN, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, *Kent and London.*

THE

FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Rural Proſpect—VALENTINE's *Houſe at a Diſtance.*

Enter FAIRLY *and* TOTAL.

FAIRLY.

YOUR maſter's a raſcal!—unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him at Canada, and here ſtepping into all the vices of London. A ſingle Gentleman, forſooth! Deny his marriage!—but I'll ſtrip him of his new got wealth.

Total. Huſh! that's likely to happen without your help. You know that old humouriſt his uncle, Colonel Dormont, wiſhing to avoid the buſtle and etiquette of rank, gave my maſter here the enjoyment of his fortune; but of which hearing he makes ſo ill a uſe, he has abſolutely advertis'd

in the news papers, to find if he has not ſome other relations living to transfer it to.

Fair. Then he has another relation, hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me now into Kent.

Total. What's his name?

Fair. I won't tell.

Total. Me you may! I'm Captain Valentine's ſteward to be ſure; but I was placed here by his uncle merely as a guard over him; and harkee, Mr. Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being ſo long abroad, hasn't ſeen him ſince the height of a pen caſe; I told him tho' of his deſerting your daughter, and all his profligate exploits! He's ſo much incens'd that—here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my maſter to reſign every ſhilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening to march out of his houſe yonder, and for the firſt time appear before him on the Parade, St. James's Park, to-morrow morning.

Fair. (*with joy*) Then he's ruin'd! ha, ha, ha! good Captain Valentine! Isn't that he, (*looking out*) cajoling ſome ſimple country girl? And his wife—my poor child, Louiſa!—Oh! how I ſhould like to break his bones; but no ſword or piſtol work for me; no, I'll find the honeſt farmer that's to ſuperſede him: I'll teach a Captain to wrong a Lawyer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* BETTY BLACKBERRY.

AIR.—VALENTINE.

Charming village maid!
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine.

If

If not ſhar'd with thee,
E'en nature's beauties fade,
Sweeteſt do but love me,
Charming village maid!

Had I yon ſhepherd's care,
Yon lambs to feed and fold,
The dog ſtar heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold;
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
At harrow, flail or ſpade
Sweeteſt do but love me,
Charming village maid!

This morn at early dawn
I had a hedge roſe wild,
(Its ſweats perfum'd the lawn,
'Twas ſportive nature's child,)
My lovely fair for thee,
Tranſplanted from the glade,
Sweeteſt do but love me,
Charming village maid!

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY (*with a Milking Pail*)

Farmer B. Where is this daughter of mine? Ah! hey!

Betty. I vow, your honor, all theſe fine things ſhou'd make me vaſtly conceited.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! he won't have much trouble to do that. (*aſide*)

Val. My adorable angel.

Farmer B. I've heard ſay Fairies are good at it, but now I'll ſee an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La! father, talk of a cow to a gentleman!

Farmer B. Yes, and I'll keep my heifer from a gentleman. (*Gives her the pail, and puts her off*)

Val. Stop farmer! Yes, I'll propoſe—he dare not refuſe his landlord, (*aſide*). Blackberry, I ſhall

deal with you fair and open: your daughter Betty pleaſes me; name any ſettlement, or I'll ſign a Carte Blanche. You know the world, and I dare ſay underſtand me.

Farmer B. Why, yes, Sir, I think I do underſtand you.

Val. I'm inclin'd to be your friend—I've company waiting at home, ſo your anſwer will oblige.

Farmer B. Pray, Sir, did you ever feel the weight of an Engliſh cudgel?

Val. A what!

Farmer B. Only a twig of oak like this, laid on with an old tough arm, pretty ſtrong from labour, and a heart ſtung by honeſt reſentment.

Val. Why, fellow! I fancy you forget who you're talking to.

Farmer B. Sir, you may yet be a parent, then you'll be capable of a father's feelings, at the cruel offer to make him a party in the proſtitution of his child.

AIR.—Farmer Blackberry.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'erſhadows yon mill,
The fond Ivy had dar'd to entwine
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill
Or a rook built her neſt, in the pine,

Cou'd I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my fore fathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honor's eſtate,
Is the ſame that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his ſon a good name,
Which unſullied deſcended to me;
For my child I've preſerv'd it, unblemiſh'd with ſhame,
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall go free.

[*Exit Val.*

Val. Cudgel! A reptile ſting! A weed dare to raiſe its inſolent head, and wag defiance in my face.

Total. (*advancing*) My good Sir, hear your poor ſteward: inſtead of ill-will to the farmer, as a gentleman you ſhould cheriſh his ſpirit of a yeoman.

Val. I hadn't a thought clowns had any feeling.

Total. Clown!—he's a man and a father. For the affront you offered, your honor wou'dn't at all ſuffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology! Dem'd impertinent this! (*aſide*) Total, will you take it?

Total. That I will, Sir, and as an atonement, I ſuppoſe preſent him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day.

Val. A pretty propoſal! but, ha! ha! ha! fit my buſy ſteward (*aſide*). Come, I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll encloſe it, and you ſhall take it to him immediately—but his daughter, my bonny Bet!—Total, can you blame me?

AIR.—VALENTINE.

No more I'll court the town bred fair,
Who ſhine in artificial beauty;
Her native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, reſpect and duty.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, ſweet bloſſom!
Were I a king, ſo proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's boſom.

Yet aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and ſimple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods! one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely woman!
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, deareſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleaſure dancing;
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul,
With rapture every ſenſe entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Farmer BLACKBERRY'S *Houſe.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY *and* BETTY.

Farmer B. There, ſtay within doors, ſince you can't walk out without having Gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! Father, the Gentlemen are ſo tempting, ha! ha! ha!

Farmer B. I command you not to let him ſpeak to you.

Betty. If a Gentleman's going to ſpeak, wou'dn't it not be very rude in me to ſtop his mouth.

Farmer B. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly ſhall, if he's on horſe-back.

Farmer B. Huſſy! cou'dn't you turn and walk from him?

Betty. So I did, and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field, 'till we came to the oppoſite ſide, there we met face to face you know, and then; ha, ha, ha! oh precious!

AIR.

AIR.—BETTY.

To hear a ſweet goldfinch's ſonnet,
This morning I put on my bonnet,
But ſcarce in the meadow, pies on it!
When the captain appear'd in my view.
I felt an odd ſort of ſenſation,
My heart beat a ſtrange palpitation,
I bluſh'd like a pink or carnation,
When, ſays he, "My dear, how do you do?"

The dickins thinks I here has pop'd him,
I thought to ſlip by but I pop'd him,
So my very beſt curt'ſy I dropt him;
With an air then he took off his hat,
He ſeem'd with my perſon enchanted,
He ſqueez'd my hand, how my heart panted,
He ask'd for a kiſs, and I granted,
And pray now what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
He ſwore a fine Lady he'd make me,
"No, dem him, he'd never forſake me."
And then on his knee he flop'd down.
His handkerchief, la! ſmelt ſo ſweetly,
His white teeth he ſhew'd ſo completely,
He manag'd the matter ſo neatly,
I ne'er can be kiſs'd by a clown.

Enter Farmer STUBBLE.

Stubble. Hey! Betty! my ſtep-ſon your ſweetheart Jemmy's without.

Farmer B. What Jemmy Jumps! ecod now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London made him very like a Gentleman?

Stubble. Was'nt it for that, merely to pleaſe you, that I ſent him there? (*Jemmy ſings without*)

Farmer B. Here he comes, gay as a lark, fine as a butter-fly, and merry as a cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London beau!

Enter

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, *dreſs'd in the extravagance of Faſhion.*

Jemmy. Gemmen I'm yours! Mem I'm your moſt, Dad (*apart to Stubble*) hope you did'nt tell them you had me 'prentice to a ſtay-maker in London.

Betty Lud! he looks quite rakiſh. (*admiring him*)

Jemmy. Betty Blackberry, my dear, I kiſs your hand.

Farmer B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your dear muſt ſtretch a long arm.

Betty. Why that was only compliment, what they ſay in London.

Farmer B. Oh, then, in London ſaying and doing are two things.

Stubble. But, Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ah! (*looking at Farmer B. through a flat eye glaſs*)

Farm. B. Oh! ho! (*takes out a large key, and looks at Jemmy*)

Betty. Oh, Jemmy, you can tell us all the new faſhions in town!

Farmer B. Ah, what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farmer B. How are oats?

Jemmy. Aſk my ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear-quay? I'm a Gentleman of—ha, ha, ha! —Canaile!

Betty. Indeed, Father, you aſk ſuch uncouth queſtions. Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a Gentleman?

Jemmy. My ſhare in a Pharaoh bank, my boots to fling over the benches in the play-houſes; a glaſs

glaſs to ſquint at a face not ſix inches from nſine; my nag to kick up a duſt in Rotten row; ſhort waiſtcoat, long breeches, two watches, twenty-inch cane, umbrella hat, chin beau-daſh, and ſhoe ſtring.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR.—JEMMY JUMPS.

Look, dear Ma'am I'm quite the thing,
Natibus hey, tipity ho,
In my ſhoe I wear a ſtring,
Tied in a black bow ſo;
Cards and dice I've monſtrous luck,
I'm no drake ye keep a duck.
Tho' not married I'm a buck.
Lantherum ſwaſh qui vi.

I've a purſe well ſtocked with—braſs,
Chinkity hey. tinkity ho;
I've good eyes, yet cock my glaſs,
Stare about, ſquintum ho;
In two boots I boldly walk,
Piſtol, ſword, I never baulk,
Meet my man and bravely—talk,
Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes I mount a ſmart cockade,
Puppydum hey, ſtruttledom ho,
From Hyde Park to the Parade,
Cockymacary kee,
As I paſs a centry box,
Soldiers reſt their bright firelocks,
Each about his muſquet knocks,
Rattledum ſlap to me.

In the Mall Ma'am gives her card,
Caſhady me, kiſſady ſhe,
Sit before the ſtable yard,
Leggorum, lounge a row;
Pretty things I ſoftly ſay,
When I'm aſk'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, ſays I, and walk—away.
Pennybus, tartum ho!

Rotten

Rotten Row my Sunday ride,
Trottledum hey, tumble off O!
Poney eighteen-pence a-ſide
Windgall, glanderum ho!
Cricket I fam'd Lumpey Nick,
Dadles ſmouch Mendoza lick,
Up to all I'm juſt the kick
Allemande caperum toe.

Betty. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakiſh! (*enraptured*)

Stubble. Then, Jemmy, I warrant on your going to London you ſoon got up ſtairs into Gentlemen's company.

Farmer B. Ay, and I warrant you he ſoon got down ſtairs out of Gentlemen's company, hà, ha, ha! (*making a motion with his foot*).

Jemmy. Sir, I belong'd to a coterie.

Betty. La! what's a coterie.

Jemmy. Ma'am, it's a club, a thing we eſtabliſh'd—fitted up a houſe in ſtile—ſelect—to be by ourſelves for the purpoſe of play.

Farmer B. Oh, then there was a gang of you?

Jemmy. Gang! What, do ye call ——? Party? —Men of faſhion—deep play—Egad the rouleaus flew about like ſhuttle-cocks.

Betty. And what's a rouleau?

Jemmy. A parcel of—ſhillings—neatly rolled up like—a—

Farmer B. Ay, like a pennyworth of tobacco, I ſuppoſe!

Jemmy. Tobacco! 'gad, Sir, you ſuppoſe the ſtrangeſt—what—eh?

Stubble. And, Jemmy, who was of your party?

Jemmy. I and Sir Bruin Vickery, Marquis Delpini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy

Jemmy. (*aparte to Stubble*) Muſt bounce a little; Betty's ſo upiſh—likely wou'dn't have me elſe.

Farmer B. Right neighbour, we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then ſhe'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. (*aſide*) (*Pipe and tabor without*)—True, we have won our cricket-match to-day, the lads and laſſes are all in ſuch high glee, ſo your wedding ſhall add to the joy of the day, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Jemmy Jumps.*

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Molly. Jemmy, you ſhan't marry Betty Blackberry, you know afore you went up to London, you was book-ſworn to me.

Jemmy. I went a clown, and I'm come home a Gemman.

Molly. I'm ſure all the difference I ſee is, that going you had brown hair, a round face, and an honeſt heart; and you've come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill-natur'd ſoul.

Jemmy. As to the head and face—and head—I'm juſt the—tippy; and as to ſoul—that is with us, Gents. like our honor, a thing we know nothing about, only to ſwear by; as "'pon my ſoul," "Sir"—"'pon my honor, Mem,"—juſt as you country folks ſay, "odſbodikins," "gadzookens," and "by the living gingo."

Molly. For ſartin my father can't leave me quite ſo well as Betty, we han't ſo much corn in our granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

Jemmy. Piping for me, Molly, is——I'm not come-at-able.

Molly. But your promiſe——

Jemmy. Keep a promiſe! What do you take me for?

Molly. Did I think you ever cou'd forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember, as you were ſtepping on the coach roof, as I ſtood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and 'tother juſt on the boot; your right hand you ſtretch'd to the coachman, and your left as I held in mine, waſhing it with my tears, the poſtman at that moment ſounding his horn:—Gee! up! ſays the coachman, and I ſoon loſt ſight of my Jemmy.

Jemmy. I proteſt I've ſuch an abſence of mind —that—

Molly. You muſt remember your promiſe to marry me—you can't forget the horn.

Jemmy. Horn?—A damn'd odd marriage memorandum you've hit upon, Molly.

[*Exit.*

Molly. Oh Jemmy!

AIR.—MOLLY MAYBUSH.

My daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine he ſpar'd no pelf,
And ſcrape up money all he cou'd,
He'd give it to my bonny ſelf.

My handſome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, ſo gay to ſee,
Tho' ſigh'd for by each maid and dame;
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe Johnny, O, upon his mare,
Adown the dell his horn rang ſweet,
To me preſented puſs, the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran ſo fleet.

Tho' Ned a noſegay for my breaſt
Had brought no flower more ſweet than he;
And warbling Will a linnet's neſt,
Nor flowers nor birds were dear to me.

So

So, ſoftly, O, to yonder grove,
The moon ſo kind the while did blink,
I ſtole to meet my own true love,
Yet on falſe love I fell to think.

The ruſtling leaves encreaſe my fears,
A footſtep falls! who can it be?
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Green before Farmer BLACKBERRY's *Houſe.—Muſic without.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY *and* JEMMY JUMPS.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! featly done! Jemmy, why don't you take a dance!

Jemmy. Me ſport a toe among ſuch clodhoppers! Ah! ha! dance away my Veſtris and Vetchelli's!

Farmer B. Well, my boy, you ſhall have Betty; then no fear of our Squire (*aſide*)—Hey! what can his ſteward want! (*looking out*)

Enter TOTAL.

Total. My maſter is now ſorry, Farmer, for the affront he offered you, and requeſts you'll accept here encloſed a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Jemmy. Something towards Betty's portion—(*aſide*)

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy. Why, Lord, Farmer, the Squires men are got driving your cattle away, and they ſay it's for your rent.

Total. What!

Farmer B. On quarter-day—this his receipt!

Total. On! ſome miſtake of that ſcoundrel the bailiff!

Enter BAILIFF.

Harding, what do you mean by this outrage?

Bail. To obey Maſter's orders.

Total. Orders! Farmer, open that—or here, you young fellow (*to Jemmy*) read aloud that paper, if your ſcholarſhip reaches ſo far. (*Gives the letter exultingly*).

Jemmy. Scholarſhip! (*Conceitedly. Opens, and reads*)

"For golden grain I bring you chaff,
"So neighbours at the bearer laugh!"

Ha, ha, ha! (*looking at Total*) how d'ye like my ſcholarſhip? (*reads*)

"If this for quarter's rent won't paſs,
"Why then the reader is—

Rundy. (*Who had been looking over him, reads*) "An Aſs"—ha, ha, ha! (*looking at Jemmy*)

Farmer B. Does he make a jeſt of his cruelty?

Tot. And me the tool—be aſſured, Farmer, his uncle will do you juſtice; the Captain won't be long a landlord. (*walks up*)

Enter BETTY BLACKBERRY.

Betty. Oh, Father! Where's Jemmy?

Farmer B. Jemmy, I muſt borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay down with Betty.

Jemmy. Borrow! eh! 'odſo!—it happens ſo unlucky, but I now remember I promiſed to marry Molly Maybuſh, and dinner's ready. (*Exit ſinging.*

Betty. There now, if Jemmy han't gone from me!

Farmer

Farmer B. And a good riddance of ſuch a ſordid raſcal: but there's your London gentleman.

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Ay, this ſhou'd be the houſe, and you the maſter: let's ſee my inſtructions, (*peruſes a paper*) Blackberry, Mother's name—yes—I hope here my ſearch is at an end, your name is Blackberry, your mother was niece to Edward Timbertop, Eſq.

Betty. Yes, Sir, we have had 'Squires in our family. (*curtſies*)

Farmer B. Ay, but I never knew any good on't, but to make you conceited,

Fair. I have authority to inform you, that by this deſcent, you're likely ſoon to be maſter of thoſe very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthleſs landlord.

Total. Eh, what, Mr. Fairly, is this true, Farmer, are you really related to Colonel Dormont?

Farmer B. Why I did hear of ſome relation that made a huge fortune in America by army contracts, or ſo, but I know nought about'n.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the colonel, and hear what he intends, you muſt go to London; ay, and appear in ſplendour as his adopted heir; I'll have ſuch a triumphant revenge on that puppy your maſter, for his uſage to my poor Louiſa. (*To Total.*)

Total. But had we not better firſt apprize the colonel?

Fair. What d'ye talk, I'm a perſon of property, and if he diſapproves of what I've done, let my pocket anſwer.

Total.

Total. Well, ſince you're reſolved, I'll inſtantly deliver to my maſter the Colonel's letter of diſmiſſion—take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake to get the Farmer and his family to town, I transfer to them my duty of ſteward, and ſhall be there in time to have lodgings prepared for their reception.

Fair. My good fellow.

Farmer B. I live in town 'mongſt ſmoak, noiſe, and back-bitings! no, no, no.

Fair. And inſtead of Blackberry, you muſt take the name of Timbertop.

Total. But, Farmer, why didn't you acquaint the colonel with your diſtreſs?

Farmer B. Diſtreſs I never knew before to day; ſo I never thought of b'uſhing up a grand relationſhip for ſake of a dinner or ſo, while here I could enjoy my homely meal with the ſweet ſauce of independence; but come in and take a bit of mutton over a glaſs of my home-brew'd we'll hear this ſtory, and before I turn a gentleman, you ſhall ſee what a jolly fellow is an Engliſh farmer.

AIR.—FARMER.

Let Lords invite the courtly gueſt,
And powder'd lacqueys wait;
Where friendſhip ſeldom crowns the feaſt,
I ſcorn to aſk a man to dine,
I cannot pledge in honeſt wine,
Or flatter where I hate.

No gold, or marble, deck my room,
But ſolid Engliſh oak;
And ſolid fare, with me ſtep home:
A pair of fowls, or may be three;
A chine and turkey, you may ſee
Perhaps a ſirloin ſmoak.

Tho'

Tho' plenty greets you at my board,
An hearty welcome too;
And if you'll take a farmer's word,
To every jovial honeſt gueſt,
The honeſt farmer gives his beſt,
Without a venal view.

[*Exeunt, manent Betty.*

Betty. To London!—yes—inſtead of Betty Blackberry, I ſhall be Miſs Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. (*aſide*) Old Blackberry fall'n into this houſe! and great fortune! Oh, I muſt tack about.

Betty. Yes, we ſhall have a coach.

Jemmy. A coach! (*aſide*)

Betty. Precious! I ſhall be ſo taſty this ſummer; round my neck I'll have a charming thick barcelona handkerchief, with a beautiful double gauze one over it; a marſella quilted petticoat, ſtout and white as a counterpane; over that a rich paduaſoy gown that ſhall ſtand an end; and over that again, my choice long ſattin cardinal, furr'd with cat's ſkin.

Jemmy. (*Aſide*) A cool ſummer's dreſs!

Betty. In my calimanco ſhoes, I'll have ſuch a thumping pair of ſilver buckles, and in my pink hat, a bunch of cherry-colour'd ribbon!

Jemmy. Ha! my Betty.—I'm come to wiſh you joy!

Betty. Joy! oh, the bellman!

Jemmy. Bellman! my dear, your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps! now what is this perſon talking about?

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! may I preſume to beg—

Betty.

Betty. Beg! I havn't got no ſmall change.

[*Exit ſtately and affected.*

Jemmy. (*Whiſtles*) Beg!—ſmall change! take me for a beggarman! Yes, I muſt tack about again—Molly Maybuſh—ſhe's a hundred pounder—that, and a little credit at Mancheſter, open a ſmart ſhop—Yes, get to town, and buckle to buſineſs—Eh, here's Molly, how rejoiced ſhe'll be at my coming back to her.

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH *and* RUNDY.

Rundy. And, Molly, ben't you aſham'd to leave ſuch a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now ſee Jemmy courted me all along only for the lucre of gain: Yonder he is, let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to ſee him.

AIR.—MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Send him to me,
Let him woo me,
Softly breathe each tender Vow:
Why forſake me,
Come and take me,
Take me in the humour now.

In my cheeks full roſes blowing,
Wiſhes twinkle in my eyes;
Oh, what joy when joy beſtowing,
Yet my careleſs Lover flies.

Girls don't hear him,
Mock him, jeer him;
He'll deceive you,
Kiſs and leave you.
Send him to me, &c.

Jemmy. Your moſt devoted, lovely Molly. (*bows*) Rundy what brings you here? (*fiercely*)

Rundy. To ſee a little fun, Sir.

Jemmy.

Jemmy. Fun!

Molly. Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha! (*they ſtand each ſide of him*)

Jemmy. Molly, I left you crying. Methinks I find you wond'rous friſky.

Molly. Yes, Sir. (*curtſies*)

Rundy. Yes, Sir. (*bows*)

Jemmy. Amazing civil!

Molly. Rundy, ſure this is a gentleman!

Rundy. Is it, indeed!

Molly. Oh, yes, for his ſoul is only a thing to ſwear by, as, "'Pon my ſoul, Sir! 'Pon my honor, Mem!" juſt as us country folks might ſay "Odſbodikins! and by the living gingo!" Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. (*diſconcerted*) Ha, ha, ha! again, if that's what you're both for; indeed Molly, as ſecond thoughts are beſt, I'll return to my firſt deſign and have you.

Molly. No, Sir; ſure you wou'dn't be ſo good? (*ironically*)

Jemmy. Do you think I'd break my engagement! Molly, I claim your promiſe.

Molly. "I keep a promiſe! what d'ye take me for"?

Rundy. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engaged me to Rundy here, ſo, "I am not comeatable." There—(*gives Rundy her hand*) and thus let every girl ſerve the fortune-hunting chap that courts the heart, while his eye is on her pocket.

Jemmy. Have I figur'd in London for this? the tulip of Kenſington Gardens to be ouſted by a cabbage-ſtalk! Oh, ye gods and goddeſſes, tags, laces, whalebone, buſks and bodices.

TRIO.—JEMMY, MOLLY, RUNDY.

JEMMY.

Dear madam, how you clack away,
King George's Engliſh hack away:
Go preſs your cheeſe,
And feed your geeſe,
Tuck up your duds, and pack away.

MOLLY.

Go hop my pretty Pet along;

RUNDY.

And down the Dance lead Bet along;

MOLLY.

But Rundy's ſtick,

RUNDY.

Your back ſhall lick,

MOLLY.

You ſaucy monkey, get along.

JEMMY.

Ma chere Ami tout autre choſe,
Tho' gentleman, of bully knows,
Lord, nothing yet,
Before my Bet,
I'd kick a Shin or pull a noſe.

MOLLY.

Your love is incompatible,
Since I am not come-at-able;

RUNDY.

For dance we're ripe,
D'ye hear the pipe,
And tabor how rattattable,

JEMMY.

JEMMY.

Dans votre lit, ſweet Moll adieu,

RUNDY.

And if ſo be what's that to you;

JEMMY.

If e'er we meet
In London Street
I'll honor you with how d'ye do.

RUNDY.

A fig for you and your how d'ye do.

MOLLY.

That for you and your how d'ye do.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

LOUISA's *Loagings in London.*

Enter TOTAL *and* LANDLADY.

TOTAL.

THE apartments, Ma'am, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well, Sir, the Lady here moves to-day to her own houſe in Kent;—Will you pleaſe to ſee the other rooms, Sir.

Total. Ma'am. [*Exit, following Landlady.*

Enter LOUISA.

AIR.—LOUISA.

Winds, ſoftly tell my love
You have bro.ght home his dove,
Say poor Louiſa flies to her mate;
Smooth was the ocean,
And ſwift was our motion,
He was my haven, and abſence my fate.

Yet

Yet the lambs ſtraying,
Thro' the meads playing,
Cropping wild flow'rs on the precipice' brink;
Joys ſurrounding,
Sporting, bounding,
Nor on fond Phillis the Wanton will think.
Wind, ſofty tell, &c.

Total. (*Without*) They'll do exceeding well, Ma'am; but—(*enters*)
I muſt apologize to this lady for my intruſion before ſhe had given up her apartments. (*bows*)

Louiſa. Sir. (*curteſies*) (*A loud knocking without*)

Total. Hey! they are here! 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family!

Fair. (*Without*) Then Mr. Total is here?

Louiſa. Heaven's! my father!

Total. What! Mr. Fairly Madam!

Louiſa. Oh, Sir! ſhut the door! I'm loſt if he ſees me.

Total. Then, Madam, I preſume you are Mrs. Valentine?

Louiſa. Sir, ſince you know me——Dear Sir, I dare not ſee my father until acknowledged by my huſband.

Total. You're juſt from Canada, Madam? And is this the amiable woman he has deſerted! Don't be alarmed at my diſcovering you, I'm your Steward.

Louiſa. Perhaps my huſband's, Sir! Oh! bring me to him!

Total He's now in diſgrace with his uncle, colonel Dormant, who is one of your very odd ſort of perſons; means well, but always doing ſomething that nobody elſe wou'd think of; and I'm convinc'd

vinc'd he wou'dn't have you ſee your huſband before he tries the ſucceſs of a ſcheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Re-enter LANDLADY.

Land. Sir, here's your country family arrived; Ma'am, won't you make uſe of my parlour, 'till your chaiſe comes—Jenny! [*Calls, and Exit.*

Total. Madam, you had better remain here, if you can keep out of your father's ſight; in the evening I'll give you convincing reaſons for poſtponing your journey to Kent. The colonel, Madam, has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to puniſh his nephew; he'll teach him in the ſchool of poverty, the uſe of riches.

[*Exit.*

Louiſa. Ah! my Valentine, to forſake, to deny me: but I'll not encreaſe the colonel's diſpleaſure by ſeeing him; and yet———

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Madam, where's that old gentleman? Here's an officer below ſaw him through the window, and deſires he'll follow him into the park.

[*Exit.*

Louiſa. An officer! If it ſhou'd be—(*goes to the window*) it is Valentine! Diſcarded by his uncle—perhaps diſtreſs'd—Yes, the ſteward ſaid the colonel was determined he ſhould learn in the ſchool of poverty: No, my Valentine, I cannot ſee it. (*Rings*)

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Richard, that gentleman—the officer—follow, watch where he goes, and inſtantly bring me word—Quick! [*Exit Servant.*
Cruel Uncle! to abandon him: and this unfeeling ſteward adviſe me not to ſee him—in want! Heavens!—Ah! Valentine, though unkind you have been, you are ſtill my huſband.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

St. James's Park.

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Follow you to the park! but where—(*Looking round*) Eh! Isn't this the young fellow that read the curious receipt for me?

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, *with a parcel.*

Jemmy. Eh! it is—Maſter ſteward, who thought to have met you in London! Well, how have you left Ploughman Blackberry and his clumſy family?

Total. True, I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumſy fortune.

Jemmy. Have me! certainly they were all upon the ſcramble for me, as if I was a tit bit for a city feaſt, I was ſuch a neat—tol lol! hey! Betty dreſſed at me—Jenny ſkimm'd the cream—Molly robbed

bed the hen roost, and Susan baked the round little hot loaves for my breakfast—Becky sung to me; Sal hopp'd, and Pol bobb'd at me; but poor things! it wasn't on the cards—cou'dn't be—

AIR.—JEMMY JUMPS.

Gad a mercy! devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me;
Like a maypole round me cluster,
Hanging garlands fus and fluster.

Jilting, capering, grinning, smirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking bills up, chins up, perking.
Kates and Betties,
Polls and Letties.
All were doating gentle creatures,
On these features;
Pretty damsels,
Ugly damsels,
Black hair'd damsels,
Red hair'd damsels,
Six feet damsels,
Three feet damsels,
Pale-faced damsels,
Plump-faced damsels,
Small-leged damsels,
Thick-leged damsels,
Dainty damsels,
Dowdy damsels,
Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six feet, three feet, pale-fac'd, plump-fac'd,
Small-leg'd, thick-leg'd, dainty, dowdy,
All run after me, Sir, me;
For when pretty fellows we,
Pretty maids are frank and free.

Gad-a-mercy! Devils in me,
All the ladies wish to win me.
For their stays taking measure,
Of the ladies, Oh the pleasure!

Oh,

Oh, ſuch tempting looks they gi'me,
Wiſhing of my heart to nim me!
Pat, and cry, you devil Jemmy!
Pretty ladies,
Ugly ladies,
Black-hair'd ladies,
Red-hair'd ladies,
Six feet ladies,
Three feet ladies,
Pale-faced ladies,
Plump-faced ladies,
Small-legged ladies,
Thick-legged ladies,
Dainty ladies,
Dowdy ladies.
Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six feet, three feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
Small legged, thick legged, dainty, dowdy,
All run after me, Sir, me;
For when pretty fellows we,
Ladies all are frank and free.

Old one, in the country I was a gentleman—In town I'm a ſtaymaker. (*Points to the parcel*)

Total. A ſtaymaker!

Jemmy. I never ſaw 'Squire Valentine—but hear he is a fine flaſhy fellow! one of us—ha! ha! I'm about ſetting up in buſineſs—want only a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would have been apropos—raiſing capital is difficult—I'm going now after a perſon who advances money—but, my old ſteward, you're among the monied men, you cou'd put a body in the way of raiſing a little caſh—I can give undeniable ſecurity.

Total. (*pauſing*) I'll try it—yonder he comes—it may bring him into great embarraſsment; and if any thing can reclaim him, extreme neceſſity muſt be the means. (*aſide*) Why—I do know a gentleman that does theſe things

Jemmy. (*with joy*) Where does he live?

Total. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming ſtrait from Storey's Gate.

Jemmy. What! he in the brown coat?

Total. No.

Jemmy. Oh! in the ſmart little buckled wig.

Total. Pſha! what think ye of that red coat!

Jemmy. That officer! ha! ha! ha! a Captain lend money! a good joke!

Total. He is agent to fifteen regiments.

Jemmy. Is he! then he can lend me the king's money.

Total. There—you ſee with what authority he leans againſt the Treaſury Wall.

Jemmy. Like a prop to the Treaſury; a rich fellow, I warrant: If you know him, my dear boy, will you propoſe it?

Total. Well, I'll ſpeak to him.

Jemmy. Much obliged to you—here he is!

Total. Be you in the way.

Jemmy. I've only to drop this in Fludyer-ſtreet—two hundred will juſt fit me—I'll do the handſomething—Houſekeeper's ſecurity—Premium to you, and the neateſt pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum! [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Total, when did you get to town? Whoſe houſe was that I ſaw you lounging in in Suffolk ſtreet?

Total. Then he has'nt ſeen his wife. (*aſide*)

Val. Here have I been parading this half hour, and no uncle as his letter appointed.

Total.

Total. You don't know his perſon, Sir; perhaps he has been parading too, and ſurveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I diſcard him—talk of me! he's made up of caprice and uncertainty.

Total. Why, faith he is a little queeriſh, Sir, but no caprice—no, no; curs'd inflexible in what he thinks right—yes he'll certainly ſettle his fortune on this new-found relation—your conduct to your wife—that affair of diſtraining Farmer Blackberry——

Val. Give me a taſte of life, and now turn me adrift, only for a few faſhionable gallantries! I got a dinner party to paſs dice too before I left home—hav'nt one guinea in my pocket—if I could but raiſe a little money juſt for an outſet.

Total. Cou'dn't ſome be raiſed on your commiſſion?

Val. Eh—but I don't know any of thoſe money brokers.

Re-Enter JEMMY JUMPS, *ſmiles at* TOTAL, *then walks up.*

Total. Sir, d'ye ſee that gentlemen?

Val. That fellow that nodded to you?

Total. Fellow! You've ſeen an advertiſement of a perſon that has twenty thouſand lying at his banker's; that's he! X. Y. the moſt liberal money-lender in town.

Val. Why he gave you a very familiar nod, Total; ſee if he'll advance the caſh to me.

Total. I'll try—about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Total. Sir, (*goes over to Jemmy, and ſpeaks apart to him*) He'll do't.

Jemmy. My dear friend! does he know the ſum I want and the ſecurity I can give?

Total. All: Step to any tavern hard-by and I'll bring him to you.

Jemmy. Eh—the Rummer—the Landlady is a cuſtomer of mine.—Do you think he'll have the money about him?

Total. Iſn't Drummond's over the way? Have you a purſe or good ſtrong pocket for the caſh when you get it? for he always lends in caſh.

Jemmy. I've a good pocket, but no purſe.

Total. Take my glove—it is ſtout Ramſkin—the guineas will lie there ſo ſnug in the fingers.

Jemmy. And the half guineas drop ſo pat in the little one.

Total. You'll have your caſh between finger and thumb.

Jemmy. Snug as a pinch o'ſnuff.

Total (*aloud to Valentine*) Sir the gentleman will ſee you at the Rummer over the way.

Val. (*bowing to Jemmy*) Sir, I ſhall attend you.

Jemmy. Sir—Oh Sir.—(*apart to Total*) A country family juſt come to town, over in Suffolk-ſtreet, muſt ſtep and take meaſure of a young lady, new cuſtomer, be with you in five minutes.

[*Exit bowing to Valentine.*

Total Yes, he'll lend you the money.

Val. You're a dev'liſh good fellow, Total.

Total. But then he's ſo curs'd fond of the table: nothing to be done with him without giving him a dinner, and he drinks Burgundy, I aſſure you.

Val. I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my ſoul. Yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver! they

they muſt have heard of my misfortune, for they ſeem to avoid me.—My friends!

Total. Ah! my good Sir, the civility of the world hangs on the ſucceſs of the moment: and let your empty pocket now convince you that diſtreſs is the touchſtone of friendſhip. Suppoſe to cut a flaſh, I aſk 'em to the dinner you'll be obliged to give this gentleman; ha, ha! Sir, to carry it on I'll deſire Mr. X. Y. before them, to ſeem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha. ha, ha! well done Total! ha, ha, ha! Hey Counſellor Flummery, too! (*looking out*) True: I owe him twenty guineas.

Total Well, Sir, you'll now be able to pay him: 'Gad, Sir, he can draw up the neceſſary writings between you and the gentleman. I'll invite him too.

Val. Run—beſpeak a good room, and order dinner for ſix. (*puſhes Total off*) This ſupply will ſet me going—I'll let uncle ſee I can ſhine without his dirty acres, but without houſe, chearful home, ability to entertain, and enjoy the ſocial hour——

AIR.—VALENTINE.

How bright are the joys of the table,
I mean when the cloth is remov'd;
Our hearts are faſt held by a cable,
While round the decanter is ſhov'd;
The ladies all riſe to retire,
We ſtand up and look very grave,
A bumper, then draw round the fire,
Determin'd like ſouls to behave.

My ſervant, he knows I'm a toper,
Clean glaſſes! of wine a recruit,
He brings in a ſix bottle cooper,
And places it cloſe at my foot;

I gin-

I gingerly take up a bottle,
The ſawduſt I puff from his coat,
The cork out he ſings in the throttle,
But ſweeter than Mara his note.

What gentleman coffee now chuſes?
The compliment comes from the fair;
No gentleman coffee refuſes,
But not a man ſtirs from his chair;
Tho' Frenchmen may do ſo, I bar it,
With Britiſh politeneſs I think,
While Monſieur we thank for his claret,
He never ſhall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now ſhews in Apollo,
A ſtruggle 'twixt claret and wit,
For Bacchus inſiſts he ſhall ſwallow
Six bumpers before he may ſit;
Ye fair, why ſo ill ſhould we treat you,
To part ere the battle is won?
At ſupper Apollo ſhall meet you.
And Shew you what Bacchus has done.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

FARMER BLACKBERRY'S *Lodgings.*

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. What accommodations has old Total provided for the farmer and his family here?

Enter RUNDY *in a Livery.*

So Rundy you've got to London.

Rundy. Yes, Sir.

Fair.

Fair. Well, and how d'ye like it?

Rundy. Oh, hugely, Sir; I think s it a deadly fine place.—Maſter thought I ſhould not come with him, but he was ſo good to me, that to ſhew my kindneſs and gratitude, I comed up here to town with him, becauſe I know'd I cou'dn't better myſelf.

Fair. Well, and you're preferr'd from the plough to the coach.

Rundy. Ay, Sir, Miſs Bett would make maſter and ſhe go all round the town in chairs. I walk'd afore, he, he, he! Maſter's ſo grand, and Miſs Betty's quite my Lady; my Molly is her maid, and I am my own gentleman.

Fair. Tell your maſter I am here.

Rundy. Tell! why in London one can tell a body from the top of the houſe to the bottom, and from bottom to top, without opening one's mouth, (*rings the bell*) that does it.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha! why ſure you don't ring for your maſter?

Rundy. Why, Sir, he rings for me, and one good turn deſerves another: Lord you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London.

AIR.—RUNDY.

A flaxen-headed Cow-boy, as ſimple as may be,
And next a merry Ploug-boy, I whiſtled oe'r the Lea,
But now a ſaucy footman, I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face;
When ſteward I'm promoted, I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill,
My maſter's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in myſelf;

Whatever's

Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppoſe,
When all my Ayes are ſold off, why then I'll ſell my Noes;
I'll joke, harrangue and paragraph, with ſpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, I'll then ſit down a peer;
In court or city honour, ſo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plough-boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea.

[*Exit.*

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY *and* BETTY, *dreſſed.*

Fair. Ah, ha! who comes here.

Betty. Sir, I have the honor to be monſtrous proud to ſee you.

Farmer B. Yes, Sir, you ſee ſhe has the honor to be monſtrous——

Fair. She's faſhionable!

Farmer B. What with her coal-black hair full of brown duſt, and her hat all on one ſide, as if ſhe'd got fuddled.

Betty. Fuddled! oh, faſhion; ay, Sir, and Mrs. Fallal, the milliner ſays, I ſhall ſoon ſet the faſhions; ſhe'll be aſk'd for the Eliza cap, the Timbertop bonnet, la! we improve ſo! Sir, muſtn't I learn to dance! (*dances*) and play muſic on the harp? that gentleman in the Hay-Market is to ſend me all the new ſongs, and the laſt opera in ſcore.

Farmer B. Score! No, you ſhall not run in debt, daughter!

Betty. He, he, he! Oh, Mr. Fairly, d'ye hear?—we have been ſhopping! bought ſuch beauties!

Farmer B. By Gad but I believe I've forgot all your trinkums in the chair that brought me home—you Rundy!

Enter

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy, where's the chair? (*Rundy reaches a chair, places it behind Farmer Blackberry, then bows*) Pho! you Blockhead! I mean the glaſs cupboard they ſwung us about the ſtreet in.

Rundy. Oh, Lord, Sir; the two Iriſhmen run away with that.

Betty. How provoking!

Fair. You know, Rundy, I deſired you, whenever you took a chair or coach, to take the number.

Rundy. Oh, I did; here it is your honor, and in nice braſs; I cut it off when they went into the ale-houſe. (*ſhews a chair number*)

Fair. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. A perſon from Taviſtock-ſtreet, Miſs.

Betty. Oh, la! it's the ſtay-maker Mrs. Fallal promiſed to ſend me. Do ſend him in.

Land. You may walk up, young man. [*Exit.*

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Mrs. Fallal, of Taviſtock-ſtreet, ſent me to take meaſure of your Ladyſhip for your Ladyſhip's new ſtays: I'll fit your Ladyſhip with a waiſt neat as a topſy-turvy ſugar-loaf.

Betty. Turn me topſy-turvy! la! is that the faſhion?

Jemmy. (*preparing his meaſure*) Now, Ma'am! (*advances*) Betty Blackberry!

Betty. Jemmy Jumps! What, our London gentleman only a ſtay-maker!

Jemmy. I proteſt this is the moſt immenſely ſtrange! I came to one Miſs Timbertop.

Betty. Then I am ſhe, Maſter Timbertop. (*patting him on the head with her fan*)

Farmer B. So this is your Rouleaus and your Coteries! a ſtay-maker! oh, you make no ſtay here.

Jemmy. Then I'll go—hey! my—Mr. Jumps's carriage—lal, lal, lal! [*Exit ſinging.*

Betty. La! what an impudent fellow.

Farmer B. Ay, girl, beware of the fops, tho' while you've youth be merry.

AIR.—FARMER BLACKBERRY.

Lovely ladies, ſprigs of faſhion,
Smile the youthful hour away;
Welcome now the tender paſſion,
In my ſunſhine I made hay.
Muſty age forbids ſoft wooing,
What themſelves are paſt the doing,
But ſage reaſon, to each ſeaſon,
Pleaſures ſuiting, age recruiting
By full glaſſes, tho' life paſſes
Wine reſtores the lamp of day.---
The ſun's love potion,
Juſt hits my notion,
To ſet in ocean,
Next morn riſe ſhowing,
A broad face glowing.
In youth my girl, in age a glorious flaſk,
So live ſo die is all I aſk.

[*Enter* TOTAL.

Total. Farmer, the Colonel deſires me to conduct you to him. He has ſent his coach.

Betty.

Betty. Coach! Oh, if Jemmy Jumps was but to ſee us now!

Fair. And pray what has become of his hopeful nephew, my good ſon-in-law?

Farmer B. Ay, where's the Squire?

Total. Now at the Rummer tavern, and ſoon in the hands of the bailiffs.

Fair. Now, Farmer, you and I will have a compleat revenge.

Farmer B. Aye Sir, you ſhall ſee an honeſt farmer's revenge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-croſs.

(*Loud laughing without*)

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, HATTER, *and* 1ſt WAITER *with wine.*

Jemmy. Very well, I think my hat and boots will do, ſo ſtep down and call for a glaſs, and I'll ſend the caſh down to you preſently.

[*Exit Hatter.*

Oh, the gentleman deſired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd ſettle the affair with me here?

1ſt *Wait.* Yes.

Jemmy. Now, I ſhall pocket the caſh, Oh! and Jack, if your miſtreſs ſends me up her ſtays, I'll take them home with me, and alter them to her liking. [*Exit 1ſt Waiter.*

That will ſhew this gentlemen I'm a man of buſineſs, then he wo'nt be afraid to lend the caſh I hope he has it about him, though I ſhould like he'd ſend me over to Drummond's, it's ſo pretty

ſee thoſe Bankers' clerks ſhovel up the gold! with a back paw ſlide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon ſo nimble. (*mimicks*) With this money ſuch a ſmart ſhop I ſhall open.

Val. (*without*) Puſh about, lads! the gentleman and I will return to you inſtantly.

Jemmy. Oh, here he is!

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well, Sir, are not my friends jolly fellows?

Jemmy. Very jolly, Sir, and we'd a choice fine dinner! but there will be a monſtrous great bill to pay!

Val. A vulgar fellow this; I'll touch his caſh, and then get rid of him. (*aſide*) Won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

Jemmy. Now, if he isn't as condeſcending as if he wasn't worth a guinea. (*aſide*)

Val. True, Total ſaid he loved his bottle. (*aſide*) Waiter, a batch of Burgundy here.

Jemmy. More Burgundy! my ſhot will make a vaſt hole in the money I'm to get. (*aſide*)

Val. Sir, I eſteem myſelf ſo much obliged.

Jemmy. Sir, (*bows and ſmiles*) what genteelneſs to me that's going to borrow his caſh from him. (*aſide*) Sir, it's what I never ſhall forget the longeſt day I have to live.

Val. The civileſt money-lender I ever met with. (*aſide*) tho' I flatter myſelf the ſecurity is unexceptionable.

Jemmy. Security! Sir, I'll have two of the warmeſt houſekeepers in Norton Falgate.—

Val. Norton-Falgate! really, Sir, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.——

Jemmy.

Jemmy. Lord, Sir, it's one of the moſt ſubſtantialiſts and the moſt opulentiſt places——

Val. I hav'n't a doubt, Sir—but had hopes of giving you up a Lieutenant's commiſſion.

Jemmy. Give me a commiſſion, ah, ah, ah!

Val. Oh, well, Sir; ſince that is not agreeable—if Mr. Total joins in a bond——

Jemmy. Sir, I've no objection to a bond, if you think that requiſite; aſking Mr. Total to join, in it is a liberty that I cannot expect, oh, no!

Val. My dear Sir, if he dare refuſe, I'd break every bone in his body.

Jemmy. Oh, lord! what! force him to join? Oh, Sir, by no means. He's almoſt a ſtranger to me, tho' he has ſo kindly brought about this buſineſs.

Val. Oh, well, Sir, if you think it can be done between ourſelves.

Jemmy: Sir, (*bows*) how good! the ſum I ſuppoſe you underſtand is——

Val. Two hundred pounds.

Jemmy. Juſt.

Val. Sir, won't you take a glaſs of wine? (*fills*)

Jemmy. Sir, won't you take another? (*fills*)

Val. Sir.

Jemmy. Sir. (*They touch glaſſes*)

Val. Here is X. Y. againſt the whole alphabet.

Jemmy. A new toaſt among the money-lenders. (*aſide*) Sir, here is X. Y. in the alphabet. (*drinks*)

Val. Now, if you pleaſe, I'll call in my friend, the lawyer, and we'll ſettle the affair at once.

Jemmy. Sir—now I ſhall touch—that for Molly Maybuſh's fortune. (*aſide and ſnapping his fingers*)

Val. This two hundred will make a man of me.

me. (*aſide*) Counſellor Flummery, come into court.

Enter COUNSELLOR FLUMMERY.

Flummery. Well, gentlemen, if you're quite agreed——

Val. and Jemmy. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed. (*Flummery takes out a bond, and begins to read.*)

Val. Pſha! (*ſnatching it*) we both know the ſum and terms, ſo here goes to ſign and ſeal, and all's ſettled. (*writes and gives the bond to Jemmy*)

Jemmy. (*ſigns*) I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Flum. Your hand and pen! oh, my dear Sir, it's your act and deed you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a bill and receipt for that twenty guineas. (*apart*)

Val. My dear fellow, I'll pay you this moment. (*apart*)

Flum. Then, now, gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. (*Valentine and Jemmy ſtand ſome time looking at each other with expectation*)

Val. Here's a repoſitory for the two hundred. (*takes out a purſe*)

Jemmy. And here's my ramſkin budget. (*ſhews the glove*)

Val. What's that for, Sir?

Jemmy. To put the money in, or if you'll give me a draft, I'll ſtep over to Drummond's.

Val. What draft, Sir?

Jemmy. To receive the caſh.

Val. To receive! True, Total told me he had always twenty thouſand at his banker's (*aſide*) Then, Sir, I'll wait here 'till you bring the money.

Jemmy.

Jemmy. Then you'll wait a long while. (*aſide*) Lord, Sir, Drummond wou'dn't give his daddy money without your order.

Val. Really Sir, I know nothing about Drummond, or his daddy; I wait for the money that you——

Jemmy. Sir!——

Val. The two hundred pounds you're going to lend me.

Jemmy. I going to lend you!

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord, no Sir; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Flum. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my honour here's a fine Iriſh bargain; all borrowers and no lenders.—But who's to pay coſts? As you don't want the receipt, Jonn Doe and Richard Roe.

(*apart to Valentine and exit.*

Enter 1ſt WAITER.

Val. Sir! who are you? (*to Jemmy*)

1*ſt Wait.* (*giving ſtays to Jemmy.*) Here my miſtreſs deſires that you'll add two bones to her ſtays, and bring them againſt to-morrow.

Val. Stays and bones! Pray, friend, do you know this gentleman.

1*ſt Wait.* Oh, yes, Sir; that gentleman is Mr. Jemmy Jumps the Stay-maker. [*Exit.*

Jemmy. Yes, Sir; and if your lady ſhould want me, I have the neateſt ſtitch.

Val. Pray, Sir, are not you X. Y.

Jemmy. No, Sir, nor P. Q. Pray Sir do you prop the Treaſury? Oh! I ſuſpect here has been a hum.

Val.

Val. Total has either played me a trick, or made ſome curſed blunder here! (*aſide*) Retire.

Jemmy. Retire.

Val. Withdraw, you raſcal.

Enter 2*nd* WAITER.

2*nd Wait.* The other gentlemen are ſtepp'd out, and deſired me to bring the bill up to you, gentlemen. (*offers it to Jemmy.*)

Jemmy. Bill! lord, a bill to me! I'm no gentleman.

Val. (*to Jemmy*) Withdraw you raſcal!

2*nd Wait.* It's twenty two pounds, ten—

Jemmy. Twenty-two pounds ten (*looking at it in the Waiter's hand.*) "Withdraw, you raſcal!"

Enter HATTER.

Hatt. Sir, (*to Jemmy*) as my maſter keeps no accounts with ony body, you'll be pleaſed to pay for the hat.

Jemmy. Eh—oh—the hat.

Hatt. Yes, Sir, I'd be glad you'd let me go home.

Jemmy. Do go home, my lad, you ſhou'd not ſtay out ſo long from your buſineſs.

Hatt. My buſineſs is to be paid for my goods, ay, and I will too.

Jemmy. To block a new beaver and jump into ſuch coſtly cordovans on the ſtrength of—borrowing!

Val. This infernal old badger to draw me into a tavern bill, and not a guinea in my pocket. (*aſide.*) Is Counſellor Flummery gone too?

Wait. Yes, Sir, but he has left a bailiff below. (*ringing without*) Coming up, Sir!

Val.

Val. A Bailiff!

Jemmy. A bailiff! oh, lord!

Val. Well, I'll go with him.

Enter LANDLORD *and* WAITERS.

Land. You won't go I hope, Sir, till the bill is ſettled.

Jemmy. But I will if I can tho'. (*runs off*)

Val. Confuſion! Now I am puniſh'd for my cruelty to my amiable wife—is it poſſible, my Louiſa in England!

Enter LOUISA.

Louiſa. Here, Valentine; (*gives him a pocket book*) nor bluſh to receive liberty from your affectionate Louiſa.

Val. My kind! my generous love!

Enter FAIRLY *and* TOTAL.

Louiſa. My father!

Val. Mr. Fairly, I have wrong'd you, but ſhall make atonement here. (*to Louiſa.*)

Fair. Do, Sir.

Val. Total! ah! you old humming good natured fellow, but now all's forgiveneſs—love and liberty! here! (*calls*)

Enter 2nd WAITER.

Send up Counſellor Flummery's bailiff.

Wait. Sir, he's gone: the country gentleman that came with you, Sir, (*to Total*) paid the debt,

and coſts, and diſcharged the Bill of the houſe.

[*Exit.*

Total. Old Blackberry do this!

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY *and* BETTY.

Farmer B. There Squire is a different ſort of receipt from what you ſent me for my rent. (*gives a paper*) Mr. Fairly, you're a wiſe lawyer; but a ſimple Farmer thinks good for evil is the moſt complete revenge.

Total. Ah! ha! what ſay you to Colonel Dormont's heir?

Val. What was the Farmer my ſucceſſor to the Colonel's eſtate? Blackberry—you're the King of ſpades! Total, now where's my uncle? (*ſlapping Total on the ſhoulder*)

Total. You needn't hit your uncle quite ſo hard Valentine.

Val. How! Total Colonel Dormont! it muſt be—a thouſand circumſtances croud upon my recollection.—Oh, Sir! have you been all along the witneſs of my follies—

Colonel D. Follies! Vices and by corroſives I attempted cure—

Louiſa. Which I hope by lenatives to perform.

Farmer B. If you are the Colonel, Sir, thank ye; but take your grandeur from me again, I find my hands are too hard, and my head too ſoft for a gentleman.

Colonel D. Well, my honeſt kinſman, if you can enjoy more happineſs in your farm, I'll take care your ſtock ſhall never again be ſeized by a landlord.

Farmer B. Then! come child, from our little ſample of faſhion, we ſhall return with double reliſh for peace, happineſs, and Blackberry farm.

Betty.

Betty. I don't love peace and happineſs, I won't leave London—I won't go home again—oh! oh! (*cries*) to leave London without a beau! (*cries*) oh! oh!

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, RUNDY, *and* MOLLY MAY-BUSH.

Jemmy. How d'ye do all! Squire Timberhead a gentleman would aſk a thouſand with Miſs. I'll take her with half the money, and ſet up a ſmart ſhop without the help of your money-lender. (*to Col. D.*) and I hope your friends will drop their guineas into my ramſkin budget.

Colonel D. Mr. Fairly, I thank you for the concern you have taken in my affairs; proud of my generous new relation. Nephew, henceforth the honeſt man in diſtreſs ſhall be my kinſman.

FINALE.

FARMER BLACKBERRY.

Welcome joy, and hence with ſorrow,
Laugh to day, and cry to-morrow;
Smiles ſucceeding fortunes frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

VALENTINE.

Joy and truth in generous wine,
Friends ſooth the cares of life,
Joy, friend, truth, in you combine,
My faithful wife.

BETTY.

Four in hand I'll ſpank away,
Harp tinkle, twang my bow,
To a circle read a play,
When I know how.

RUNDY.

Sweet to kiſs upon the graſs,
'Gadzooks! I can't in town
Give my merry willing laſs
A neat green gown.

MOLLY.

Farwell fields and ſweet hay-mow,
No more my lambs I'll ſee,
Rundy ſays I muſt be now,
A gay lady.

JEMMY.

Pretty girls, who fine things lack,
All come and deal with me,
I'm myſelf, a nice knick knack,
Your own Jemmy.

CHORUS.

Welcome joy and hence with ſorrow,
Laugh to day, and cry to-morrow;
Smiles ſucceeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

THE END.

THE

MAN-MILLINER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1787.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Harry Fangle,	Mr. Brown.
Coeffeuſe,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Faggot,	Mr. Fearon.
Galen Dobbin,	Mr. Quick.
Frank Dobbin,	Mr. Davies.
Bob Dobbin,	Mr. Edwin.
Poſtboy,	Mr. Swords.
Waterman,	Mr. Rock.
Lady Dolphin,	Mrs. Bates.
Mrs. Coeffeuſe,	Mrs. Webb.
Miſs Polly Gunnel,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Chainſtich,	Miſs Plaitt.
Fidget,	Mrs. Grey.

Scene, *London.*

THE

MAN-MILLINER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour behind a Milliner's Shop.—(Laughing of Women without.)

Enter Mrs. COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. COEFFEUSE (*calling*).

WHY, Harriot, Mary, Betſey, Mrs. Chainſtich!

Enter Mrs. CHAINSTICH.

Mrs. Chainſtich! how can you ſuffer thoſe girls to make ſuch a noiſe?

Mrs. Chain. Ma'am, don't be angry, but—ha, ha, ha! you know we've got two new work-women to-day, and the girls have made them pay their footing in a bottle of raiſin-wine and two or three pound of maccaroons.

Mrs. Coef. Merry and wiſe!—This giggling may become Mr. Coeffeuſe's ſhop at St. James's, but this

this is the city, Mrs. Chainſtich. This ſhop was another ſort of place in my late huſband's time.—Mr. Bombazeen was an honeſt haberdaſher, but ſince I've married this frippery French man-milliner, I'm like a fine gauſe-mob, trim'd with a three-penny edging.

Mrs. Chain. Oh, Ma'am! I've had a letter from my couſin, Miſs Polly Gunnel; ſhe ſays her guardian brings her up to town to-day. (*laughing without*) Be quiet, will you? [*Exit.*

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Coef. Here I am, my dear, I fly thro' de City, dart thro' de mob and de mire, boue de Londres; nimble as de eel to come to you—firſt one ſhoulder, den the other ſhoulder, den hey, I ſkip de kennel. In my haſte to come to you, my ſweet wife, I did overturn two Mademoiſelle de barrow Gentlewoman, vid de green cucumber.

Mrs. Coef. Yes, my dear; and ſee how you've rob'd little Maſter the chimney-ſweeper. (*pointing to his coat, which is blacked*)

Coef. Ah pauvre, little fellow— (*unſeen by her, wipes his coat with her apron—both laugh*) ha, ha, ha! We are the two pair of happy couple. Beſides my great love, my dear, I had your intereſt, and my intereſt a mon cœur, in our match—You was de grande Widow Bombaſin, vid your ſubſtantial haberdaſhery ſhop here in Cheapſide—I vas de elegant Monſieur Coeffeuſe, vid de nice millinary ſhop in de St. James's—I did ſee it plain dat we ſhou'd make de money. I have fortune at my foot, like dis ſilver ſhoe-buckle; I am de faſhion, and you're de weight, mafoy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Coef. Why indeed, Monſieur Coeffeuſe, I think we cou'dn't have done better than to marry, and put our affairs together.

Coef. Ah, you were de charming widow! So beautiful your—rolls of ſilk; ſo fine your—cambrick; ſo white your—dimity; ſo bright your—ſide-board; and ſuch a raviſhing poliſh on your—vooden tables——

Mrs. Coef. Ah! you French are coaxing creatures. But, my dear, the girls of your ſhop are prodigious forward, and if any freedoms—Even a kiſs wou'd vex me ſo!

Coef. I'd be glad to ſee a girl dare to kiſs me—I only wiſh I cou'd catch them at that work.

Mrs. Coef. I wiſh I cou'd catch them. But, my dear, here's Miſs Polly Gunnel comes up from Plymouth to-day, with her guardian, my brother, Mr. Faggot, the biſcuit-baker.

Coef. Bon—I expect Sir Harry Fangle; you know, as I was Sir Harry's valet, and he did bring me over to England, and did ſet me up in my ſhop, I am bound from gratitude, to do every thing for him dat can ſerve—myſelf; ſo as he is now almoſt ruin his eſtate by pleaſure, and ton and life——

Mrs. Coef I thought he was prodigiouſly rich.

Coef. Rich! oui—he has lodge his gold in de faro bank, and run his ſilver into Newmarket plate—ha, ha, ha!—he's all up done—ſo I've promiſe to help him to dis Plymouth heireſs, Miſs Polly Gunnel, dat your broder's guardian to, and he promiſe to give me de good ſum for dat.

Enter Mrs. CHAINSTICH.

Mrs. Chain. Sir, Mr. Sprig the mercer, has ſent

about the lad, the apprentice; and Ma'am, there's a Gentleman in the ſhop, enquires for you by your former name of Bombazeen. [*Exit.*

Frank. (*without*) Ne'er mind, ſweetheart.

Mrs. Coef. Why its Frank Dobbin, an old country friend of my late huſband's.

Enter FRANK DOBBIN.

Frank. Mrs. Bombazeen, by Jove I'm glad to ſee you. (*to Mrs. Coeffeuſe*) But where's your good man?

Mrs. Coef. There he is, Mr. Dobbin (*pointing to Coeffeuſe*)

Frank. I don't mean your footman.

Coef. Footman!—diable, Monſieur, vat is dat?

Frank. Where's your maſter, you ugly monkey?

Mrs. Coef. Mr. Dobbin, why that Gentleman is now my huſband.

Frank. What! have you buried old Ralph?

Coef. Oui, Monſieur, old Ralph vas pretty funeral.

Frank. Dare ſay you thought ſo—a Frenchman too!

Mrs. Coef. Yes, Frank—our match is the commercial treaty; it qualifies prejudice and partiality thus—Monſieur here, ſends me a faded out-of-date French affair; which being thought Engliſh in my ſhop, it at once goes off amongſt the patriot citizens here, ha, ha, ha!

Coef. Oui——and Madame my wife, coming to ſee me t'other day, at my ſhop at Bond-ſtreet, did leave her umbrella upon de counter—in totters Lady Upſtart—"Ah! Monſieur Coeffeuſe," ſays ſhe, "the very thing I want—a parapluie!"

Madam,

Madam, ſays I, I am happy, I can accommodate you with a hundred right-genuine Engliſh work, from my wife's neighbour, in Cheapſide, at ſix ſhillings a piece—" Six ſhillings!—Engliſh!" exclaims my Lady Upſtart—" Ah! 'tis de clumſieſt " —moſt abominable—what you mean, Monſieur? " I might as well carry the roof of a hackney-" coach in my hand."—Ceſt vrai, Madame, 'tis very bad indeed—I vill take it out of your ſight, and will bring you de true Pariſian rage—" Ah, " ah! Monſieur Coeffeuſe—dis is indeed elegant, " vat is de price?" Out, vid de purſe—" tree " guineas, Madame," he, he, he! Be gar I did bring her back de very ſame Cheapſide umbrella, dat ſhe did ſlout at ſix ſhillings, mafoi—ha, ha, ha!

Frank. Then all who prefer the work of foreigners, to the manufacture of their own country, may they never be maſter of a ſhilling to purchaſe it. But I ſee now how it is—poor Ralph! And pray what's your name now, Mrs. Bombazeen.

Mrs. Coef. That is Monſieur Coeffeuſe. But, Frank, how have you left all friends at Brambleton? How long have you been in town?

Frank. Only ſince Wedneſday—ha, ha, ha!—I'm in as choice a hobble.——You remember my brother Galen, an apothecary; and tho' my younger, yet I'm as much afraid of him——The fellow took care of what he had, and ſtuck to buſineſs; while I kept a poney to run for ſaddles, and if I cou'd have but a friend and a fiddler, call'd for t'other bottle without a thought of tomorrow. So now, by Jove, I think myſelf well off to tie papers round the necks of his bottles,

and at two o'clock have a napkin under my chin, at his table.

Mrs. Coef. But what brought you to town now, Frank?

Coef. Oui; vat brought you here?

Frank. Why you muſt know this, apothecary brother of mine becauſe he's the doctor for three miles round our village, will have his only ſon Bob a regular bred ſurgeon. Ha, ha, ha! and here he ſends him up to town in my care to bind him 'prentice to ſurgeon Tourniquet of-what-d'ye-call-'em ſtreet there, one o' your tip tops by Jove, his fee with a 'prentice three hundred pounds, and this pretty penny, brother Galen, truſts to my pocket for this purpoſe.

Mrs. Coef. Very well.

Frank. Ay, ſo far you'll ſay all right and tight, but getting into our inn, after ſupper out comes cards and off walks fifty of Bob's 'prentice fee, to—(I don't believe he was a Captain tho' for all his cockade) ſo ſuſpecting how things went, I cuts with my loſs—tumbles into bed with the blue devils dancing on my pillow, takes my remaining two hundred and fifty this morning to my grand ſurgeon, "No—cou'dn't take leſs than three hundred—own table!—chariot!—walk the hoſpitals!—reputation!—no, no!—co'udnt—" So now muſt poor I in diſgrace face brother, and bring Maſter Bobby home again—his own maſter.

Coef. I've de tought. (*aſide*) I vill be dat Maſter Bobby's maitre! vat a Jackyſnap, a ſurgeon refuſe two hundred and fifty Louis! Madame Coeffeuſe, I do reſpect this noble Gentilhomme, becauſe he is your late huſband's friend; and tho' there be de new 'prentice—Indenture now waiting ready to ſign—

grande

grande fee, how much is dat other garçon to give? (*apart to Mrs. Coeffeuſe*)

Mrs. Coef. An hundred pound. (*apart*)

Coef. Oui, de grand fee of three hundred pound, yet mon cher amie—I'll do myſelf de honour to take dat two hundred and fifty you've left and maitre de Bob ſhall be my 'prentice boy! dat for de great ſurgeon.

Frank. Hey! what is all this?

Mrs. Coef. Upon my word I don't know what he's at; why what is the matter with you Monſieur Coeffeuſe?

Coef. I vill to oblige you, take maitre be Bob vid only all de money you have left.

Frank. You! why, are you a ſurgeon?

Coef No—but I am a milliner.

Frank. A milliner, oh, oh, ho! why by Jove, this is the higheſt fun—ha, ha, ha!—Bob—make Bob a milliner.

Mrs. Coef. Oh, I ſee now what my huſband means (*aſide*). Upon my word, friend Dobbin, ſuch an offer is not to be laugh'd at; Monſieur Coeffeuſe ſpeaks very handſome.

Coef. Oui, I ſpeak very handſome.

Frank. But ſeriouſly, my good friends, do you think I'm mad, or what an opinion have you of me? pho! nonſenſe! bind him to you! that wou'd be making a hopeful journey of it indeed!

Mrs. Coef. Oh, very well—But, ha, ha! I'm thinking what a hopeful figure you'll make, walking again into your brother's ſhop, with Bob in your hand and Galen's fifty guineas in the Captain's pockets.

Coef. Ha, ha, ha! you vill loſe de napkin from under your ſhin; I think you vill never flouriſh

flouriſh de ving of a gooſe in dat parlour again.

Mrs. Coef. You're right, my dear, for I know his brother Galen is one of the churlieſt temper'd old fellows——

Frank. Yes, but if I ſhou'd take your advice—when he come to know it—as in time he muſt.

Mrs. Coef. Ah, but what time—what do you talk of know? Can an apothecary leave his patients and come galloping up here near three hundred miles?

Frank. Eh, if he cou'd have conveniently laid down the peſtle now, he wou'd not have truſted me with his three hundred pounds.

Coef. Fort bien! and in a littel time ven he hears dat Bob is de flouriſhing genteel young fellow, and bring vid him de faſhions to ſpread over, and be de admiration of de whole country vil he daie tink be angry vid you?

Frank. Eh, by Jove I don't know what to think! I ſhall certainly cut a moſt ſilly figure to go back with Bob in my hand. But really have you ſuch things as men-milliners.

Coef. Sans Doute.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha!—and encourag'd? Good buſineſs?

Coef. Oui.

Frank. Since the ſurgeon won't take him, I don't know but I might do worſe than bind him to you. A milliner! I'm ſure of no objections from Bob, for you muſt know, tho' his father has been teaching the boy to bliſter and plaiſter, puffing him up with the hope of ſeeing him one day at the head of his profeſſion, yet a few nights before our coming, finding out that he'd been at a cock-match, he ſwore he never ſhou'd have the honor of being a ſurgeon

ſurgeon; yet tho' he repented of this, ſtill to puniſh him, he laid a ſtrict injunction upon me, when he determined on our journey, not to let the boy know for what buſineſs he was intended 'till every thing was concluded! Oh! by Jove, it will make a moſt capital joke in our parts, Bob figuring about as a milliner.

Mrs. Coef. 'Twill be delightful!

Coef. Charmant!—But vere is dis Bob?

Frank. I left him without there in the ſhop amongſt your girls.

Bob Dobbin. (*without*) Where's uncle Frank?—Oh! (*crying*)

Frank. Ah! there he is—here boy.

Bob. (*without*) Oh! o—(*crying*)

Frank. By Jove there's ſomething the matter, poor Bob's crying. (*laughing of women without*)

Enter Bob Dobbin (*with a woman's hat, pocket-hoop, and ſhort apron, put aukwardly on*).

Bob. Oh uncle Frank, what did you do that for?

Frank. Why by Jove!

Bob. Only you're my uncle, I'd Jove your head againſt the wall! to leave me there amongſt a parcel of ſtrange women.

Coef. Vat afraid of de girls, maitre de Bob.

Mrs. Coef. Ha, ha, ha! upon my honor ladies, your raiſin wine has done duty, ha, ha, ha! Come, come young man I'm ſure you're too good natur'd to be put out of humour by the girls, ha, ha, ha! they've only made you free of the ſhop; but you got behind the counter I ſuppoſe?

Bob. Yes, I did, but they bid me, and then a little boy coming in for a yard of tape; he ſaid it was

was for his mammy, and ſo they made me meaſure it for him, and upon that, they all gather'd about me, pull'd me into that parlour, and—oh! (*cries*)

Frank. And what did they do to you there Bob? ha, ha, ha!

Bob. Do to me—O dear——

Mrs. Coef. You ſhou'd have ſent up to Horton's for ſome raſberry tarts and whips to pay your footing.

Bob. Then I ſhou'd have eat the tarts myſelf, and given them the whips to teach them better manners.

Coef. Monſieur attendez. He vil make de grand fortune in de millinary; de Ladies vil have no occaſion for de looking-glaſs, dey can try dere caps on him, and then ſee how dey look.

Frank. We'll have a bottle on the buſineſs however, Monſieur, over that we ſhall be all clear—Conſider, and ſee what we are about; but now, Bob, that I've got you ſafe to London, I may venture to tell you, that the buſineſs your father deſired me to bind you to, is a milliner, and there's your miſtreſs (*pointing to Mrs. Coffeuſe*)

Bob. A what! me—a milliner! why, ma'am, I'm a boy!

Frank. You are; and a bad boy, and that's the cauſe of your father's diſpoſing of you in this manner—you know he ſwore he'd puniſh you.

Bob. Oh! ſo becauſe I went to a cock-match, I'm to be made a milliner—very well—ſo then, he won't let me be a doctor—no matter: when I go down, if I don't doctor his gallipots, ſee if I don't——

Sir Harry Fangle. (*without*) Are you here, Coeffeuſe?

Coef.

Coef. Mon dieu here is come, Sir Harry Fangle! dis way monſieur—ventre blue, Sir Harry arrive, and Miſs Polly not come to town yet—

Frank. Ah! he's a fine flaſhy ſpark by Jove.

Enter Sir HARRY FANGLE (*ſpeaking to a footman*)

Sir Harry. Turn the horſes.

Footman. Towards St. Paul's, Sir?

Sir Harry. Eh!—Paul—aye!— [*Exit Footman.* Coeffeuſe, is that Lady arriv'd?

Coef. Every hour ſhe will come, Sir Harry.

Bob. Now I wonder if the girls wou'd ſerve any body elſe ſo, I believe they've been at him too, for he looks like one of the dolls in the toyſhop over the way (*aſide*) I'll aſk him; pray Sir when you ſold the penny-worth o' tape.

Sir Harry. Hey! true, I'm near the manſion-houſe; this I preſume is, my Lord Mayor's fool.

Coef. Ah! payſan (*aſide*) dis way Maitre de Bob. (*apart*)

Bob. Stop, till I aſk this chap—pray my fine fellow?—

Sir Harry. Talking to me?

Bob. Yes, how did you get off your hoop, Sir? for I can't untie mine.

Sir Harry. Hey!

Coef. Diable m'emporte, vat you mean, Maitre de Bob, affront a man of faſhion in my parlour! —Ve ſhall be ruin, take them out, Madame Coeffeuſe. Allez!

Mrs. Coef. Step this way, if you pleaſe, Gentlemen. (*to Bob and Frank*)

Frank. True! the indentures! Bob, where's your manners.

Bob. Your ſervant, Sir. (*bows*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Coeffeuſe, Frank, and Bob.*

Sir Harry. Oh! this is the Tower—Coeffuſe, any more Lions?

Coef. I'm aſhamed, Monſieur dat——

Sir Harry. Yes, you bluſh like an orange lilly; extreme vulgar people you're got amongſt here Coeffeuſe.

Coef. Canaille!

Sir Harry. Your city wife not over delicate.

Coef. Oui, Monſieur, but conſider, her broder is guardian of de delicate rich Plymouth heireſs, and ſo dat my marriage brings about your marriage; Madame Coeffeuſe is a little big—Over de en-bon-point; but to oblige your honor I wou'd marry Madame Magog. (*bows*)

Sir Harry. Was the young Miſs Polly—what?—to have been in town to-day? If the girl is tolerable, I ſhall marry her. Her thouſands will clear off ſome incumbrances. Coeffeuſe—You do millinary for Lady Dolphin?

Coef. Oui, Monſieur—we have made fine things for her Lady Dolphin is to be married dis morning.

Sir Harry. Do you know to whom, Coeffeuſe?

Coef. No, Monſieur; the marriage is all private—ſome cog affair.

Sir Harry. It's to me—This moment ſhe waits for me—expects, languiſhes!—Friends—ring—parſon—all beſpoke! I uſe her ill—But, no—the Dowager certainly is rich—but your heireſs, this Miſs Polly, is young—Ha—ſhe's for my money.

Coef. You're for her money, mafoy. Eh!

Sir Harry. Ah! ha! ah!

Coef. Ah! dere is the Plymouth coach ſtopt—Here

Here ſhe is come—It muſt be de very Lady—— Oui, 'tis Miſs Polly Gunnel, and her guardian Faggot my broder-in-law, de buiſcuit-baker.

Faggot. (*without*) Curſe your coach, I'm almoſt crippled; crack my boots.

Sir Harry. Well, I'll lounge here while you prepare the matter—the guardian ſeems a ſlovenly ſort of a ſcoundrel—ha!—but the girl is bullion, and on her receiving ſtamp from me ſhe may paſs ſterling!—on the inſtant of our marriage, I'll take her abroad, to avoid Lady Dolphin's reproaches. (*retires ſinging*).

Enter FAGGOT.

Faggot. Very well child; talk, gabble away to your couſin Chainſtitch, ah! when theſe women get together!—now wou'd I hold ten pound from the cut of your phiz, that you're my new French brother-in-law, (*Coef. bows*) and how do you do? Crack my elbow! (*ſhakes him heartily by the hand*)

Coef. (*aſide*) Pardie—he has crack't my hand and my elbow too.

Faggot. Monſieur, well you ſee I'm come to you at laſt.

Coef. Monſieur you give me great pleaſure—He break all my finger. (*aſide*)

Faggot. Is ſiſter well?—I've brought up my wa d, Polly, but where is this broken beau that's to marry her—Polly. (*calls*)—Miſs Polly Gunnel! your forewoman here, Mrs. Chainſtitch, is a couſin of Polly's.

Coef. Ah vel, Monſieur, I have ſettled all vid Sir Harry Fangle, he is wait here vid joy and expectation for her coming.

Faggot. She's as full of joy as any girl that ever come out of dock.

Coef. Did ſhe come out of a dock?

Faggot. Don't you know ſhe was brought up at Plymouth, that her father Captain Gunnel on his death left ſhe and her fortune to my care?

Coef. But I hope ſhe have good breeding, for Sir Harry is a man of faſhion.

Faggot. As well bred a girl as ever ſow'd a ſampler.

Coef. Becauſe, if ſhe is to be Lady Fangle, as Sir Harry is a man of elegance and ton—

Faggot. I tell you ſhe has tongue enough for twenty men of faſhion—why I'm never without a Captain of a man of war, or an India-man lodging in my houſe, ha, ha, ha!—She has made tea for a dozen of 'em, and had clack enough for 'em all—by being brought up at Plymouth her language is all made up of ſea phraſes—ſhe don't know that ſhe talks ſo—Caught it naturally when ſhe was with the officers. I was always by; for tho' Polly's a virtuous girl and your ſea Captains are for the moſt part men of honor, yet oh, I was always by, yes, yes, I took care of that—crack my knuckles!

Coef. Charmant, Sir Harry will be rejoiced—there he is.

Faggot. Stop, I hope he underſtands that I'm to get two hundred pound for my conſent?

Coef. Oui! I have made de bargain ſure. Monſieure dis is de Gentlehomme. (*Sir Harry approaches*)

Sir Harry. This Gentleman I preſume is the ironmonger, from Portſmouth. (*affectedly*)

Faggot. No, but if you pleaſe, I am the biſcuit baker from Plymouth—(*mimicking*) Ironmonger!—Does he mean to affront me. (*apart to Coef.*)

Coef.

Coef. Non, he's a man of faſhion, and can't remember. (*apart*) Ah, Monſieur dis Miſs Polly is the moſt amiable, elegant—

Enter GIRL.

Girl. Sir, my miſtreſs and the gentleman are waiting for you to ſign the indenture with the new 'prentice.

Coef. Ah! I forgot maitre de Bob—I come. [*Exit girl.*

Excuſe me one moment.—I muſt make his uncle bind de boy to ſecure de 'prentice fee, Bon! Madame Coeffeuſe, (*calls*) here is your brother arrive—. . . . [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. Pray friend is the Lady—

Faggot. She is—that is the very Lady—

Enter POLLY GUNNEL.

This is Miſs Polly Gunnel.

Sir Harry. A ſhowy figure. (*aſide*)

Faggot. Polly! this is the Gentleman that is to make you Lady Fangle. (*apart*) I dare ſay, you'll both agree while I go ſee if ſiſter has got a drop of cherry in her corner cupboard. [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. Tolerable deportment for a girl bred at Plymouth. Ma'am, you are welcome to town.

Polly. Sir, I'm yours, from the ſprit to the mizen.

Sir Harry. More lions!—Quite at a loſs how to addreſs a Portſmouth Lady. (*aſide*) Pray, Ma'am, how is the wind?

Polly. Wind! Sir! I came up a cabin paſſenger in the coach.

Sir Harry. Cabbin paſſenger, hem!—I hope, Ma'am, you had a good voyage.

Polly.

Polly. Let's ſee, Sir, from the time the coachman weigh'd, till he dropt anchor without there, at the ſhop door, we were about—Yes, cou'dn't have come leſs than ſeven knots an hour—I wonder if there's a toilet in this birth; (*looks round*) for you muſt know, Sir, happening to pop my head out of the cabbin window of our carriage, in order to hail a young lady, an acquaintance of mine, that ſail'd by, a board a firſt-rate phæton, a true Jack, one of our outſide paſſengers, heaving his leg over the companion, it came right athwart my upper works, and kick'd all the powder out of the larboard ſide of my Tafferel.—Look, Sir. (*turns the back of her head to Sir Harry*)

Sir Harry. Very fine indeed, Ma'am.

Polly. Fine!

Sir Harry. Yes, Ma'am—I mean—that is—Demme if I know what to ſay to her. (*aſide*)

Polly. I ſee, he likes me as little as I like him, I'll ply him with a volley of ſtories, and who knows but he may ſheer off, and then I'll ſlip cable from my guardian. (*aſide*) Now, Sir, pray do you know the occaſion of my trip? My father brought me up to town to be ſpliced.

Sir Harry. Spliced!

Polly. I'll pretend not to know him, he, he, he! (*aſide*) Yes, Sir, to one Sir Harry Fangle.

Sir Harry. Pleaſant! ha, ha, ha!—Have you had no deſcription of Sir Harry Fangle's perſon, my dear?

Polly. O yes, I was told he was a ſhocking fiſh.

Sir Harry. Shocking!—Then I don't wonder at her not knowing me. (*aſide*) But you mention'd your father, my love; your father, Captain Gunnel has been dead ſome years.

Polly.

Polly. My father a Captain, Oh Lord, Sir; that's only the falſe colours they've hung out to make this Sir Harry bring to——

Sir Harry. Indeed!

Polly. Now for a fine ſtory to ſet him off. (*aſide*) Yes; I'm own daughter to old Faggot, the biſcuit baker; and their ſetting me out as a fortune was only a plan laid between him and my aunt, the milliner here, to have a Lady in their family. But, Sir, between you and I, I'd rather have my own little Dick Lobſcouſe, the Midſhipman, than this piece of gilt gingerbread I never ſaw, he, he, he!

Sir Harry. Then you may be ſpliced to Dick Lobſcouſe, for you'll never nibble the gilt gingerbread.

Polly. Lord, Sir, you need not be ſo ſcornful, for tho' I'm only daughter to a Plymouth baker, yet I'd have you to know that I danced at dock with the Royal Sailor. Oh, my gallant William Henry!

Sir Harry. A pretty ſcheme of this raſcal Coeffeuſe. Who's there?

Enter Mrs. CHAINSTITCH.

Pleaſe Madam to order my carriage. (*walks up*)

Mrs. Chain. Yes, Sir.

Polly. Oh my dear, dear couſin Chainſtitch! now is the nick to get me out of this houſe, then good bye guardian. A wretch to make a mere traffic of myſelf and fortune! but the very firſt lad that aſks me the queſtion, tho' poſſeſs'd only of an honeſt heart, and a handſome face, my hand is his by Jingo—Nay never ſtare, for if you won't go in my company I'll ſail by myſelf—Come—let us cut and run. [*Exeunt Polly and Mrs. Chainſtitch.*

Sir

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath I've nothing left for it now but to return to Lady Dolphin, tho' if my affair here has got wind I ſhall loſe her too; ſince I'm in the City, I'll pick up a licence at the Commons —and—yes now I muſt marry the Dowager—this puppy Coeffeuſe!

Enter COEFFEUSE *and* BOB.

Coef. Now maitre de Bob you are bound my 'prentice boy, and I will take you to my ſhop at St. James's.

Bob. Yes, Sir.

Coef. Learn to be polite and elegant, good boy.

Bob. Yes, Sir, I will be a good elegant boy.

Coef. De milliner is a faſhionable profeſſion; it lies all amongſt people of ton, and to deal with dem, you muſt be yourſelf faſhionable in your manners. Regardez, look there's a man of faſhion, obſerve, do as he do, and you vill be right. (*points to Sir Harry*)

Bob. Oh I ſhall, Sir, I'll do as he does; for I'm a famous taker off at our club.

Coef. Sir Harry where is Miſs Polly?—how d'ye like the young Lady?

Sir Harry. I ſhou'd like to cut your ears off—play your tricks on Dick Lobſcouſe you ſcoundrel. (*ſtrikes him and Exit*)

Bob. If this is faſhion—Let's ſee, how was it—Lobſcouſe you ſcoundrel. (*gives Coeffeuſe a box on he ear, and exit imitating Sir Harry*)

Coef. Sacre Dieu—dog!—Madame Coeffeuſe! (*in rage calls*)

Faggot. (*without*) Come ſiſter, let's ſee how things go on here.

Enter

Enter FAGGOT *and Mrs.* COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. Coef. What's the matter?

Faggot. Hey! where's Polly?

Enter GIRL.

Girl. Mam, the young lady and Mrs. Chainſtitch, ſtept out in a hackney coach.

Faggot. Hey! my ward, why Miſs Polly Gunnel! —Which way child? Stop them—Polly!

[*Exeunt Faggot and Girl.*

Mrs. Coef. What, what's the matter?

Coef. I vil quit dis vulgar bourgeois Cheapſide haberdaſhery; dat is de raiſon Sir Harry treat me vid ſuch miſſries and contempt; I vil go and take my 'prentice boy Bob to my own faſhionable ſhop at St. James's; dere I vill teach him better manners than to hit his maſter's ear.

Mrs. Coef. Yes, Monſieur Coeffeuſe I ſee you want to get amongſt your own forward, flaunting ſhop girls.

Coef. Ah! you ſweet fine viſe (*kiſſes her*), dat von kiſs is dearer to my gout den ſoup or ſalladde; allons! Sir Harry ſhall pay me my bill, or make me Member of Parliament. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Street before another Milliner's Shop.

Enter POLLY *and Mrs.* CHAINSTICH.

POLLY.

WELL, couſin Chainſtich, thanks to our hackney-coach, I'm out of gun-ſhot of that old pirate my guardian; now let him barter me off to his fine Sir Harry Fangle.—But my ſweet, dear, beſt of couſins, I aſſure you, I am very well at my needle, and if you will, as you promiſed, but recommend me to ſome reputable ſhop of your trade here, in this part of the town, only to weather it out for a few months, 'till I am of age and out of my guardian's power; then, when in full command of myſelf and fortune—I'll make you my Chaplain.

Mrs. Chain. Ah! Miſs Polly, this is a mad ſtep—However, to get even to work in a reputable ſhop, muſt be attended with leſs danger than a young creature, like you, to go by yourſelf into lodgings.

Polly. Upon my honor this is a very taſty-looking ſhop. Oh, my dear couſin, now if you knew the people——

Mrs.

Mrs. Chain. I think I do. Ha, ha, ha;

Polly. Then perhaps, on your recommendation, they'll employ me—come. (*going to the door, ſtops*)——But, avaſt; we had beſt knock at the hall-door; ſhou'd not chuſe to plump in like a forty-pounder among the girls.

Mrs. Chain. Little thinks, tho' ſo far from the place ſhe left, that ſhe's going to a ſhop belonging to the ſame people. (*aſide*) (*The door opens*) Step in, Miſs.

Polly. Steer up, little coxen. [*Goes in.*

Mrs. Chain. This may prevent her ruin, and even cou'd ſhe eſcape, by her guardian keeping her ſo ſcant of pocket money, ſhe'd find but a cold reception any where. I'll reſtore her ſafe into their hands, and ſo I'm clear of the buſineſs.

[*Goes in.*

SCENE II.

A Parlour.

At the Back a Milliner's Shop, terminating with a View of the Street through the Glaſs Doors.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Coef. Allons, Maitre de Bob, come—my 'prentice.

Enter BOB DOBBIN, *dreſſed ridiculouſly.*

Fort bien, vous avez une tres beau figure, en verité —You are to conſider, dis is not Cheapſide ſhop you were in juſt now; dere you were at de tail of faſhion

faſhion—Now you are at my own ſhop, in de veſt end of de town, at the very head of faſhion.

Bob. Yes, Sir, I've a head of faſhion.

Coef. I am ſo vext, Miſs Polly Gunnel run away from her guardian, my broder; and Sir Henry to beat my ear; and dere he's gone to Doctor Commons, for licence to marry Lady Dolphin dis morning. But ſhe will want her head dreſs—You girls (*calls at the ſide*)—make haſte with Lady Dolphin's cap. Bob, my 'prentice boy, I muſt teach you how to ſell my goods to my cuſtomers. Let's hear how you wou'd talk to dem.

Bob. I'd ſtand at the door, and I'd ſay, walk in Ladies, what do you buy?—buy, buy, buy, buy.

Coef. Bob! diable vat buy is dat? do you tink you're at the old cloaths ſhop in Monmouth-ſtreet, or a pluck-'em-in at a Crambon-alley bonnet-ſhop—Ah! I muſt give you my leſſon myſelf—You muſt always ſmile upon de Ladies, de cuſtomers. Look, dis vay (*grimaces—Bob imitates*) bien. Let her do vat ſhe vill, always ſmile.

Bob. I love to ſmile upon the Ladies, he, he, he!—But if, as you ſay, they come and chatter for half an hour, and make me pull all the things in the ſhop about, and find fault, and tumble and rumple, and cheapen and higgle and giggle, and then walk off without buying any thing——.

Coef. Let's hear what you'd do then.

Bob. I'd hand them to the coach door, ſmirking all the way, and when they are ſeated, I'd make a low bow, and with the ſweeteſt ſmile—ſo. (*grimaces*) I'd ſay, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip, to the devil I pitch your cuſtom. (*bows*)—Hem! Drive on, John.

Coef.

Coef. Ah! barbare!—And yet, he, he he!—ven de Lady go off vidout buying, while the ſmile is on my mout, begar dat very devil is on the top of my tongue, ah! ha, ha!—Here comes a young Lady—now I'll ſhow you how to behave to de cuſtomers, lopk, vatch me, my 'prentice boy.

Enter POLLY.

Serviteur, Madame. (*cringes and bows—Bob imitates him ridiculouſly*) She is grande Lady.

Bob. So ſhe is—Sir, will you buy me a ſilver watch, if you pleaſe. (*to Coeffeuſe, as he is preparing to addreſs Polly with ceremony*)

Coef. Diable! you waſch my buſineſs. (*apart*) Madame your plaiſir?

Polly. (*curtſeys, turns to the ſide, and calls in an under tone*) Couſin Chainſtitch! Yes, my convoy has ſlipt her cable.

Coef. Madame, I ſee you're a Lady of faſhion, by coming to my ſhop. (*bows*)

Bob. Ma'am, 'you're right to come to our ſhop. (*bows*) O ſhe's very pretty. (*aſide*)

Coef. Here you have every faſhion—De firſt from Paris.

Bob. Ma'am we are firſt from Paris (*bows*)—She's ſo handſome. (*aſide*)

Coef. (*apart to Bob*) Dis is ſome Lady of great rank.

Polly. Sir, tho' my appearance may beſpeak—

Coef. Ma'am, vat ever you beſpeak ſhall be done in de treading of a needle. But, Madame, I have de tippet, de hat, de cloak, de cap, ready made, dat muſt become dat amiable, contour.

Bob. Yes, Ma'am, the cap's behind the counter. (*bows*) She's ſo beautiful! (*aſide*)

Polly.

Polly. Avaſt, my hearties—you're upon a wrong look-out; I come to offer myſelf, and think you'll not repent, if you rate me able on your books.

Coef. She is a Lady of faſhion, by wanting ſo ſoon to get into my books. (*apart to Bob*) Madame, vid ſtrangers I do always deal for ready money.

Bob. Yes, Ma'am, and I love ready money. (*bows*)

Polly. I hope, Sir, when you try me with a ſpell at my needle.

Coef. Her needle! Oh! ſhe make her own millinary. (*apart*) Well, Madame, I do ſell all de material—de gauſe, de tiffany, de wire.

Polly. Then, Sir, if you'll employ me as a work-woman—I hope I ſhall——

Coef. Ha! you're a girl come for work—Oh! oh! (*changes to a contemptuous manner*) Attend a me, you ſirrah. [*Exit.*

Bob. Go to work, my girl. (*apeing Coeffeuſe*)

Polly. So—this French coaſt affords no harbour to a poor veſſel in diſtreſs. But its all the fault of our own ſex, to encourage men in an employment that ſuits only the trifling delicacy of a woman. Why now, what a ſhame to ſee a young fellow like you, inſtead of being employed in ſome manly exerciſe, ſurrounded here with band-boxes, gauſe, thread, pins and tiffany—Hearky—Are you a Briton?

Bob. No, I'm an Engliſhman.

Polly. And commanded by a Frenchman, ah! you lolly-pop.

Bob. And has my father—as wiſe a 'poticary as ever thump'd a peſtle, ſent me up here, to this great London, and all that money paid down by uncle for

for my 'prentice fee, only to make me a lolly-pop? —But as you're in diſtreſs, I won't be angry with you.

Polly. Couſin Chainſtitch to forſake me! Loſt my rudder, and what courſe to ſteer I know not.

Bob. Only I'm a ſtranger, or elſe I'd ſee you home.

Polly. I am a ſtranger myſelf, and have no home. (*weeps*)

Bob. Poor pretty ſoul!

Mrs. Coeffeuſe. (*without*) I don't like one of them.

Bob. Miſs, ſtop! don't go away; here comes my miſtreſs, I'll try to make her hire you.

Enter Mrs. COEFFEUSE.

Mrs. Coef. Such a parcel of flaunting, ſleering huſſies as my huſband employs here.

Bob. So they are, Ma'am, very bold; I wiſh you'd employ this young woman.

Mrs. Coef. Oh! the girl Mr. Coeffeuſe told me of.

Bob. Look, ſhe's ſo modeſt—out of the country.

Mrs. Coef. Ah! not the better for that!

Bob. Oh that—is, Ma'am—She's out of the country, becauſe ſhe's now in town—you know, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Coef. When we take a 'prentice, the fee pays our trouble in teaching them the buſineſs, but a raw, inexperienced journeywoman I never will have.—If ſhe had been in any ſhop in town, indeed.

Bob. Oh, ſhe has, Ma'am.—Say yes. (*apart to Polly*) You know you ſaid you had work'd in town. (*winks*)

Mrs.

Mrs. Coef. And where, pray?

Polly. A league and a half from this.

Mrs. Coef. Where?

Bob. Tell her any where. (*apart to Polly*)

Polly. In Cheapſide, Ma'am.

Bob. The deuce! that's too near our other ſhop. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coef. Cheapſide—with who there, pray?

Polly. Lord, I don't know—any name, but—(*aſide*) at Mrs. Coeffeuſe, Ma'am.

Bob. The devil! Now ſhe's ſettled all. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coef. Why here's a girl I employ'd that I never ſaw before. (*aſide*) I have been at Mrs. Coeffeuſe, and don't recollect ever having ſeen you there.

Polly, Can't you help me out, my lad. (*apart to Bob*)

Bob. Ah! you're out enough already without my helping. (*apart*)

Polly. Ma'm—I—good morning to you, Ma'm. (*going*)

Mrs. Coef. Stop, Miſs.—I muſt get to the bottom of this affair. (*aſide*) I was ſaying, I remark'd, that I never ſaw you at Monſieur Coeffeuſe's ſhop.

Polly. As you ſay Ma'am, I was not ſtation'd in the houſe, as Monſieur Coeffeuſe not being quite contented with his wife's portion of beauty—

Mrs. Coef. Is n't he indeed, ha, ha! (*affecting a laugh*)

Polly. For you know, Ma'am, ſhe is a very ordinary woman.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Miſs, but this Lady does n't know any ſuch thing; d'ye Ma'am, (*to Mrs. Coef.*) ha, ha, ha!

Polly. What does the boy laugh at?

Mrs.

Mrs. Coef. Then I ſuppoſe Monſieur Coeffeuſe was quite captivated with your beauty Miſs.

Polly. I ſhould not ſay that Ma'am, but the cauſe of your not ſeeing me in the ſhop—was—I ſuppoſe it was for no good purpoſe, his bringing me the work, and making me do it at my own apartment.

Mrs. Coef. Ha!—Oh, then you're a chamber-milliner—(*ſarcaſtically*) So, this is the way he ſerves me, is it?

Bob. No Ma'am this is the way he ſerves other Ladies, ah, ah, ah! oh, did I think when I come 'prentice, that I ſhould have ſuch fun, ah, ah, ah! I'd be bound 'prentice every day, if I was ſure of having ſo much laughing at my miſtreſs—but Miſs, I don't think his wife's ſo very ordinary; now do you Ma'am? (*to Mrs Coef.*)

Polly. I never ſaw much of her, but her huſband us'd to tell me ſhe was a fright.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha!

Polly. I can't help laughing myſelf, tho' I am ſure I don't know what at, ah, ah, ah!

Mrs. Coef. Yes, this muſt be one of his huſſies, that comes to affront me.

Polly. Well Ma'am, does it ſuit you to give me employment.

Bob. Lord, ſhe'll give you all the whole ſhop, ſhe's ſo fond of you, ha, ha, ha! ſee how pleaſant ſhe looks at you now.

Mrs. Coef. Very fine! but my huſband ſhall rue this.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Look at that young woman, a'n't you aſham'd of yourſelf?

Coef. Shamed, no Madame, I've got more young women already, than I am able to do for.

Mrs. Coef. Oh! fye, fye! what boaſt of it!

Coef. Bien, Madame Coeffeuſe, if you inſiſt, follow me up ſtairs, Mä chere Fille. (*going*)

Mrs. Coef. (*interpoſing*) Excuſe me, Sir, you may go again to her apartment, but you ſhall never bring your creatures into mine. [*Exit.*

Polly Can this be Mr. and Mrs. Coeffeuſe that keep this ſhop too, I've got all amongſt the breakers.

Faggot. (*without*) Polly's in here, you ſay?

Polly. My guardian!

Coef. My broder, de biſcuit baker!

Faggot. (*without*) I'll find her tho' ſhe's hid in the oven.

Polly. Couſin Chainſtitch has betray'd me. (*aſide*)

Enter FAGGOT.

Faggot. You are there, Miſs, crack my boots.

Polly. Yes, I'm taken.

Bob. Taken! poor ſoul!

Faggot. Come along, I'll make you pay for— (*lays hold of Polly*)

Bob. Stop, what's the debt, Mr. Bailey?

Faggot. Debt!

Bob. She ſhan't go to gaol if that can pay it. (*ſhews money*) Not much caſh, but you ſhall ſee I've ſpirit—there—All the corn in Egypt.

Faggot, I fancy yours is the ſpirit of barley corn.

Coef. Miſs, tho', I don't know how, yet I find you have made miſchief between me and my wife; ſo allez! hors de ma—go out of my parlour.

Faggot.

Faggot. Go out of my parlour! crack my thumb, is that your French manners to a young lady, after yourſelf inviting her to town?

Coef. (*aſide*) Diable, can this be Ma'mſelle Polly, from Plymouth.

Faggot. And are theſe your promiſes too, where's your man of faſhion, your Sir Harry Fangle, that was to marry her, but I'll find him out, and ſee what he ſays on the buſineſs. Come along, Polly.

Polly. You needn't take me in tow—I'll keep in your wake, old Crank; and for you, my lad, (*to Bob*) for your well-meant generoſity on this unhoſpitable ſhore, if fortune ſhou'd ever turn you adrift, you ſhan't overſet for want of ballaſt, while Polly Gunnel can command a yellow-boy.

[*Exeunt Polly and Faggot.*

Coef. What den, dat is Miſs Polly. She is the littel lying baggage.

Bob. Stop—I won't hear an ill word ſaid of this ſweet girl—The man that wou'd turn a poor diſtreſſed woman out of a palace, don't deſerve to be maſter of a cobler's ſtall.

Coef. Carry that band-box to Lady Dowager de Dolphin.

Bob. Me carry a band-box!—I won't.

Coef. Jump, my 'prentice boy, Biddy Gymp ſhall ſhew you the way.

Bob. And can't Biddy Gymp ſhew herſelf the way?

Coef. Non. She go to carry the ruffle to Captain O'Bam; I know my buſineſs, I always ſend home my girls vid de thing to the Gentlemen, and make de boy bring de tings to de Ladies. Obey your duty, my 'prentice, or I vill tell my Lord Mayor of London of you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Oxford Street.

Enter FRANK DOBBIN.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! When my brother Galen comes to know, that inſtead of a ſurgeon, I have made his ſon a milliner, how the country apothecary will ſtare. But I think I'm pretty ſafe, he hasn't been in London theſe thirty years and may not come for thirty more, ſo can hear nothing of it till Bob goes down for a Chriſtmas or ſo, and then the Lord knows where I ſhall be, ha, ha, ha! —Ha, yonder is Bob—why Bob! (*looking out*) the awkward rogue.—Monſieur Coeffeuſe's millinary won't be the nicer for Bob's mode of carrying it. (*retires, looking up*)

Enter GALEN DOBBIN *and* POST-BOY.

Galen. An Oxford-Road I remember very well.

Poſt-boy. Lord, Maſter, I can't tell what you remember—but this is Oxford ſtreet; I remember every paſſenger gives me a ſhilling.

Galen. Then there's two ſhillings, as you have whipp'd me into London for the firſt time theſe thir y years.

Poſt-boy. Thank ye, maſter. [*Exit.*

Galen. Now for my brother Frank's Inn at Snow hill; or had I beſt go to Surgeon Tourniquet? for I ſuppoſe by this Bob is bound—I'll enquire—Ho! honeſt friend!

Enter

Enter COACH-WATERMAN.

Wat. Want a coach, your honor?

Galen. Pray, do you know Surgeon Tourniquet's?

Wat. Sir John, who?

Galen. Pho, pho! no, Sir John—he's a ſurgeon—a doctor.

Wat. Doctor, what?

Galen. Pſhaw! an amazing length this Oxford-ſtreet, as they now call it—In the High-ſtreet of our town, there are no leſs than three of my profeſſion—this muſt be a mile—(*looking up and down*) Pray, friend, how many apothecaries ſhops are there in this ſtreet?

Wat. 'Pothecaries ſhops! faith, I can't even tell how many beer-houſes in it——

Galen. Since I've got to this end of the town, I'll call firſt to——Pray how are the fields at this ſeaſon between this and Mary-le-Bone?

Wat. Fields!—Faith, Sir, the kitchens and parlours, and cellars and garrats, are the only fields that I know of between this and Mary-le Bone.

Galen. What a change has thirty years produc'd in this town. How ſhall I make my way through this new foreſt of brick?

Wat. I think, Sir, as you're a ſtranger, you'll make your way beſt in a hackney-coach—I'll get you a genteel one, and I'll open the door and I'll pull down the ſteps, and I'll ram down the hay in about your legs, and I'll put up the ſteps and I'll ſhut you up there, as ſnug as a rabbit—Sure, that's the way I earn a few halfpence——

Galen. And pray, what are you?

Wat. I'm a waterman.

Galen.

Galen. And come up all the way here, from the Thames, to attend upon hackney-coaches—I'm ſure that's amazing civil of you—Dear! how things are chang'd ſince my time—I'll ſlip in ſomewhere, and ſend a card to the Surgeon.

Wat. Yonder's the Stratford, Sir.

Galen. The what?

Wat. Arrah, the coffee-houſe, where Gentlemen go to eat and ſleep.

Galen. Then I'll give you ſixpence, if you'll take a note for me to Snow-hill.

Wat. Me! what do you mean? Wou'd you make a porter of me? I ſcorn your words—Make an O'Rafferty an errand-boy, you inſulting man—know who you ſpeak to always firſt. Porter indeed! I'd have you to know, fellow, I deſpiſe your ſixpence! Will you give us a ſhilling?

Galen. No; I will not.

Wat. No! you ſaucy old beggarman?

[*Exit, muttering.*

Galen. There's an impudent raſcal!——Dear, dear! this town is turn'd topſy-turvy! I might as well have dropt into Pekin or Conſtantinople!—But the joy of ſeeing my ſon Bob a ſcientific, regular-bred ſurgeon, will repay all my labour, all my expence. By this time, I dare ſay, his maſter has brought him in his chariot, his rounds among the patients. How ſurpriz'd and overjoy'd will he and brother Frank be to ſee me—Eh! is not that Frank—Why—Brother Frank.

FRANK *advances, looking out, not ſeeing Galen.*

Frank. Stupid! the young rogue will drop the bandbox in the kennel, ha, ha, ha!

Galen. What Frank!

Frank.

Frank. (*turning*) My brother! all's up by Jove. (*aſide*)—Galen, what the duece brought you to town?

Galen. Why the only patient that cou'd keep me, ſlip'd out of my hand, 'Squire Fog has taken it into his head, to riſe at ſeven, walk three times round Violet Hill, then get his breakfaſt from the dairy and the hen-rooſt, ſo I gave him up —Sir Ben Hectic forſooth wou'd try earth bathing, and ſo got drown'd by a tomb-ſtone—dealt with me to the laſt tho', and quitted this troubleſome field like an hero, brandiſhing one of my empty bottles in his hand—But is Bob bound?

Frank. Yes he is bound—and I wiſh you'd been bound too, to your counter at home. (*aſide*)

Galen. That's well, eh, and was'n't the boy rejoic'd—before I die, I hope to ſee him as famous as Hunter, Jebb, Pott, or Hawkins—Frank, has he begun to walk the Hoſpitals?

Frank. (*looking out*) Suppoſe you and I walk this way.

Galen. Why?—ſtop—isn't this Bob. (*looking out*)

Frank. Yes, I think it is. (*confuſed*) What ſhall I do. (*aſide*)

Galen. What great blue box is that on his head.

Frank. I don't know, without its his caſe of inſtruments.

Galen. A devil of a large caſe.

Frank. Yes, you know every thing is upon a larger ſcale here in town, than what they are with you in the country.

Galen. True, true, how wonderfully every thing is improv'd ſince my time; a ſurgeon then cou'd carry his inſtruments in his ſide pocket, and here a boy, only a 'prentice a few days, marches about the ſtreets with a caſe on his head, like a milk-pail.

Enter

Enter BOB DOBBIN, *with a large band box on his head.*

Bob. Biddy! (*looking back*) I've loſt Biddy Gymp.

Galen. Why Bob, ha, ha, ha!

Bob. La father! ſo you're come to town, how are you, how are you father?

Galen. How do you do, Doctor Bob?

Bob. Ah, ſee now uncle, father's ſtill at his doctorſhips. (*to Frank*)

Frank. Well, well, humour him, you know he'll talk no other way. (*apart to Bob*)

Galen. Ah, Bob! but where's your wig?

Bob. Wig?

Galen. In my days, the very boys of your profeſſion wore a wig like a bee-hive.

Bob. Do you hear him?—Now whoever heard talk of a milliner's wig. (*apart to Frank Dobbin*)

Frank. Well, child, you muſt not contradict him. (*apart*)

Galen. 'Been among'ſt the patients already?

Bob. Patients!—There's more of it. (*to Frank* Lord, Sir, I am going to a cuſtomer.

Galen. Oh! what now—Perhaps they call them cuſtomers.

Frank. Yes, brother, its the new faſhion.

Galen. Dear, how things are chang'd in this town, ſince my time; and who is this cuſtomer—eh, eh, eh—I don't know but cuſtomer is a very good name.

Bob. It's one Lady Dowager, I've heard ſay ſhe's a Dolphin.

Galen. A Dolphin! but I won't aſk to ſhew my ignorance. (*aſide*) Ha! and what's her complaint, Bob?

Frank.

Frank. Come, Sir, now you're too hard upon him. He can't have learn'd quite ſo far as that yet.

Bob. Yes, I have tho'—Sir ſhe complains that her laſt cap was too little.

Galen. Oh, poor lady, then her head's ſwell'd!

Bob. Ha, ha, ha! I warrant it is, Sir, with rice flour and lavender pomatum.

Galen. No Bob, there's a tumour in the occiput. Eh! may be an operation is neceſſary: ha, your maſter performs it, if ſo, and no offence, I'll go and ſee what part you bear in it Bob.

Frank. I think you had beſt not.

Galen. But I will tho'.

Frank. Then if I can—I'll—(*aſide ſtealing away*)

Galen. Stay Frank; where are you going? if this cuſtomer, as you ſay, is a lady. Bob ſhall appear decent on the occaſion—hey! there's a barbers ſhop yonder, if five pounds can do it, my boy ſhall have a medical pate.

Coef. (*ſings without.*)

Bob. Oh, Sir, here's my maſter,

Frank. The devil! (*aſide*)

Enter COEFFEUSE, *ſinging.*

Coef. What do you ſtand chattering here, my 'prentice boy? Why don't you take the vork home to my lady dowager? She waits for her wedding clothes, and her bridegroom, Sir Harry Fangle, will be at her houſe, in one quarter of an hour. Dere 'tis de fourth door in Berner's-ſtreet. Allez vous en. [*Exit.*

Galen. What, is that Surgeon Tourniquet?

Bob. Ah, ah, ah! my father's head runs of

nothing but ſurgeons and apothecaries.—Now for the cuſtomer, allez vouzent. [*Exit.*

Galen. There's a pair of doctors for you! in my time, there was the gold-headed cane, ſnuff-box large as a ſtand-diſh, ſcarlet cloak, grave pace, but now they trip up to the patients with "allez vous en!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A Dreſſing Room.

LADY DOLPHIN *diſcover'd at her Tailet.*

Lady D. Fidget! why Fidget!

Enter FIDGET.

Was Sir Harry at home?

Fidget. No, my Lady, they ſaid he was gone into the city.

Lady D. What cou'd bring him to the city on our wedding day too; nobody yet from the milliners? I'll not ſee any one 'till I'm dreſs'd, not even, Sir Harry.

Fidget. My Lady, here's a card, one of his footmen left this moment.

Lady D. (*reads*) "My charming bride, adored "Lady Dolphin, I fly to your arms—juſt re-"turn'd from the Commons with a licence." Oh then that was his buſineſs in the city. "that "ſhall make all mankind envy the happy

HENRY FANGLE."

What ardor! what tenderneſs—paſt two, we ſhall ſoon be at the altar, heigho!

Fidget.

Fidget. Heigho for a huſband; my Lady, I wiſh I was going to church upon the ſame errand.

Lady D. Sir Harry will ſurpriſe me; I never ſhall be ready—aſtoniſhingly bad of the milliner, not ſending the things to his time.

Fidget. He can't be long now Ma'am, Monſieur Coeffeuſe is generally pretty punctual.

Bob. (*without*) I tell you father you had beſt ſtay below.

Fidget. I fancy my lady here's ſomebody from the milliner's, for I have the glimpſe of a band box, coming up ſtairs.

Enter BOB *in a large Wig, and* GALEN DOBBIN.

Bob. An't pleaſe you Ma'am, I've brought——

Galen. What a bawling—child—never ſpeak ſo loud in a ſick perſon's apartment—Frank, why Frank Dobbin. (*calling very loud at the ſide*) Gone! ha! that brother of mine never had a taſte for operations.

Lady D. Lard! what men are theſe Fidget?

Fidget. What a pair of Biſhops!

Lady D. Your buſineſs, pray?

Galen. Softly my good lady, I'm an old Pharmacopolia, and my ſon Bob here is a young Chirurgiolicum.

Bob. Why father! ma'm it's no ſuch thing, I'm no Jollycum.

Galen. Be quiet child! ma'am, Bob Dobbin's of the new practice, and I'm of the old ſchool.

Bob. Yes, ma'am, father's an old fool. (*bows*)

Galen. Bob, ſhe don't look ill—but you know

little yet of ſymptoms! I'll queſtion her myſelf. (*apart*)

Lady D. Ha, ha, ha! this is the ſtrangeſt—I don't know whether to be angry or pleaſed—Fidget, ſtep down and aſk what all this is about?

Bob. I aſk your ladyſhip's pardon, but I'd ſooner fall upon my ſciſſars, than offend your ladyſhip; only my maſter ſending theſe goods home to you by me, and father meeting me in the ſtreet wou'd as it were have a finger in the pye. (*bows*)

Fidget. (*opening the band-box*) O yes, ma'am, they are the new things from the milliners.

Lady D. Strange he ſhou'd employ ſuch odd ſort of people.

Bob. Ma'am it's maſter's method to make us boys, bring home the things to the ladies. (*bows*)

Lady D. Have you brought the flowers?

Galen. Oh, Bob, where's the camomile.

Lady D. Fidget, take out the things.

Galen. Bob! open the caſe, come I long to ſee your apparatus. (*Fidget goes to the box*) Stop! ſtop! theſe are no play things for girls like you.

Fidget. Girls like me indeed!

Galen. Yes, child, as far as a nurſe, you may be very well for the ſick lady here, but for catheters, gorget, forceps, fillets, lints, and perferators; go, and play with your bodkin child—or if you muſt be buſy here, go warm the water-gruel.—You handle a probe, you jade!

Fidget. Lord ma'am, I don't know what to make of them—Come, get along with your great wigs—my lady is going to dreſs.

Galen.

Calen. Ah! then you ſhan't dreſs her, miſtreſs little wig, tho' ſmart you are——

Fidget. Then hang me if I don't call a footman that ſhall dreſs you both handſomely, if you don't immediately go down ſtairs.

Galen. Footman! ma'am if your ladyſhip will venture to try Bob; he thinks he can do it.

Bob. Not I ma'am, I can't do it.—I went 'prentice only to day. Why, is the devil in you father. (*apart*)

Galen. Sirrah! ma'am dy'e want to be phlebottomiz'd. This boy bleeds as well as any apothecary in London. Taught him myſelf—made him practice two hours every day.

Lady D. Really Fidget, don't you know who they are?

Galen. I ſee the tumours abated Bob! pray child, has ſhe embrocated with lixivium and bran? (*to Fidget*)

Lady D. Such an incomprehenſible—I deſire. Fidget you'll call ſome of the men.

Fidget. Why Thomas, Harry, Richard. [*Exit.*

Galen. Bob I ſee ſhe has been cataplaſm'd with the oil of turpentine.

Bob. Yes, and we ſhall be cataplaſm'd with the oil of hazel.—Oh, here comes my maſter.

Enter COEFFEUSE.

Lady D. What do ye mean Mr. by ſending ſuch people to my houſe.

Coef. Ma'am, I—(*bows*)

Galen. Bob, I'll talk to your maſter—mind—I've puzzled ſome of your great ones before now. (*apart*)

Bob.

Bob. And father, you have not loſt the art.

Galen. Why child I think not; Sir, I am partly of your profeſſion. (*to Coeffeuſe*)

Bob. Are you faith, ha, ha, ha!

Galen. And I am come, my dear Doctor, purpoſely———

Coef. Comment, Doctor! Eh, true, he think his ſon is bound to a ſurgeon---ha, ha, ha! (*aſide*)

Galen. (*apart to Bob*) I'm a common doctor! Bob! does he mean I'm a quack?

Bob. Lord, Sir, you've made ſuch confuſion, I don't know what any body means.

Galen. Well, Mr.—, if no offence, let's ſee your method of practice—Now for your fine London works. (*Bob Dobbin opens the caſe, and takes out a woman's head-dreſs*)

Coef. Dere, Monſieur---Madame! (*with exultation*)

Galen. Well, it's a very great affair indeed, but pray, under favour, what the devil has a ſurgeon to do with a milliner's cap.

Bob. And father, what have I, that am bound prentice to a milliner, to do with a ſurgeon.

Galen. Bound 'prentice to a milliner!

Bob. Why yes, you know I am, and there's my maſter.

Galen. My Bob a milliner, Frank! why Frank! (*calls*) where's that reprobate rogue, my brother.—What a milliner, a ſlitter of gauſe, and ſtitcher of tiffany; I always took my boy for a man. My money too! what has the villain your uncle done with my money?

Coef. Oh Monſieur, I've the fee.

Galen. Oh that's well, give it me; give it me.

Coef.

Coef. Non Monſieur, tho' I am not a ſurgeon, yet I'm ſo much of de phyſician as never to return a fee.

Enter SIR HARRY.

Sir Harry. Oh, my lady! I've juſt taken out the licence, the formal proceſs of the commons is over our few friends are ready, and my chariot waits to attend us to church.

Enter FAGGOT *and* POLLY.

Faggot. And here's the bride as ready as the beſt of them.

Lady D. Another bride!

Sir Harry. (*embarraſs'd*) Another bride, my lady!—No—oh yes, if your ladyſhip means this girl.—Curs'd unlucky this—muſt turn it off tho' (*aſide*) Ah! ah! ah! Another bride my lady, ha, ha, ha! this bumpkin being here, is apropos — (*aſide looking at Bob*) Yes, yes, this young woman is—that is—as well as I underſtand the affair is going—this young man it ſeems—don't be aſhamed my lad—is going to marry the baker's daughter here.

Bob. Me!

Galen. How!

Faggot. What's that?

Sir Harry. Have I the ſtory right, Coeffeuſe; hedge me off you ſcoundrel.

Coef. Oui, Sir Harry, you ſay all right, dat is de vay it is.

Polly. Is it indeed? Ah, ha, ha!

Bob. Me! Oh Lord! tho' I thought her ſo

Polly.

beautiful; yet I never had no more notion of marriage!

Sir Harry. Till you found ſhe was not to be had without it. My Lady, the young rogue, with that ſimple face, is the wickedeſt dog among'ſt the girls. Ha, ha, ha!

Bob. Me! Oh Ma'am, as I hope for——

Sir Harry. Hold your tongue, you're right to marry her.

Galen. My ſon marry a bakers daughter more of my brother's villainy, I'll poiſon the rogue if there's a bottle in my ſhop.

Faggot. Crack your bottles; I'd have you to know, the baker's an honeſt man; tho' for all that ſpark's grinning, Polly's not a baker's daughter; ſpeak Monſieur brother-in-law.—— Speak you wild devil. (*to Polly*) Tell them, an't you heireſs to Captain Gunnell—with ten thouſand pound in your pocket.

Galen. Ten thouſand—why Bob!

Sir Harry. That bam won't do on me, the girl herſelf has told me all; ſo ſay it was after that young fellow you and ſhe came hither now, and I'll portion your Polly prettily.

Lady D. A motley groupe you've brought about you, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Ah, ah, ah! a queer collection faith, ah, ah, ah! (*looking round*) But you know my Lady this Coeffeuſe here was formerly my valet, and the poor faithful ſcoundrel begs the honor to have his nieces marriage to this young man, ſolemniz'd with ours.

Polly. Here's a chain-ſhot! rak'd and boarded without a declaration of war.

Bob.

Bob D. No, but here's a kiſs of peace. (*kiſſes her*) I h, eh, eh!

Faggot. Yes, yes. I ſee there's no holding her, ſhe'll be off with ſomebody, and I ſha'n't get a penny by it, but who is this ſtick of hickery? (*to Bob*)

Bob. I'm my father's ſon.

Galen. Your hand, boy; ah! fly in this love affair; but if ſhe has this fortune, what ſay you?

Bob. Hang fortune, my toaſt is, Polly without a petticoat.

Polly. I ſee, Sir Harry, from his fear of loſing his wife there, will provide me with a huſband. I've had a proof that the lad has a good heart, ſo I had beſt take the tide, and at once ſail out of my guardian's power. (*aſide*)

Faggot. Speak out girl, will you have this Bob?

Polly. Why he ſeems a little biſcuit bread like myſelf; but as he had the generoſity to offer his ſervice when he thought me in diſtreſs, he's worthy and welcome to partake of my proſperity.

Faggot. There, you ſee ſhe's not only got the ſailor's language, but their thoughtleſs, noble, diſintereſted generoſity—the girl has ſet me ſuch a generous example, that I'll give my free conſent, if you'll give me back two hundred of her portion. (*to Galen*)

Galen. Your hand; I'll bleed, bolus, and bliſter you till the very hour of your death.

Bob. Oh, you generous old ones!

Sir Harry. What has the girl humm'd me? are you then really her guardian, and ſhe the fortune that——

Faggot. Fortune, or no fortune, devil a penny of it you touch; this lad deſerves her.

Bob. Yes, I deſerve her, ſo hold your prate. (*to Sir Harry*)

Enter FIDGET.

Fidget. Oh, what you're here yet gentlemen with your wigs on you?—My Lady here's John the Coachman, ſays he'll ſoon drive 'em out.

Sir Harry. No, Mrs. Fidget, let John the coachman with your leave my Lady, drive us to church.

Galen. And we'll follow you merrily in a hack hey younkers?

Bob. Maſter, you give up my indentures to Polly; and bound to ſo ſweet a miſtreſs, I ſhall wiſh never to be out of my time.

THE END.

THE

PRISONER AT LARGE.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

IN 1788.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Eſmond, ...	Mr. WILLIAMSON.
Dowdle, ...	Mr. MOSS.
Count Fripon, ...	Mr. WEWITZER.
Jack Connor, ...	Mr. R. PALMER.
Father Frank, ...	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Frill, ...	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Muns, ...	Mr. EDWIN.
Tough, ...	Mr. BURTON.
Phelim, ...	Mr. JOHNSON,
Trap, ...	Mr. GARDNER.
Landlord, ...	Mr. PAINTER.
Adelaide, ...	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Rachel, ...	Mrs. BROOKS.
Mary, ...	Miss COLLET.

SERVANTS, PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE, *in the North of Ireland.**

THE

PRISONER AT LARGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Garden near LORD ESMOND'S *Houſe, a Gate in the back leading to the road.*

Enter FRILL *and* MUNS, *quarrelling*; MARY *interpoſing.*

MUNS.

CONCEITED fop!

Frill. Impertinent ſavage!

Mary. Gentlemen—

Frill. 'Pon my honour I ſhall pink you.

Muns. And by my fiſt I'll thump you.

Mary. But my dear rival lovers, my town fop, and my country beau; ſilly to quarrel about me, for when one gets thump'd, and t'other pink'd as you call it probably I may have neither of you.

Frill.

Frill. Didn't you confeſs, my little Spaniſh guitar tickled your heart? (*ſhewing it.*)

Muns. And, my ſweet, didn't you own that my great French horn rouſed your ſoul?

(*ſhewing his horn hung round his neck.*)

Mary. Yes; but 'pon my reputation, gents, I have not yet determined whether I ever was rouſed or tickled.

Rachel. (*without*) Mary!

Mary. My miſtreſs! coming, madam.

Count. (*without*) Frill!

Frill. My maſter! yes, Sir.

Dowd. (*without*) You Muns! Why Muns!

Muns. My maſter! Sir—I'm here—I'm there.—Mary, don't ſtay with that fellow.—Coming, Sir. (*all run confuſed.*)

Frill. I can't bear to leave 'em together.—Coming, Sir.

Enter RACHEL.

Rachel. Mary, ſee where's Miſs Adelaide.

Mary. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Enter COUNT FRIPON.

Count F. My riding hat and ſwitch, Frill.

[*Exit Frill.*

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Here, Muns! you loitering raſcal, what are you at? Call, call, call!—Deſire Yemon to get the horſes ready. (*Exit Muns.* Ay, Count, ſince my maſter, the lord of this houſe, has been ſo unlucky as to loſe his eſtate, and

and you and your friends in Paris have been lucky enough to win it, now I am your ſteward; and as they ſent you over here to Ireland, to collect the rents, to pay his Lordſhip's bonds to them, I'll go about and make the tenants pay them into your hands, on condition you marry my daughter Rachel here.

Count F. I will.

Rachel You will not. (*aſide*)

Count F. But all de clown of tenant, when I dig go to gather in de l'argent, did throw de mud and ſtone at my head, ſpoil my curl, knock o' my hair out of my buckle; ma foi, call me Jack Frog. Now, Mademoiſelle, am I like dat Jacky de Frog?

Rachel. Ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. Fools! They never ſaw their landlord, Lord Eſmond, ſince he was a boy. No, he ſpent his time and money flying over Italy and Germany, like a wild gooſe, till he's got himſelf now coop'd up in a priſon at Paris! Ha, ha, ha! Come, Count, I hope to bring all the tenants to reaſon---but that ſneering raſcal Jack Connor---Daughter, I inſiſt you'll never ſpeak to him.

Rachel. Not I, Sir—till you go out. (*aſide*)

Dowd. Here, you Muns! (*calling*)

Count F. Frill.

Enter FRILL, *whiſpers the* COUNT.

Frill. A ſervant without, Sir, from one Mr. Nugent, from Paris.

Count F. Nugent! One of our club—where is he? [*Exit, with Frill.*

Enter

Enter MUNS.

Muns. Sir, the horſes are ready.

Dowd. Rachel, as 'tis late, we ſha'n't be home to-night—the Count and I will take a bed where we can with ſome of the tenants—

Rachel. This is charming! (*aſide*) Dear papa, ſure you won't ſleep out all night!

Dowd. Buſineſs.—You Muns!

Muns. Sir.

Dowd. You'll let me know if Jack Connor meets my daughter, whilſt I am away. There's a retaining fee.

Muns. (*looking at it*) I will, Sir. (*apart*)

Rachel. (*apart*) Muns, run and tell Jack Connor to come here to me as ſoon as my father's out of ſight. There's ſomething to drink our health by the way. (*Gives him money*)

Muns. (*looking at it*) I will, Miſs.

Dowd. Now you'll be on the watch; I may depend on you? (*apart*)

Muns. You may, Sir. (*apart*)

Rachel. You won't fail?

Muns. I won't.

Dowd. Mind, don't ſtir out. (*To Muns*)

[*Apart, and Exit.*

Muns. (*looking at the money*) Not a leg.

Rachel. You'll run now to Jack Connor? (*apart to Muns*)

Muns. (*looks at the money*) Every foot. [*Exit.*

Rachel. My dear Jack Connor, I love him more than ever for his fidelity to my Lord; and ſurely the man of honour and integrity can never prove a faithleſs lover.

Enter

Enter ADELAIDE.

Ah, you fly one! you come down here to the the country on a visit to me, yet prefer birds and groves to all we can invent to amuse you. Now isn't it love?

Adelaide. My dear Rachel, I'd make you my confidante, but you're such a giddy creature.

Rachel. I! Me? Ha, ha, ha! What would I give that you had a lover!

Adelaide. I had.

Rachel. O precious! Who is he?

Adelaide. Let these tears tell you my lover is no more.

Rachel. Dear me!

Adelaide. 'Tis now ten years since I saw my Nugent at Montpellier.

Rachel. Ten years! You constant soul!

Adelaide. I was scarce fifteen: his fortune was doubtful; my father forbad our intercourse—my Nugent was seized by ruffians (I could never find the cause), and carried up to Paris; but have since been assured, by my father, of his death.

Rachel. Had I known this, my love I should not have revived a painful idea. Come, I must keep up your spirits. My father won't be home all night, and I've sent for my dear Jack Connor, to sup with us. I wish I dare be angry with my father, for joining with this sharping Count against his own master, Lord Esmond: no wonder, for his mother, the old lady, not to rest in her grave. Adelaide, as sure as I live, I heard the ghost sing last night in the Belvedere room—the sweetest voice!

Adelaide. Very ſtrange! I've now ſat up purpoſely three nights, but I've neither ſeen nor heard this ſinging ſpirit.

Rachel. Oh, but my dear, the poor dead lady is certainly diſturb'd by the misfortunes of her ſon, Lord Eſmond:—it muſt be her, for the apparition is dreſs'd exactly like her picture that hangs in the room where it walks.

Adelaide. All fancy.—Ah! if the dead were ſuffer'd to reviſit us, I ſhould be comforted by my Nugent.

Rachel. Come, we muſt have no more thoughts of dead lovers: you ſhall hear my living lover rattle, court, and ſing at our little party; we'll be ſo merry—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country—Sun ſet.—Lord ESMOND'S *Houſe at a diſtance; at the ſide* JACK CONNOR'S *Cottage.*

Enter Lord ESMOMD, TRAP, *and* SERVANT.

Lord E. Then the Count will meet me?

Serv. Yes, my Lord.

Lord E. You call'd me Nugent?

Serv. I did, my Lord.

Lord E. Very well; take the horſes back to the inn. [*Exit Servant.*

Well, Trap, I've been your priſoner ten years, and your ſuffering me to come here from Paris, is a ſtretch of good nature which I ſhall ever be grateful for.—Yonder's my houſe: here am I in the centre of my own eſtate, and, thanks to fortune, not maſter of one foot of land.

Trap.

Trap. Night's coming on, and not a roof here will ſhelter us. Tho' in view of your houſe I can't get a mug of beer. (*Muſic and laughing without*) Country people leaving off work: I'll ſee if I can't get a drop amongſt 'em.—But, my Lord, don't run away, for if I haven't you to bring back with me to jail, I ſhall get hang'd.—Hollo! neighbours. [*Exit.*

Lord E. Somewhere here ſtood the cottage of poor old Connor—a good houſe; he thrives; I'm glad of it. His ſon Jack was my little play fellow. (*Laughing and muſic without.*)

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack C. Ah, Merry be your hearts. Good night, neighbours. All going to their comfortable homes; whilſt I—this batchelor's life is plaguy ſtupid—I will marry my little Rachel. (*going towards his houſe*)

Lord E. Friend, do you know where I can get a bed for to-night?

Jack C. I've two or three ſpare beds in my houſe here.

Lord E. One will do for me.

Jack C. Then one you ſhall have, on one condition tho'—that you drink one jug of ale with me after ſupper.

Lord E. Supper, and a jug of ale! your terms are rather ſevere to a hungry, weary, thirſty, traveller.

Jack C. Thirſty! Oh! Phelim. (*calls at his door*)

Enter PHELIM, *to whom* JACK CONNOR *whiſpers.*

Jack C. You ſhall have a traveller's welcome to the houſe of Jack Connor. [*Exit Phelim.*

Lord E. 'Tis he! the companion of my youth.

Re-enter PHELIM, *with a jug of ale and drinking horn.*

Jack C. I'll fill for you, Sir—

Lord E. The good-natur'd boy ripen'd into the benevolent man. (*aſide*)

Jack C. My firſt toaſt is always a bumper: here's freedom to my landlord, Lord Eſmond.

Lord E. Pray where is my Lord now?

Jack C. In priſon, near ten years; and I fear for life. (*wipes his eyes*)

Lord E. What's the matter?

Jack C. I beg your pardon, Sir; but when I toaſt my friend in diſtreſs, I always mix my drink with water.

Lord E. Affectionate fellow! (*aſide*) But I've heard ſay, my Lord is rather a diſſipated worthleſs ſort of a character.

Jack C. What's that? (*fiercely*) You're welcome to what my houſe affords, Sir; but ſup by yourſelf, for I'll never ſit at one board with him who could ſlander the man I eſteem and honour.

Enter MUNS, *whiſpers* JACK CONNOR.

Her father out? and ſent for me? my kind Rachel! if I had but Father Frank, now—he might marry

marry us.—Muns, how go on the Count's affairs? (*apart*)

Muns. A myſtery there.—But (*takes the cup*) I'll get to the bottom on't. (*drinks*) Now I'm prim'd for love or war: if Frill dare but look crooked, or Mary but frown—oh! how I'll bang him, and touzle her. [*Exit.*

Lord E. As I find all here have loſt every remembrance of my perſon, I'll venture up to the caſtle, and ſee the Count, in my character of Nugent. (*aſide*)

Jack C. Phelim, let this gentleman want for nothing till I come home. Your hand, Sir; I was angry, but you're a ſtranger; perhaps in neceſſity—and my doors ſhall never be ſhut againſt the weary traveller. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in LORD ESMOND'S *Houſe.*

Enter FRILL.

Frill. I ſuſpect here is ſomething going forward againſt my maſter.—Here come Muns and Mary.—See—kiſs! oh the traitreſs! (*retires*)

Enter MUNS *and* MARY.

Muns. True. Ha, ha, ha! But, Mary, my dear, how could you liſten to ſuch a cur as Frill!

Frill. (*aſide*) I'm a cur! Oh, you puppy.

Mary.

Mary. Frill is a creature—but really ſince this ghoſt has appeared, the houſe is ſo frightful that any company is acceptable.

Muns. That for the ghoſt! To-night we are to have a jolly little party.—Huſh, my dear.—Jack Connor's coming to Miſs Rachel, I'm with you, and cook is preparing a bit of ſupper for us all.

Mary. Delightful!

Muns. Old maſter don't come home to-night, and we'll be ſo merry.

Mary. Charming! then I'll go ſuperintend ſupper. [*Exit.*

Muns. And I'll make Tooten the black my pupil, prepare his horn.—Oh, how ſweetly we play'd on the water yeſterday!—They may talk of fine views, and viſtas, and beauties of nature; but 'tis to hear the divine echos of my horn, that brings the gentlefolks all the way from Cork, and even Dublin, down here to Lough Neagh. But now for ſupper. [*Exit.*

Frill. So here's rare doings in the old gentleman's abſence!

Re-enter MUNS *and* MARY, *they place two tables, and a ſcreen between them.*

Mary. There! the lovers ſha'n't be overlook'd by us, ha, ha, ha!

Muns. Here Tooten and I'll ſit and take our bottle—while they mingle lips, we'll jingle glaſſes.—Oh, how I love to ſee good cheer going forward! [*Exeunt.*

FRILL

FRILL *advances.*

Frill. Maſter and I bubbled by ſuch clowns as Muns and Jack Connor—oh revenge!

Dowd. (*without*) Is nobody at home?

Frill. Oh, choice luck! here comes the old one home unexpectedly.—Such a hobble as I'll bring them into. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Oh my bones! who's that?—Frill? What, are they all gone to bed? well I'll go too, and not diſturb any body.

Frill. What, Sir, go to bed without your ſupper? the ſupper that Miſs Rachel has prepared for you?

Dowd. (*ſeeing the table lay'd*) Hey! what is all this?

Frill. The table lay'd for ſupper, Sir.

Dowd. Why who knew I was coming home?

Frill. Miſs Rachel, Sir.

Dowd. Eh! then ſhe knows I had a fall from my horſe?

Frill. The devil a word of it. (*aſide*) Oh yes, Sir, Mary told her that.

Dowd. Mary! who told Mary?

Frill. Oh, Sir—ſhe ſaw you, Sir, as ſhe was taking a walk.

Dowd. She took a very long walk then; for I fell ſix miles off.

Frill. That was a great fall indeed, Sir.

Dowd. Eh?

Frill. Walk—yes, Sir—ride—Sir—Mary was riding

riding too—the evening being fine, Miſs Rachel gave her leave to go and ſee her brother.

Dowd. Mary?

Frill. Yes, Sir; Muns rode before her.

Dowd. After my orders to ſtay at home on the watch! Before Mary.? Then I ſuppoſe the raſcal took my cheſnut pad?

Frill. Don't ſay I told you—but I fancy he d'd—they wou'd not wiſh you to know it, Sir—they'll all deny it to you.

Dowd. Mary!—indeed I heard a woman ſquall.

Frill. Yes, Sir, ſhe ſaid ſhe ſquall'd.

Dowd. Then perhaps 'twas ſhe ſent the pothecary to me.

Frill. It was, Sir.——One lie has drawn me into a dozen. (*aſide*)

Dowd. A buſy ſlut! He was a farrier—call'd himſelf a ſurgeon, tho' he was a farrier; for the fellow out with a fleam, up with my leg, and ſwore he'd bleed me in the fetlock.—Where's your maſter?

Frill. Lord, Sir, didn't he come home with you?

Dowd. No, he ſaid ſomebody from France was to meet him at an inn three miles off, he, he?—But I'm glad my daughter had ſo much thought as to provide a morſel for me.—Oh what happineſs, after all one's croſſes abroad, to come to one's own home, when one's children and ſervants are ſo attentive to render it agreeable!—Muns! (*calls*) Where's this curſed fellow, with his galloping my horſes about the country? Frill, ſhall I trouble you to help me on with my gown,

gown, and then I can come and ſit down to my ſupper in comfort. [*Exit.*

Frill. Yes, Sir.—What a rare ſcrape I ſhall bring them into, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit*

Enter RACHEL, ADELAIDE, *and* JACK CONNOR.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rachel. And there now is my old papa, trotting from cottage to barn, like a cunning little exciſeman, with his green book under his arm, and his pen ſtuck in his hair.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. But why won't Miſs Adelaide give us her company?

Rachel. You muſt.

Adelaide. My dear, ſuffer me to go to reſt, if I can reſt.—The death of my Nugent, the misfortunes of Lord Eſmond—tho' I never ſaw him—it may ſeem an affectation of ſenſibility—I can't account for it, but I feel ſomething inexpreſſibly horrid hanging over me, ever ſince you ſhow'd me the old lady's clothes.

Rachel. Sure!

Adelaide. Not a night I don't dream I'm at her clothes-preſs in the haunted room, as you call it.

Rachel. Well, my dear, if you will retire, ſuffer Jack to ſee you acroſs the gallery.

Jack C. Ay, Miſs, under my guard, ſhow me the ghoſt that dare affront you.

[*Exit with Adelaide.*

Enter MARY *with ſupper, which ſhe places on the table.*

Mary. There, Miſs.—Let's ſee, I muſt bring another bottle; for your lover is a good fellow, and a good fellow deſerves a good bottle. [*Exit.*

Rachel (*ſits*) I wiſh Jack Connor wou'd make haſte. (*begins to carve*) Ha, ha, ha! My little dad, if he knew what we're at here now.

Enter DOWDLE, *in an undreſs.*

Yes, My poor father's faſt aſleep by this, in ſome peaceful cottage. Ha, ha, ha! I did not care if he had a taſte of this turkey; I know the old lad likes a bit o' the merry thought. —How long my dearee ſtays!—Is that you?—(*Speaks without looking round*) Eh! you've been giving her a kiſs, I ſuppoſe—come, whilſt its hot; ſit down you tooliſh fellow. (*Dowdle comes round, and ſits down oppoſite to her*)

Rachel. (*ſeeing him*) Ah! (*ſcreams*)

Dowd. What's the matter with you?

Rachel. Sir, I—I—I thought it was the ghoſt.

Dowd. Why, did you invite the ghoſt to ſupper?

Rachel. If Jack returns we're undone. (*aſide*) Lord, Sir, who expected you?

Dowd. Indeed I ſhould not have been home to-night but for the tumble.

Rachel. What tumble, Sir?

Dowd. Oh true, I waſn't to know ſhe let Muns gallop my horſes about the road. (*aſide*) Well,

Well, ha, ha, ha! I forgive you and him, ſince it has procured me ſo good a ſupper.

Rachel. Forgive us! Then, Sir, you know all?

Dowd. Yes, yes, I'm not angry—call the fellow.

Rachel. O precious! Then, Sir, you'll let him ſup with us?

Dowd. Sup! what your ſervant?

Rachel. True, Sir, I am his miſtreſs, and he loves me dearly.

Dowd. Who, Muns?

Rachel. Muns!

Dowd. If your Muns dares to ſit down at a table with me, I'll knock the ſcoundrel to the devil.

Enter MUNS *and* TOOTEN, *they ſit at the other Table.*

Muns. Now, Tooten, don't look towards the lovers—here, we'll ſit, play, and take our glaſſes. (*they drink*) Now up with Black Sloven. (*Tooten and Muns play the horns*)

Dowd. Hey! (*lays down his knife and fork*)

Muns. How d'ye like that, my lad o'wax?

Dowd. What's that?

Muns. Eh! (*Surpriſed, ſoftly riſes and peeps over the ſcreen, which he had placed between the two tables; at the ſame time Dowdle turns up his face*)

Enter MARY *with wine.*

Rachel. If I could prevent Jack Connor from coming in. [*Exit.*

Mary. Here's two bottles for the jolly dog. (*Sets them on the table, at which Muns ſits*)

Muns. (*in a ſmothered laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! Go give it to the jolly dog yourſelf.

Mary. (*goes round the ſcreen, and ſeeing Dowale, ſcreams*) Ah!

Dowd Curſe your ſqualling! I believe it was you that frighten'd my horſe.

Mary. Me!

Dowd. Where did you pick up ſuch an apothecary?

Mary. I pick up an apothecary! Sir, I'd have you to know——

Dowd. He was a farrier; and, Sirrah, the next time you take the road—

Muns. I take the road!

Dowd. So you muſt go on the pad?

Muns. I go on the pad! Oh Lord!

Dowd. You ſcoundrel! cantering about.—Where's the pillion?

Muns. Mary, fetch my maſter the pillow.

Dowd. So, Sirrah, ſhe's in love with you?

Muns. Yes, Sir—eh Mary? ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. And you muſt ſit down and ſup with me?

Muns. Eh! well—thank ye, Sir. (*ſits*)

Dowd. Fine! Hadn't you better aſk Tooten the black-a-moor? (*ironically*)

Muns. Tooten, ſit down, boy. (*Tooten ſits*)

Dowd. Get along, you infernal——(*beats them*)

Muns. Oh Lord, he's mad!

Dowd. Where's my ſaddle, you villain?

Muns. His ſaddle! Going to ride this time of night—yes, the devil's got into him.

Dowd. I'll beat him out of you, you rogue.

Muns.

Muns. The ghoſt has bit him—Oh.

[*Muns and Mary run off.*

Dowd. A knave!

Enter JACK CONNOR.

Jack C. This old manſion has ſo many windings, I thought I ſhould never have found my way back again.—Come, ſit down, my dear,—the devil! (*ſeeing Dowdle, runs off.*)

Dowd. Stop the fellow—thieves! [*purſues.*

Re-enter MARY. (*cautiouſly*)

Mary I wonder if Miſs Rachel's gone to bed,—Jack Connor muſt have ſlipped out when he heard maſter ſcolding us—yes, I hear maſter locking the great gate—near one o'clock—I wiſh I was in my own room—I dread croſſing that diſmal gallery; if I meet any thing I ſhall die, I'm ſo frighten'd. O Lord, what's that?

Re-enter MUNS.

Muns. 'Tis I, my dear.—D'ye think maſter ſaw Jack Connor?

Mary. I hope not; but I can't conceive how he got off.

Muns. No matter, as he wasn't ſeen we're ſafe.—But here's a ſtrange Gentleman, I ſaw him juſt now at Jack Connor's—he knock'd at the poſtern, and aſk'd for a bed, as he's benighted.

Mary. The deuce! Were you mad, to let a ſtranger in at this time of night? He may be an orange boy.

Muns.

Muns. Look'ye, Mary, I let him in out of good nature—let thoſe that are ill-natured turn h m out.

Mary. Why 'twould be cruel indeed; only maſter's ſo croſs.—Stop—I've a thought—the fineſt opportunity! Let's put him to ſleep in the haunted room; as he don't know it is haunted h won't be afraid, and if the ghoſt walks he'll certainly ſpeak to it, and then——

Muns. Why yes, if it is our dead Lady, ſhe may tell him what diſturbs her, then may be ſhe'll vaniſh, and trouble the houſe no more—I like it hugely.

Mary. Where have you left the Gentleman?

Muns. In the lodge. Come—(*going*)

Mary. You needn't run away from a body.—(*takes him under the arm*)

Muns. Ah! how loving theſe women are, when they ſtand in need of our protection. Hem! Eh! bleſs me! tol, lol, lol. (*frighten'd*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An antique Apartment. A Lady's Picture hanging over the Chimney.

Enter MUNS *and* MARY, *with lights, introducing Lord* ESMOND.

Mary. This is the room, Sir.

Muns. (*in terror, yet trying to conceal it*) Yes, Sir, this is the room, Sir.

Lord

Lord E. I'm very much obliged to you.

Mary. The bed's in the alcove, Sir. (*points to it*)

Muns. Well, Mary, put on the ſheets, and air it for the Gentleman.

Mary. Can't you.

Muns. 'Pſhaw! (*apart—each urging the other to go in*)

Mary. Sir, the bed is very well air'd.

Muns. Yes, Sir, it has been laid in not above—eight years ago. (*aſide*) Go—(*to Mary, who with much heſitation and terror goes into the alcove*)

Lord E. The gentleman of the houſe I ſuppoſe is gone to reſt?

Muns. Yes, Sir, the gentleman of the houſe has reſted in priſon theſe ten years—

Lord E. Indeed! poor Gentleman.

Muns. Ay, Sir, he's a Lord! the cards and dice have left him a very poor gentleman—but my maſter, his ſteward, is now quietly ſnoring.

Lord E. Then I ſhall return him thanks in the morning.

Muns. Oh, Sir, you may as well not thank him, Sir.

Lord E. Then 'tis entirely to you I'm obliged?

Muns. Yes, Sir.

Lord E. As I was left by the man of the houſe, when you ſaw me, but for your humanity, I muſt have lain in the fields all night—Here. (*offers money*)

Muns. As I did'n't buy my humanity, Sir, I never will ſell it. (*refuſes*)

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. There, Sir, the bed's ready—Lord!—I'm

I'm ſo frighten'd!—thought I ſhould never get done. (*apart to Muns*)

Muns. Huſh! huſh! (*apart*) Sir, we'll leave you a light, Sir, and you may leave it burning—that he may ſee the ghoſt. (*apart*)

Mary. Wiſh you a good night, Sir.

Muns. A good night's reſt, Sir.—Oh what a clawing will be here by and by.

[*Exeunt Muns and Mary.*

Lord E. For the firſt time indeed, ſince my infancy, I ſhall ſleep under my own roof.—Since I find this Count not here, I ſhall, if poſſible, get out early and meet him at the inn where I appointed. The dead of night ſeems very awful in theſe antique manſions.—This room was, I think, my mother's—yes, there is her picture—my fond parent—(*clock ſtrikes one*)

Enter ADELAIDE, *partly dreſs'd like the picture, from a door which opens in the wainſcaot—with a candle in her hand.*

Who's here?—a Lady!—Heav'ns, ſhe's aſleep! (*He ſtands fixed with wonder, Adelaide croſſes, opens a clothes-preſs, takes from her head a hood, ſcarf, and night-rail, reſembling the picture, and puts them into the preſs; then, to return to the door where ſhe entered, walks with her face towards Lord Eſmond*)

Lord E. Is it poſſible?—'tis my Adelaide!—Hold! Shall I wake her—no, the ſudden fright may be fatal—this ring, her laſt pledge of affection when we parted—(*puts a ring upon her finger, which he had taken from his own*). This may afford

afford her conſolation, without diſcovering that 'tis I that have been here.

[*Exit Adelaide ſlowly.*

Seems a private door—and that lobby—yes—it leads to her chamber (*looking after her*)—ſhe only knows me for Nugent, and thinks me dead—the cauſe perhaps of her diſordered mind.—To meet her here, my greateſt bleſſing—ſo ſtrange and unexpected!—May it lead to ſome greater happineſs!

[*Exit Lord Eſmond into the receſs.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open country.—before a public houſe, the ſign a Shoulder of Mutton.

Enter MUNS, *his horn round his neck, and a box under his arm.*

MUNS.

OH that wicked old maſter, to turn me off for only letting in that ſtrange man!—a ſtrange man he was, for none could tell how he got out this morning—but Maſter to ſwear he was a thief, and threaten to proſecute me for an accomplice if I ev'n aſk for my wages! and then I've left my ſweet Mary-gold all to Frill.—Here have I tramp'd three miles, as hungry—and not a ſhilling in my pocket.—Now here's a houſe of entertainment—yet I'm afraid even to ſit down on the bench, leſt I ſhould be aſk'd to pay for it.—I'm ſo hungry—Houſe! (*calls faintly*) Oh! what an effect an empty pocket has upon a man's voice at the door of a public houſe!

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. What wou'd you be pleaſed to have?

Muns. Any thing, Sir.

Enter

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. What do you want?

Muns. Every thing, Ma'am.

Landlord. Who are you?

Muns. A poor ſervant out of place.

Landlady. We want a waiter, huſband.

Landlord. Did your maſter give you a character?

Muns. No, Sir, he had none for himſelf.

Landlord. What can you do?

Muns. Sir, I don't know what to do.

Landlord. What are you capable of?

Muns. Oh, Sir—I can play a duet upon the horn.

Landlord. I want no horn.

Landlady. No, that you don't, huſband.

Landlord. Do you underſtand horſes?

Muns. Yes, Sir, and cookery.

Landlord. I want one in my ſtable.

Muns. A horſe?

Landlord. Pſha! my ſtable.

Muns. Yes, Sir, but I'm beſt in the kitchen—Ma'am, I'll do any thing for bread—only employ me—I'll be humble as a ſpaniel—ſecret as a fiſh—watchful as a cat—I'll ſleep like a cock upon one leg, with the other ready to pop down to run on a meſſage.

Landlord. Come in, my lad, you're the very man for the Shoulder of Mutton.

Muns. That I am, Sir, either baked or roaſted.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter Lord ESMOND *and* LANDLORD.

Lord E. Only if Count Fripon inquires for Mr. Nugent, ſhow him in.

Landlord. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lord E. Luckily, that in the time of my diſtreſs at Montpelier, I took the name of one of their confederates, who, from being ſtationed in a diſtant quarter, probably the Count has never ſeen. They, ſuppoſing me one of their raſcally club, I may get at their ſecret ſchemes, and ſo be prepared to counteract them.

Enter COUNT FRIPON.

Count F. Ha, Monſieur Nugent! I never ave de honeur of ſeeing you, but know you are of our club in Paris; Sir, I am rejoice at your coming.

Lord E. Thank'ye, Count—I'm deputed by our friends, to ſee how you go on with my Lord Eſmond's affairs.

Count F. Ah, malheureux! very bad—no money—been out now all laſt night, and got but abuſe—no—dey will pay none but my Lor himſelf—One Jack Connor will not let 'em.

Lord E. My friendly ſchool-fellow! (*aſide*)

Count F. Monſieur Nugent—eh—I have de thought—has Monſieur Dowdle, de ſteward ever ſee you?

Lord E. I think not.

Count F. Bon! It vil do—ſince de tenant vil pay none but my Lor himſelf, I vil paſs you on dem for

for Lor Eſmond, and I warrant in tumble de monſey, ma foi, ha, ha!

Lord E. Excellent! You'll ſay I'm his Lordſhip, they pay me, and we return to Paris, and ſhare it with our club, ha, ha, ha! admirable!

Count F. Dat is it, ha, ha, ha! But hold—if dey even believe you are he, how will dey tink you got out of priſon in Paris?—dat is to be conſider.

Lord E. What do you think of my making my valet paſs for my jailor, whom I'll ſay, I prevail'd upon for a bribe to accompany me on this ramble, to ſee my eſtate?

Trap. (*without*) Ay, I'll have him.

Lord E. Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear him?

Count F. Diable! vat is he!

Lord E. Why, to tell you the truth, I had adopted this very ſcheme of yours myſelf, and had already tutor'd my valet to play his part of my jailor.—Now Trap will help me without knowing it. (*aſide*)

Count F. Oh den dis is your valet?—ha, ha, ha! admirable!

Lord E. Now only obſerve how he'll keep up his character.

Enter TRAP.

Trap. Oh! you're there—I'm glad I've found you again.

Lord E. Well, Trap—I call him Trap—(*apart to Count*)

Trap. I thought you had run away from me; but you frighten me ſo no more, as back you come to priſon directly.

Count F. Ha, ha, ha! bravo! he does it capitally!

Lord E. Now I'll give you a ſpecimen how I can

can act the lord. (*apart to Count*) But my honeſt jailor, indulge me in this little frolic—I paid you well for it.

Count F. Bravo, my Lord; now jailor.

Trap. Yes, but what's your pay if I get hang'd for letting you out?

Count F. Ah, ah, ah! dat is capital.

Lord E. But I am now going to my caſtle.

Trap. But firſt, my Lord, you'll come back to my caſtle?

Count F. Oh charmant! ha, ha, ha! dat is admirable——

Trap. Yes, what do you laugh at? If I had you peeping through the bars of my caſtle, then you might grin like a baboon.

Count F. Yes, but as dere is nobody by, you may now as well drop the jailor.

Trap. But I won't drop the jailor.—Nobody by? Do you want to reſcue my priſoner, eh?

Count F. Begar, if I vas not told you was valet, you almoſt make me tremble.

Trap. Valet! what do you mean?

Count F. Oh, I warrant he is de careful diligent; I wiſh I had ſuch to ave the care of my clothes.

Trap. Your clothes! ha, ha, ha! I'd deſire only one ſuit and your body in it, I warrant I'd take care of it.

Count F. You will drink my health? (*gives him money*)

Trap. Why, as for your health that's no buſineſs of mine, but I'll drink your wine.—My Lord, I'll have an eye upon you—can he drop from this window?—No, no. [*Exit.*

Lord E Ha, ha, ha!

Count. F. Ay, I hope you'll play de Lor half ſo vel, and we touch de rents. *Enter*

Enter MUNS *as waiter.*

Muns. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Count F. Ventre bleu! more acting! You Muns, vat bring you here!

Muns. Maſter turn'd me off for letting in, and giving a bed in the haunted room, to a half-ſtarv'd poor devil, that—(*ſees Lord Eſmond*) Oh! how d'ye do, Sir? La, Sir, did you ſee maſter, coming away?

Count F. Den you vere at de houſe, eh Nugent?

Lord E. Laſt night, to look for you you. (*apart*)

Count F. Oh!—vel, my Lord Eſmond, ven do you return to your caſtle as yourſelf—?

Lord E. Immediately.

Muns. This, my Lord Eſmond! huzza! my fortune's made.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Hey! What have you got lazy already, ſirrah? (*to Muns*)

Muns. Fellow, who do you talk to? My Lord, had'n't we beſt quit this place? No accommodation for your lordſhip in theſe paltry inns.

Count F. You muſt diſpatch all your ſervants and horſes round the country, dat my Lord's vaſſals and domeſtics may ſhow their duty and reſpect in his welcome home.

Muns. And ſince you kindly took me in when you found me a poor ſtarving devil at your door, to ſhew my gratitude, in my Lord's name, I open your houſe. (*to Landlord*)

Lord E. Well ſaid, honeſt Muns; and for your diſintereſted generoſity in receiving me laſt night, at my own houſe, you may change places with your old maſter.

Muns.

Muns. Make me ſteward! Oh, my Lord, I ſhall grow mad with joy!—Clear the way there for his lordſhip, this way my Lord! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

JACK CONNOR'S *Houſe.*

Enter JACK CONNOR *and* PHELIM.

Jack C. The ſtranger gone! I ſhou'd have ſtay'd to entertain him but for his reflections on my Lord—and the call of love.

Phelim. Yes, and here has been old Tough, the grazier, making ſuch a riot, about a lamb, he inſiſts has been taken out of his field.

Jack C. Pſha! the fool! never mind him—if my darling will but come, and Father Frank will but marry us—Oh! here comes his reverence.

Enter Father FRANK.

Father F. Well, Jack Connor, what is this buſineſs?

Jack C. The firſt is, that your reverence will breakfaſt with me.

Father F. Well, that's a buſineſs of no harm, if it be a good breakfaſt.

Jack C. The next is that you marry me to my dear Rachel, who deſigns to ſlip out to me this morning.

Tough (*without*) I will have it.

Jack C. Now here's that litigious blockhead, old Tough.

Enter

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. So, Jack Connor, now that Father Franck is here, I'll make my complaint, if you don't reſtore my lamb.

Jack C. She's not yours—you know my ſhepherd ſaw you t'other night ſneak into my field, and brand two of my ſheep with your own name.

Father F. Oh! that was a grievous ſin, neighbour Tough.

Tough. Ah, Father Frank, I ſee which way your opinion goes where good eating is to be had; but I'll lay my caſe before my Lord's ſteward, that I will. [*Exit.*

Enter RACHEL *haſtily.*

Jack C. My love!

Rachel Well, here I've run to you. Oh! I'm ſo frighten'd.—Now if you have not brought Father Frank here to marry us.

Jack C. Ha, ha, ha! gueſs'd it.—Ah, ſly one!

Father F. But have you her father's conſent?

Jack C. I've her own, which is worth fifty fathers—eh, Rachel?

Rachel. You have. (*gives her hand*)

Father F. I will not marry you without her father's conſent.

Enter PHELIM.

Phelim. Here's the ſteward.

Rachel. Lud, my father!

Phelim. And yonder comes old Tough again, ſwearing he'll complain to him.

Jack C. Will he? I've a thought—Ha! (*aſide*) Father Frank, only ſtep in; Rachel will make breakfaſt for you—ſuffer me to ſay a few words to her father, and I promiſe you he conſents to our marriage.—Huſh! ſtep in.

Father F. Your hot cakes and your eggs are good, and that that's good is the delight of a churchman. [*Exit with Rachel.*

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Jack, I am come again to demand your rent, to pay off my Lord's debts to the Count.

Jack C. Well, you ſhall have it, if you'll oblige me.

Dowd. Oblige you, that's doing all manner of rogueries to thwart and perplex me!

Jack C. Well, my frolics are all over—for as I've loſt all hope of your giving me Rachel—

Dowd. You've no hope indeed—this evening I give her to the Count.

Jack C. Well, I knew you would; ſo I ſtuck up to the daughter of old Tough the grazier; unknown to him ſhe has ſcamper'd off here to me, and is this moment in that room.

Dowd. No! Well, you're a devil of a fellow!

Jack C. I am—and how can I help it? Ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. You can't. Ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. We've Father Frank here ready to marry us, but he's afraid of your anger.

Dowd. My anger! What is it to me who he marries?

Jack C. Why yes, as 'twas all about my courting your daughter, he will not marry me to this girl without you are willing.

Dowd.

Dowd. What! you knave, do you think I'll connive at your running away with any man's daughter! I might be ſerved ſo myſelf.

Jack C. And you ſhall—for by all the beard on your chin, if you don't call to Father Frank, to marry me to the girl there, (*points to the room*) as I loſe her through you, I'll again tack about, and run away with Rachel in ſpite of your teeth. I tell you, you'll never be able to hold your daughter till I'm tied up.

Dowd. Then I wiſh you were tied up. The fellow is as dangerous in the village as a fox.—Well, I conſent; ſo call Father Frank.

Jack C. Call a Prieſt from his breakfaſt! are you mad?

Dowd. Call the wench hither then.

Jack C. I will, thank ye—(*going, returns*) But I think you'd as good not be preſent.

Dowd. No?

Jack C. No.—Old Tough will owe you a ſad ſpite.

Dowd. Well, I'm oblig'd to you. Indeed her father is a wicked old rogue.

Jack C. So he is, Sir; he's a wicked old rogue: why I told him ſo juſt now.

Dowd. Did you? What! to his face?

Jack C. To his face, as I talk to you this moment. Says I, you old knave, I'll marry your daughter.

Dowd. Do,—go in and do it; ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. I will—I'll do it.

Dowd. I like to ſee a crabbed old numſkull bamboozled, ha, ha, ha!

Jack C. So do I, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. (*within*) I'll have her.

Dowd. Eh! here he is.

Jack C. Yes, he has miſs'd her. Now only mind the ſordid fellow's manner of talking of his family—all in the grazier's ſtyle.—Why, Sir, his wife he calls his ewe.

Dowd. Then I ſuppoſe he'll call his daughter here within, his lamb, ha, ha!

Jack C. Eh! why no; I think he'll ſcarce do that.

Dowd. I'll bet you half-a-crown he does.

Jack C. Done! He won't.

Dowd. He will. Don't I know the fellow's mode of phraſe? A mere ſavage!

Jack C. Well, but do you call to the friar.

Dowd. I will.—Here, Father Frank, marry the couple directly. (*calling off*)

Father F. (*within*) Have the young couple your conſent, neighbour Dowdle?

Dowd Yes, yes—Go in and do it. (*puſhing him in*) Oh! this will make a rare laugh againſt the old fellow. Here he comes.—Father Frank, make haſte and marry them. (*calling off*)

Enter TOUGH.

Tough. He ſhall reſtore her.—Mr. Dowdle, do you authoriſe theſe doings?

Dowd. What doings! ha, ha. ha!

Tough. Jack Connor to take away my lamb?

Dowd. His lamb! ha, ha, ha! by the Lord I have won my half crown—I knew the grazier would come out. She's Jack Connor's lamb by this.

Tough. His! For ten guineas ſhe carries my name

Dowd. For twenty guineas, by this ſhe carries Jack Connor's.

Tough.

Tough. Why, zounds! he's not tarring her ver again!

Dowd. Tarr'd, yes; and ſhe'll ſoon be feather'd

Tough. Feather'd!

Dowd. Yes, when ſhe's dreſs'd: 'tis all the faſhion, you know.

Tough. Then he intends her for his own table.

Dowd. Yes, certainly, ſhe'll head his table, ha, ha, ha!

Tough. He's plaguy dainty.

Dowd. Yes, he's a dainty fellow.

Tough. He's a thief.—I thought to have ſent her to market to-morrow.

Dowd. Father Frank, if the job's over, let the lamb come out here, and aſk the old ram's bleſſing.

Enter RACHEL. *handed in by* JACK CONNOR *and Father* FRANK.

Rachel. (*kneels to Dowdle*) Father, your bleſſing.

Dowd. Eh! if this ſhould be the lamb!

Tough. And I believe you are the old ram, ha, ha, ha!

Dowd. Father Frank, what the Devil's this you've been doing?

Father F. Fie, fie! this is unſeemly.—I've been joining this pair in holy wedlock, as you deſired me.

Tough, As you deſired him, ha, ha, ha! 'tis my turn to laugh now.

Jack C. Father-in-law, to keep the laugh from yourſelf, you'd beſt join in it.

Rachel. Father, don't be angry, for upon the word of a bride, I had no notion of marriage,—

but

but as you desired it, I complied, to show my obedience.

Dowd. Oh, plague of your obedience. (*going*)

Jack C. Sir, father-in-law, here's the half-crown you won.

[*Dowdle breaks from him and exit enraged.*

Tough. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so pleas'd. Jack, if you ev'n have my lamb, keep it, and let your lamb carve it for the wedding supper.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV: *and last.*

Lord ESMOND's *House.*

Enter MARY, *taps at the Door.*

Mary. Yes, by this my young Lady's a bride, and if poor Muns hadn't been turn'd away, I might have been a bride.—Miss Adelaide! (*taps at the door*) Bless me! will she sleep all day?

Enter ADELAIDE.

Adelaide. 'Tis very late. (*looks at her watch*)

Mary. Late! Now, Miss, hav'n't you been dreaming of your sweetheart?

Adelaide. Oh! Mary, the sweetest dream!

Mary. La, Miss, that's a vastly pretty ring: I never saw you wear it before.

Adelaide. (*looking at her finger*) Ring! Heavens! is it possible?

Mary. I must put your room to rights. [*Exit.*

Adelaide. This is the very ring I gave my Nugent

gent at our laſt parting! If he ſhould be ſtill alive! Oh, tranſport!

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. La, Miſs, as ſure as I live, there's a door none of us ever ſaw from your chamber to the haunted room. I went through a long paſſage that goes all the way; and there's my old Lady's clothes-preſs open'd, and all in ſuch a confuſion!

Adelaide. Do you know of any ſtranger here laſt night?

Mary. None, Miſs, but he I put to ſleep in the haunted room.

Adelaide. Where is he? (*with emotion*)

Mary. Gone, Ma'am, but Lord knows where.

Adelaide. It muſt have been my Nugent; every circumſtance confirms it; and this ghoſt muſt have been me, I muſt have walk'd in my ſleep. I ſhudder to think of the dangers I've eſcap'd; but my Nugent lives, and danger vaniſhes.

Enter DOWDLE.

Dowd. Ah, jade! Pray, Miſs, did you know of my daughter's elopement?

Adelaide. Dear Sir, did you ſee the Gentleman?

Dowd. The devil's in the women! I aſk about my daughter, and a Gentleman is ſlap'd in my teeth! Huſſey, were you Rachael's confidant? (*to Mary*)

Mary. Pray, Sir, can you think where Muns is gone?

Dowd. Get along, you jade, you and your Muns; the raſcal, I ſuppoſe, is ſtarving in a ditch by this—— (*a loud knocking without*) Hey! what great man is here?

Enter

Enter MUNS, *in a rich Livery.*

Muns. Nobody to throw open the gates for us!

Dowd. You! you ſcoundrel, how dare you ſhow your ſawcy face here?

Muns. Come, we muſt have the rooms now in ſome order. This table—chairs—ſopha—We muſt have a total change here—by'r leave—

Dowd. Hey! Turn out.

Muns. Stop—we ſhall ſoon ſee which of us is to turn out. (*ſhouting without*)

Enter Lord ESMOND, (*dreſs'd*) *and Count* FRIPON.

Lord E. My beloved Adelaide! (*embracing*)

Muns. My darling Mary! (*embracing*)

Adelaide. 'Tis my Nugent!

Count F. Nugent! Oh! ſhe vil ſpoil all. (*aſide*) De Lady is miſtaken;—dis, Mr. Dowdle, is your maſter, Lord Eſmond.

Dowd. Eh!

Count F. (*apart to Adelaide*) Miſs, ſay with us, and you ſhall have the money.

Adelaide. And does Mr. Nugent come here an impoſtor? Lord Eſmond has been already too much wrong'd—deprived of Liberty and fortune, and, though I never ſaw him, and once dearly loved you, could I ſuppoſe you one of his unprincipled oppreſſors, I'd baniſh you for ever from my heart.

Lord E. My Adelaide! what joy to prove your probity unſhaken, as your innocence is ſpotleſs! I ſhould ſcarce wiſh to recover my fortune, but to render myſelf more worthy of your love.

Count.

Count F. He does act de Lord charmant; I muſt help him on. (*aſide*) Monſieur Dowdle, I have received lettres from my friends in Paris; to ſhew dere generoſité, dey deſire me to deliver Lord Eſmond up his bonds—Dere, my Lor. (*gives Lord Eſmond papers*) Now, as we've no claim on his Lordſhip, I hope de tenants will pay dere rents.

Lord E. I'm ſure, my dear Count, I'm vaſtly oblig'd to you for this. (*noiſe without*)

Enter JACK CONNOR *and* RACHEL; *he with a large ſtick ſtands before Lord* ESMOND.

Jack C. I'll die before they take my Lord again to a priſon.

Enter TRAP *and* OFFICERS.

Lord E. So, Connor, you'll die for me, and not return to ſup with me? ha, ha!

Jack C. (*looking at Lord Eſmond*) And was it you, my Lord, I affronted at my houſe laſt night?

Lord E. My old friend, neither time nor dignity has eraſed the affections of our boyiſh days.—As for my ſteward——

Jack C. My Lord, my firſt requeſt is, pardon for my father-in-law.

Dowd. Ah, Jack! you know how free'y I gave you my daughter.

Trap. But now, my Lord, you'd as good think of coming back to my houſe.

Lord E. I thank you, Trap, but I prefer my own—Reſtor'd to my eſtate, I will ſatisfy all my creditors; and, be aſſured, I will take care to indemnify you.

Count F. Diable! Are you really my Lord Eſmond? Oh, I'm ruin'd!

Lord E. My ruin, I hope, will teach our Nobility, inſtead of travelling to become the dupes of foreign ſharpers, to ſtay at home and ſpend their fortune amongſt their honeſt tenants, who ſupport their ſplendor.——Trap, you have been long my gaoler, now I'll be yours;—but liberty ſhall be your puniſhment—hoſpitality the lock of my priſon—and honeſt Mons my turnkey, to give a welcome to the kind friend, ſocial neighbour, and, above all, the ſtranger in diſtreſs.

THE END.

LOVE IN A CAMP;

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1785.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marſhall Fehrbellin, ... Mr. DAVIES.
Father Luke, ... Mr. WILSON.
Captain Patrick, ... Mr JOHNSTONE.
Rupert, ... Mr. W. PALMER.
Olmutz, ... Mr. CUBITT.
Quiz, ... Mr. QUICK.
Darby, ... Mr. EDWIN.

Norah, ... Mrs. BANNISTER.
Flora, ... Mrs. MARTYR.
Mabel Flouriſh, ... Mrs. WEBB.

SERVANTS, DRUMMERS, WAITERS, &c.

SCENE, *The Pruſſian Camp near Breſlaw.*

LOVE IN A CAMP;

OR,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A remote part of the Camp.

Soldiers diſcover'd cleaning their fire arms.

AIR.—CHORUS.

So cheerful, ſo happy, we boys of the blade,
Prepare all to meet on the ſhining parade;
Then rub,
And ſcrub,
Your muſquet, your belt, and your bayonet bright,
We'll rub,
We'll ſcrub,
Our muſquets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.

In ſpatterdaſh white, as he throws up his leg,
Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;

The

The ladies admiring,
Our charging and firing,
Our ſtanding and kneeling,
To right and left wheeling.

A ſmile from a woman 's a ſoldier's delight,
They love us, we love 'em, and for 'em we'll fight;
We'll jovially ſing,
Drink a health to our king,
And make the camp ring.

(*Drum beats roll call.*)

[*Exeunt.*

Capt. P. (*Without*) No, no; take the horſes back to the inn.

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK, *and* POST-BOY.

As I've reach'd the piquet guard, I ſhall eaſily find out Marſhal Fehrbellin's tent.

[*Exit Poſt-Boy.*

So, here am I in the camp at Groſſen-tintz—but now to enquire for the Marſhhall's quarters, if I cou'd be ſo lucky as to find Darby—let's ſee his ſcrawl—(*Takes out a letter and reads.*)

" My dear Paddy! by your example, I am now " turn'd gentleman ſoldier in the Pruſſian ſervice " —ſuch favor with all our officers! I'm in the " high road to preferment, ſo in that caſe, like " our brave Pruſſian hero, I'm learning to kill " man, woman, and child: and am your loving " friend till death."

Ha, ha, ha! So then Darby by this I ſuppoſe is a very great man indeed.

(*Fifes without.*)

Enter

Enter ADJUTANT, SOLDIERS, DRUMMERS, (*with whips, &c.*) *and* DARBY *Priſoner.*

Adjutant. Halt!

Capt. P. Some poor devil to be flogg'd!

Darby. Oh dear Mr. Adjutant—Mr. Serjeant—my good little Drummers—don't go to whip me—I ſhall never bear it.

Capt. P. By Heaven it's my old friend Darby! poor fellow! Is this his high preferment? (*aſide*)

Adjutant. Strip!

Darby. I tell you I never ſtrip but when I'm going to bed.

Adjutant. Drummers, prepare your cat-o'-nine-tails.

Darby. Oh! why? what the devil are you about, friend Nimblewriſt?

Drummer. Don't you ſee I'm tying knots?

Darby. That's very childiſh work! what are you at there, Tommy Tickleback?

Adjutant. Right—plait the whipcord with wire.

Darby. Whipcord and wire! oh! can you—have you the heart—my dear friends—meſsmates—comrades—my own gay companions—oh!!—then if I muſt be flogg'd—mind, if I don't like it, you're to leave off.

Capt. P. You, Sir, are the Adjutant, I preſume, pray what's this man's crime?

Adjutant. Only a ſuſpicion of drunkenneſs, and ſleeping on his poſt.

Darby. I fell aſleep and never dreamt that I was to be flogg'd for it. (*cries*)

Adjutant. Ha, ha, ha! You hear Sir—A plea-

ſant

ſant good-natur'd poor fellow, but never out of miſchief—from his arch tricks, he's ſo great a favorite with our officers, that none of them cou'd bear to be lookers-on, and indeed, we've orders for the ſentence to be executed in a more private and gentle manner than uſual—I myſelf have a particular friendſhip for poor Darby—(*apart*) Strip you dog!

Capt. P. A moment, Sir—who is your Captain.

Adjutant. He that we had Sir, is exchang'd, and our new one not being arrived yet from Berlin, I may ſay that indeed now we have no Captain.

Capt. P. I am he.

Adjutant. Sir!

Darby. (*Looking at the Captain*) Eh!—No!—Yes!—Pat!—Patrick!—Paddy! Oh my dear dear friend—oh my ſweet Captain Paddy! (*runs and embraces him*)

Capt. P. Suſpend his puniſhment till I ſpeak to the commanding officer.

Darby. Huzza! Didn't I ſay he was Captain Paddy?

Adjutant. We hadn't heard Sir, of your arrival—you're welcome to the camp, and if its your deſire, I think I may venture a reſpite.

Capt. P. You may.

Darby. Oh yes you may—you may pardon me too; the Devil a harm that'll do any body—He, he, he!

Adjutant. Sir, as you anſwer for the priſoner—releaſe him!

Darby. Releaſe me!

Capt. P. Sir, you're very obliging.

Darby.

Darby. Sir, you're very obliging (*Bows to the Adjutant*) He, he, he—Comrades—friends—my gay worthy companions, Maſter Nimblewriſt, and Tommy Tickleback, go find another mouſe for your cat-o'-nine tails—go—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but Darby and Captain Patrick.*

Pat, I'm ſo glad to ſee you—oh Lord! How you come to ſave me like my good—I believe you dropp'd from the ſkies; let's feel—did an angel ever wear a blue coat?

Capt. P. But how, how is all this, Darby? I left you at your little farm in Ireland, and here I find you at a whipping-poſt in Sileſia; how have you contrived to bring all this promotion about you ingenious rogue?

Darby. 'Twas you, you done it all—that curſed pair of colours that Captain Fitzroy clap'd into your fiſt, ſet me all a gog for a General's ſtaff, and as I cou'dn't turn ſoldier whilſt I was worth two-pence, I ſold off the farm.

Capt. P. Then away went ploughs, flails, ſheep, and cows.

Darby. Aye, after that jade, Kathleen, jilted me, it was all up, and to Dublin on my long-tail'd garſon—Gee-up went Darby.

Capt. P. And while the ſplinters held out——

Darb. Oh I didn't flaſh it away. (*ironically*) Very ordinary clothes I bought to be ſure, ſhew'd 'em the ſoul of an Iriſh boy; but when all was gone, ſays I, I'll go try my fortune in London, knowing I ſhou'd meet ſome lads o' the ſhamrock there; but muddled a little with taking leave of this body and that body—the blundering wherrymen, inſtead of the Park-gate Packet, put me on board a ſhip bound for the Baltic, didn't find my

miſtake 'till I was landed at Dantzick, very genteely, without a ſecond coat to my back; ſo from hunger and the drill here, you ſee me a Pruſſian hero, huzza!

Capt. P. But how comes it, Darby, that the army, inſtead of improving, ſhou'd have made you irregular?

Darby. Me! Lord I'm the moſt regular—every day, as ſure as the day comes, I tip off my two half gallons.

Capt. P. Darby, have a care—if you tipple—

Darby. Me tipple! but ſure when nobody's by, what harm can it do your military diſcipline, if we—He, he, he! crack a joke, and have a laugh about old times? Pat, don't you remember that evening that Dermot was filling the brown jug for you and I, and father Luke, at the three jolly gooſes, how we— —

Enter OLMUTZ.

(*Darby ſuddenly changes to reſpect and deference*) Your Honor likes a broil'd gooſe?—oh very well, your Honor—Corporal tell the Sutler—

Olm. Sir,—Marſhal Fehrbellin—inform'd—your arrival—compliments—ſee your honor—his tent—half an hour—

Capt. P. My reſpects and I ſhall wait on him.

Olm. Tell him ſo. [*Exit.*

Capt. P, Our brother ſoldier here is very ſpar. ing of his words.

Darby. Corporal Olmutz—yes, but he found words enough to inform againſt me, for ſleeping on my poſt; I'll be up with him.

Capt. P. A deviliſh ſmart girl yonder—Darby do you know her?

Darby

Darby. Eh! oh yes, very well—never ſaw her before tho' (*aſide*) She's been ſelling her fruit in Breſlaw I ſee; come this way, and I'll introduce you. [*they retire.*

Enter FLORA *with an empty flower baſket.*

AIR.—FLORA.

The tuneful birds, how ſweet they ſing,
How gay the dainty flow'rets ſpring,
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,
As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale;
'Tis love that watts her blithe along,
That paints the flowers and tunes the ſong.

Flora. Let's ſee. (*reckoning money*) The peaches, yes but what did I make by my ſtrawberries? ſix ſennins, one, two, three, four—ten creitzers; and my flowers too turn'd out vaſtly well.—I'll tie my money in the corner of my handkerchief, and then if any impudent fellow ſhou'd——

CAPTAIN *and* DARBY *advance.*

Darby. Servant my pretty laſs! hem ſhe's your own—I know her, 'tis little Flora, ſells apples and flowers; lives at the corner of the weſt rampart.—Talk to her in her own way.

Capt. P. She's the ſweeteſt flower in her own garden.

Flora. Did you want me, Sir?

AIR.—CAPTAIN PATRICK.

Dans votre lit, that bright parterre!
Shou'd Flora bloom a lilly fair;

A ſmiling jonquil I cou'd be,
To blow ſweet flow'r beſide of thee,
Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny buſh,
You droop to hide the roſe's bluſh;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breaſt you'll ſhelter'd be,
Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground,
Throws ſmiles and odours all around;
Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey ſip, from none but thee,
Dans votre lit.

Darby. Pray ar'n't you—a—a—a—what d'ye-call um girl, and don't you live at thing-o-me village?

Flora. Well ſuppoſe ſo, what then?

Darb. What then my dear? why this is a captain, and you ſhall have the honor of drinking ſome wine with his honor to-morrow evening in his honor's tent.

Flora. The fellow's a fool!

Capt P. So he is, my love, but no harm in a glaſs of wine, my pretty Pomona.

TRIO.

CAPTAIN PATRICK, FLORA, *and* DARBY.

CAPTAIN.

My Angel!

DARBY.

Little girl!

FLORA.

FLORA.

Who me?

CAPTAIN.

A moment ſtop.

FLORA.

Do ſtop me at your peril.

DARBY.

Your tent, and then a drop.

FLORA.

Nay Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Why ſo cold, my charmer?

DARBY.

Brilliant Burgundy will warm her.

CAPTAIN.

My cherry!

DARBY.

My plum!
In finger and thumb.
You ſhall fold the waiſt
Of the bluſhing glaſs,

CAPTAIN.

My ſweet roſy laſs!

DARBY.

While the nectar lip you taſte.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Such joy will I ſip
From your ripe balmy lip;
Your charms thus I'll claſp. (*puts his hand round her*)

DARBY.

Thus the bottle I'll graſp.

FLORA.

How can you uſe me ſo?

DARBY.

Then up my dear you go.
Do let his honour buſs:

CAPTAIN.

My ſweet! a moment ſtay.

FLORA.

How dare you uſe me thus
Upon the King's highway.

DARBY.

A turnpike man am I,
To take king Cupid's toll:

CAPTAIN.

A kiſs---

FLORA.

I will paſs by.

DARBY.

You can't, upon my ſoul.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

My lovely Sylvan beauty!

FLORA.

What ſhall I do, o'lack!

DARBY.

My ſweet! pay here the duty,
With a hearty ſmack. (*She ſtrikes him on the cheek.*)

Pize on your fiſt, my beauty!
Oh dang it what a whack!
Your cheek may take the duty
Of ſuch a douſing ſmack. (*To the Captain.*)
[*Exit Flora.*

Capt P. A charming girl upon my ſoul!

Darby. Tol lol de rol—you ſhall have her.

Capt. P. Stop Darby! are you ſure by my kindneſs I ſha'n't be guilty of ſeduction; I wou'dn't for a tranſient pleaſure bring laſting ruin on an innocent girl.

Darby. Pſha! D'ye think I'd——I muſt puſh him on to an intrigue, to make myſelf of conſequence. (*aſide*) Say no more, where's your wife, Madam Norah?

Capt. P. I've left her behind me at Berlin, with her uncle.

Darby. Who? Father Luke! Ha, ha, ha! old two-to-one—that's ſo curſed clever at bringing mutton to his multiplication-table.

Capt. P. But now to wait on Marſhal Fehrbellin. Eh—where ſhall I get on my ſhoes?

Darby. Lord, Sir! we all wear boots here in the camp, we ſhoe none but the horſes—I'll do your Marquee

Marquee up ſo gay and trim to-morrow—but for to-night—I'll beſpeak apartments for you at Mabel Flouriſh's, where our officers meſs. This way Paddy—Come along Captain—pleaſe your honor.

[*Exit.*

Capt. P. If theſe pretty laſſes come much in my way, I ſhall ſtand in need of all my conſtancy.

AIR.—CAPTAIN.

Away ye giddy ſmiling throng,
Of tempting beauties fair and young;
My heart be true, altho' my tongue,
Shou'd ſing of lovely Flora:
Or ſhou'd I gaze with fond deſire,
Shou'd breath of roſes fan the fire;
Or tho' I on a touch expire,
My ſoul is thine ſweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,
My conſtant ſoul muſt ever bind;
To that dear woman left behind,
My kind, my tender Norah!
But, Oh! I fear each mortal part,
Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,
Reſiſtleſs to the Urchin's dart,
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illuſive vapour, tranſient blaze,
Oh! vaniſh, while I wond'ring gaze;
But ſhine like Dian's ſilver rays,
My paſſion chaſte for Norah:
Yet Hymen winks, and Venus ſmiles,
And paſſion ev'ry ſenſe beguiles;
And Cupid with his thouſand wiles,
Aſſiſts my charming Flora.

[*Exit*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Outside of MABEL FLOURISH'S *House—Over the door wrote—"the Officers Mess-house, kept by "* MABEL FLOURISH."

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK *and* DARBY, (*meeting*).

Capt. P. Well where are these apartments?

Darby. This, this is the house your honor—Mabel Flourish's house—Waiter! House!

Enter WAITER.

Spread the grand turkey-carpets and the wilton counter-panes, rub up the mahogany tables—bring the old trumpeter's great arm chair into the state bedchamber—get a wash-ball and slippers—throw sand upon the stairs, and kick the cat out of the way—That way your honor.

[*Exit Captain Patrick and Waiter.*

Yonder is Olmutz—if I could engage him to carry off this girl for the Captain—yes Olmutz is the man, he's a good large strong wicked rogue—besides if its found out he'll be in for the punishment, and if he wants to excuse himself by his clippings, and his half words, they can scarce tell what he means, some revenge for his getting me tied to the halberts. Ha! the deuce now if little Quiz hasn't got along with him; that fellow's never happy, but when he's in company with great, big people—delights in every thing that's large—can't drink but out of gallons and rummer glasses—eats his meat with a carving knife, and picks his teeth with a bayonet. Coming in at our door here t'other day, he stooped like a

gander under a gate, yet it being a little dark, broke his noſe againſt the buckle of Olmutz's belt. —Swears he will be a grenadier.—Ha, ha, ha! (*retires*)

Enter OLMUTZ *and* QUIZ.

Olm. Only whipp'd.

Quiz. I tell you Darby was ſhot—blown from the mouth of a cannon.

Darby. (*advancing*) Your cannon's a great gun, for I was not ſhot.

Olm. Knew——was only whipp'd.

Darby. Knew——was only not whipp'd.

Quiz. Ah when I'm a trooper——

Darby. When ſhrimps are lobſters—you a trooper you little imp of a devil you, Ha, ha, ha!

Olm. Ha, ha, ha!

Quiz. Very well gentlemen!—very well—but the ſword fiſh is not a whale, nor the lion an elephant—nor am I ſeven foot high—ſpirit dont conſiſt in bone and muſcle—its the heart—the heart by the god of war!

Olm. (*looking out*) Marſhal Fehrbellin!

Quiz. Oh now gentlemen, you ſhall ſee what the Marſhal will ſay to me—See if like your Martinets of officers he'll refuſe me a place in the grenadier corps—but hold—I'll appear before him in my new purchaſe.

[*Exit.*

Darby. Hey! the Marſhal may be for caſting up the reckoning that he ordered to be ſcored on my back. Olmutz your hand—Your turning tell-tale upon me wasn't ſo well, but brother ſoldiers ſhou'd forget and forgive, and to ſhew you

you I do, I'll put you in a way of making our new captain here your friend for ever.—Mabel! (*calls*)

Enter MABEL FLOURISH.

Mrs. Flouriſh, ſtop you here and anſwer the Marſhal?

Mable F. Me ſpeak to his Highneſs!

Darby. Hearkye Olmutz.

[*Darby and Olmutz retire.*

Enter MARSHALL FEHRBELLIN *and Soldiers.*

Marſhal F. Who ſaw the Iriſh officer from Berlin?

Mabel F. Pleaſe your honor, the Captain is only changing his cloaths, but I'll tell him your Highneſs requires his attendance.

Marſhal F. Hold, don't diſturb him—I'll ſend my Aid-de-camp with a plan of our intended manœuvres—A tall woman. (*aſide*) What's your name?

Mabel F. Mabel Flouriſh, pleaſe your Highneſs. My father was a trumpeter in the guards, pleaſe your Highneſs.

Marſhal F. Oh poor old Flouriſh—Ha! I remember him—Are you married?

Mabel F. No pleaſe your Highneſs, I'm a maid at your ſervice.

MarſhalF. Not married, ha!—(*ſurveying her*) To match her with one of our talleſt men muſt produce ſoldiers to the full ſtandard; the king does not approve of this method, but without it our

troops muſt in time degenerate. Ha! yonder's a good tall fellow—ſoldier! (*calls*) (*Olmntz advances*) (*looks alternately at him and Mabel*) They muſt do very well. (*aſide*) Soldier are you married?

Olm. No—Highneſs.

Marſhall F. (*tears a leaf out of his pocket book, and writes with a pencil*) Can you read?

Olm. Don't know—never try'd—pleaſe Highneſs.

Marſhal F. I'll have this perform'd, and by our new Iriſh Captain, it will give him a ſample of the ſtrictneſs of our Pruſſian military diſcipline. (*aſide*) Deliver this to your Captain.——Yes, very well matched indeed. [*Exit attended.*

Mabel F. His Highneſs is generally very proud, I never ſaw him ſo ſweet and condeſcending. (*bell rings*) Oh dear the new-come Captain.

[*Exit into the houſe.*

Darby. Olmutz what's the matter, what's his Highneſs been ſaying to you? What have you got there?

Olm. Only—Marſhal ordered—deliver paper—new Captain.

Darby. (*reads it apart*) "Marſhal Fehrbellin's beſt regards wait on Captain Patrick—deſires he will with all diſpatch, have the bearer married to Mabel Flouriſh—She ſhall have a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military cheſt."——For getting me tied to the flogging-poſt, friend Olmutz ſhall never touch theſe dollars—no, no—(*aſide*) Hem! Olmutz you'd better not wait to give this to the Captain, but according to your promiſe come along with me about that buſineſs.

Olm.

Olm. Yes, but—-paper's conſequence—-let's hear—what's about.

Darby. Oh you ſhall hear what its about my fine fellow—(*pretends to read*) " Marſhall Fehrbellin's compliments to Captain Patrick, deſires he will with all diſpatch, make the bearer, for one hour, ride the great wooden horſe, with five carbines tied to each leg."

Olm. (*alarmed*) Me!—Devil—what have—done?—

Darby. I don't know—poor fellow! did he aſk you any queſtions?

Olm. Yes—aſk'd—cou'd read.

Darby. And I warrant you ſaid no?

Olm. No—didn't—ſaid—never try'd.

Darby. That's what has undone you.

Olm. By the Lord!—ſevereſt officer—whole army—Puniſh man—cauſe can't read—-Court martial—not—too—(*walks*)

Darby. Yes, and ſuch a fine tall clever fellow as you—Oh! upon my word his Highneſs is too ſevere—Olmutz—harkee—Ha, ha, ha! I've a thought—this paper does'nt mention your name, it only ſays " the bearer" ſuppoſe we deſire little Quiz to deliver it, the Captain without any ceremony, wou'd mount him on the great horſe.

Olm. Good—friend Darby! do ſo.

Darby. I muſt ſeal the note tho', for if he ſhou'd have the impudence to read it, our joke is ſpoil'd.

Olm. Stop—wafer box—-window. [*Exit.*

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! I'll have a rare joke out of this.

Re-enter

Re-enter OLMUTZ *with a wafer,* DARBY *ſeals the Note.*

Olm. Huſh---Comes---Quiz.

Darby. There---don't laugh?

Enter QUIZ *in large Grenadier's cap, ſabre, belt, ſpurs, &c.*

Quiz. Well, now I'm equip'd---I make a very fooliſh bit of a ſoldier---don't I---Hem! where's the Marſhal?

Darby. He's only gone from hence this moment—I don't know how it comes about, but you're in high favor with his Highneſs.

Quiz. Me! I thought ſo—Merit can't be long hid.

Darby. I've done your buſineſs with him.

Quiz. How?

Darby. Here I fancy under this wafer lies your promotion; I gave ſuch a character of you to his Highneſs. I told him you were ſix foot, cap and all, and this note his Highneſs left for you to give to the Captain.

Quiz. His Marſhalſhip honors me much.

Olm. Dare ſay—Quiz—ſoon exalted. (*winks at Darby*)

Quiz. Aye, little as I am now, I may look down on people bigger than myſelf.

Olm. May ſo—look down from wooden horſe. (*aſide*) give letter—Captain?

Quiz. D'ye think I'd neglect his Highneſs's orders?

Darby. Here he is. Come Olmutz we muſt ſee about getting this pretty girl for the Iriſh officer. [*Exeunt Darby and Olmutz.*

Enter

Enter CAPTAIN PATRICK *from the houſe.*

Capt. P. So now for the Marſhal's quarters—but no finding Darby to conduct me, oh, perhaps this ſoldier may—hey? what ſort of figure have we here? (*ſeeing Quiz*)

Quiz. Hem! Sir, I'm order'd by his Highneſs Marſhal Fehrbellin to deliver this billet to your Honor. (*gives it*)

Capt. P. (*Having peruſed it*) Ha, ha, ha! a whimſical ſort of duty this, but I'll obey—his Majeſty wiſhes to repleniſh the race of drummers I ſuppoſe. (*aſide*) And pray friend where is this Mabel Flouriſh.

Quiz. Sir! now what can he want with her? (*aſide*) Oh, here comes Mabel and pleaſe your honor.

Enter MABEL.

Capt. P. This! Ha, ha, ha!

Mabel F. Sir, will you take the key of your portmanteau, or ſhall I give it to Darby?

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha! This will be a whimſical match faith, but I ſuppoſe you're both agreed in the affair; you're determin'd.

Quiz. Yes, I'm reſolv'd—Honor's my miſtreſs, and for her I'll die.

Capt. P. Oh, very well; then I'll ſend for the chaplain, and ſee you both married immediately.

Mabel F. See us married!

Quiz. How! Oh Darby has indeed done my buſineſs one way, ha, ha, ha! I had no notion the fellow had ſuch intereſt. (*aſide*)

Capt. P.

Capt. P. And pray what's your name?

Quiz. Quiz Oddbody.

Capt. P. Then Mr. Oddbody I give you joy, I'm order'd by the Marſhal to ſee you married to that gentlewoman immediately.

Mabel F. Me!

Quiz. Well this is the ſtrangeſt—I had no notion of marrying, but this is ſuch a prodigious —ſuch a great match——

Mabel F. Your Honor, ſeriouſly, does his Highneſs inſiſt upon my marrying that champanza?

Capt. P. Here I've his Highneſs's expreſs commands, and Madam, he orders you a portion of fifty rix-dollars from the military cheſt.

Mabel F. Oh that's another thing—there's my hand, Mr. Quiz.

Quiz. Hem! Madam I ſhall be proud—to be man of the houſe.

Mabel F. I ſhall have the handſomeſt booth in the camp to-morrow.

Capt. P. Come let's attend the chaplain.

[*Exit.*

Mabel F. Aye, let's go to chapel.

Quiz. Chapel! we'll be married in a cathedral, we will by the god of war.

AIR.—QUIZ.

All fierce and military,
Croſs buff belts and regimentals new,
High cap rough and hairy,
At the grand review.
With ſpur and boot,
Adorn the foot,
To grace the field, while pateraroes ſhoot
Fire and ſmoke,
All a joke,

Bullets

Bullets whiz,
Bully Quiz
Erect as a ſturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,
Rat tat tat his hoofs ſhall beat the ground;
Great glove and broad-ſword glancing,
Salute the ladies round:
In the grand pas rear,
Up the pavement tear,
Like a noble Colonel at my men I ſwear,
Hey, the fight,
To the right,
Keep the rank,
Guard the flank,
Zounds! I'll ſoon be a brigadier.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A ſmall Cottage, adjoining to it an Arbour.

Enter DARBY, OLMUTZ, *and two* SOLDIERS.

Darby. Softly—Olmutz, this is her father's houſe—it ſeems her head runs upon one Rupert, a young Huſſar that's abroad ſomewhere—but our Captain ſhall have her my boys.

Olm. Huſh—yonder comes—tripping along—where hiding place?

Darby. That green ſummer-houſe—but here's the girl—go to the ambuſcade.

Olm. You come?

Darby. Me! no, never mind me—you know I muſt look about, and ſee that every thing is ſecret—you ſhall have the glory of this action all to your-

ſelf—my dear Olmutz I wou'dn't rob you of a ſingle —laſh, you villain. (*aſide*)

[*Exeunt Olmütz and Soldiers into the arbour.*

Ha, ha, ha! Captain Pat ſhall have the ſweet cheſnut, and I'll keep my paw out of the fire. Aye, here ſhe comes indeed—this is lucky—we're in a fair way. (*retires*)

Enter FLORA, *croſſes into the arbour.*

Darby advances. There little puſs pops into the ſnare. (*Goes towards the arbour*)

Enter MARSHAL FEHRBELIN *and* CAPTAIN PATRICK.

Marſhal F. Yes, Sir, the review is politicly neceſſary, for ſhou'd the Emperor be inclined to revive the claim upon Sileſia, by keeping his troops in readineſs, our wiſe and vigilant ſovereign is prepar'd to oppoſe him.

Flora. (*without*) Help! help! oh, my father, ſave me!

Darby advancing. Huzza! they have her. (*ſees the Marſhal*) s'blood and thunder! (*going*)

Marſhal F. Stop, what's the matter here, ſpeak!

Darby. The matter, pleaſe your Highneſs—the devil, what ſhall I do. (*aſide*) Sir, it's that Olmutz —he's a very bad man, for all I could ſay to him, he wou'd run after a young woman yonder over the daiſies and butter-cups.

Marſhal F. Call him hither!

Darby. Olmutz! come to the Marſhall!

Enter

Enter OLMUTZ.

Olm. Marſhal! devil! got her off tho'. (*apart to Darby*)

Darby. Don't talk to me—anſwer his Highneſs, you wicked rogue.

Olm. Pleaſe Highneſs—thought no harm—man get pretty girl for officer.

Marſhal F. What officer?

Olm. Honor—new Captain there. (*points to Captain Patrick*)

Marſhal F. How, Sir! is this the ſervice in which you employ your men.

Capt. P. What have you been about here, you ſcoundrel! (*apart to Darby*)

Darby. (*to Olmutz*) Aye, why don't you ſpeak? what have you been about here you ſcoundrel!

Marſhal F. Your crime was only obedience to a ſuperior, that has ſunk himſelf even below your level; (*to Olmutz*) but, Sir, (*to Captain*) I never thought I ſhou'd have an occaſion to remind an officer that the very top and feather of his duty, is a priviledge to protect the fair; and it is with regret I tell you Sir, that this act of violence, which reflects diſhonour to your profeſſion, obliges me to ſuſpend your command.

Capt. P. Sir—if your Highneſs will give me leave to explain—

Marſhal F. When the King arrives, Sir, he may uſe his pleaſure.

Darby. Oh, dang it! then, after all, Olmutz won't be whipp'd. (*aſide*)

Marſhal. F. But harkee, ſoldier, I thought I had appointed you other employment.

Olm. Yes, Sir—but if honor—orders man—ride great horſe—cauſe can't read——

Marſhal F. A great horſe—I thought her a comely perſonable woman—has the ceremony been performed?

Olm. Yes, Sir—dare ſay—that little Quiz knows, (*aſide*)

Marſhal F. Then friend, as you are married—

Olm. Me!—honor—not I.

Darby. Here they come—ha, ha, ha!

Enter QUIZ *and* MABEL.

Quiz. Spouſy and I are come, Sir, to thank your Highneſs for all favors.

Mabel F. Bleſs me! I'm ſo much aſhamed.

Marſhal F. Tell me, Sir—what's the meaning of this (*to Captain Patrick*)

Capt. P. Your Highneſs's letter deſired me to have the bearer married to this woman—that man delivered it, and according to thoſe orders, there you ſee your well-match'd couple. (*bows*)

Olm. Oh then this—great horſe—raſcal Darby. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Quiz. Pleaſe your Highneſs—Mabel and I are now man and wife—and ſo Sir, as we are but a young couple——

Marſhal F. (*fiercely*) Retire!

[*Exeunt Quiz and Mabel.*

Darby. Oh! I'd beſt ſneak off, or I may knock my head againſt a whipping-poſt. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Marſhal F. Captain, this very equal match is what you in Ireland I ſuppoſe call a good joke, as I know a practical jeſt is the leading feature of your

your countrymen, I'm not ſo ill-tempered as to quarrel with your characteriſtic humour, but, Sir, the young woman that you ordered to be carried off, muſt in ſafety be reſtored to her parents, and I hope from your future conduct I ſhall not repent of my deſire to be your friend. [*Exit.*

Re-enter DARBY, *looking after him.*

QUARTETTO.

DARBY.

And is he gone? O! bug and bounds,
How near I was a thraſhing;
But there's your uncle, Father Luke,
In Berlin chaiſe come daſhing.

CAPTAIN.

S'death! perhaps my Norah too?

DARBY.

We're in a hopeful hobble;
But I muſt to my awl and end,
The matter up to cobble.

CAPTAIN.

Diſgrac'd, I cannot face my wife,

DARBY.

Who bid her now to come, Sir?

CAPTAIN.

And ſuch a cauſe, then Father Luke,

DARBY.

DARBY.

Your hand, the prieſt I'll hum, Sir,

CAPTAIN.

'Till I'm reſtor'd, amuſe 'em both
Again my friend, I'll rank ye;

DARBY.

I wonder how is little Quiz?

Enter QUIZ *and* MABEL.

QUIZ.

I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the god of war,
Is a celeſtial Houry;
As fine a bride as man can wiſh,
When here you down her dowry.

MABEL.

Like ſciſſars hung in apron ſtring,
Or dangled here a locket;
But touch my caſh, and that, and you,
I'll put into my pocket,

CAPTAIN.

Come, come, agree,
Like man and wife,
And very well you'll both do,

MABEL.

Ay, by the god of war we will,

QUIZ.

Already got my oath too.

DARBY.

Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy,
Of ſpouſy and her riches;
This comfort ſtill is your's my boy,
She ne'er can wear the breeches.

QUIZ.

Then let the chine and turkey ſmoke,
Good cheer o'erſpread the table;

DARBY.

The wedding, ſuch a merry joke,
Of little Quiz and Mabel.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in MABEL FLOURISH'S *Houſe.*

Enter MABEL *and* OLMUTZ.

OLMUTZ.

TRUE—all prank—ſcoundrel Darby.

Mabel F. And really it was you his Highneſs intended for me?

Olm. Yes,—curſed Iriſh jokes—loſe fortune (*aſiae*) bring me—in ſcrape—run off—girl captain—then treacherous thief inform—Marſhal.

Mabel F. What Flora! why here's the poor girl in the next room putting on a ſuit of officer's cloaths that I ventured to lend her—Ha, ha, ha! the fooliſh child vows that ſhe'll run about, the lord knows where, till ſhe finds her ſweetheart Rupert.

Olm. Then—don't know—Rupert's home—but let's mind own affairs—no talking here—dear Mabel promiſe—meet eight this evening—

foot

foot ſtone bridge—near old centry box—private.

(*Bell rings.*

Mabel F. Coming!---Huſh, my dear Olmutz, if you'll be diſcreet, I don't know but I may walk that way.

Olm. Remember eight—fine woman. (*kiſſes her hand.*) [*Exit Mabel F.*

Hey! Rupert—all fire---flame, loſs of damſel—ſuppoſe try——can't bring Darby——banging here?

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. Strange that nobody can give me any certain intelligence of Flora.---Ha, my old friend Olmutz!

Olm. Rupert,---welcome home.

(*ſhakes hands.*

Rup. Perhaps you can tell me——

Olm. Sweetheart Flora?—poor boy! ſhe's——

Rup. What! Speak! Quick!

Olm. Han't heard Darby's running away then—for Captain?

Rup. What captain?---Who is this Darby?

Olm. This way---tell all know---now even---Mr. Darby. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in Mabel's.

NORAH *diſcovered at a toilet.*

Norah. (*riſing*) There I have got tolerably free from the duſt of the road, without the aid of

olympian dew; how my coming muſt ſurpriſe my Patrick, but the leſs expected, the more joyful our meeting.

AIR—NORAH.

Oh come my ſoldier meet my ſight,
Full far I've come to thee;
No foe now dares you to the fight,
But gentle love and me;
My ſoldier dotes on fierce alarms,
Where foes in battle join;
But when the trumpet ſounds to arms,
Oh let him fly to mine.

In camps how rough by Mars array'd
There fate attends his will,
At home you hear each tender maid,
"Ah! was he form'd to kill;"
In charms ſecure the fair advance,
And e're an arrow flies;
He looks around and at each glance,
A wounded maiden dies.

Father L. (*without*) Never mind honey, I ſee the door, ſo I can find out the room myſelf.

Enter FATHER LUKE, *and* MABEL FLOURISH.

Norah. Well uncle, have you heard any thing of my huſband?

Father L. Yes, I've heard more than's good of him.

Norah. What! No harm? Dear, Sir, tell me!

Father L. Be quiet; let me alone.

Mabel F. Do you chuſe any refreſhment, madam?

Father L. Landlady, you ſeem a diſcreet body; you muſt know that I am Father Luke, the Pariſh Prieſt of Carton, in the kingdom of Ireland:

Ireland: and my niece, Norah there, was left by her huſband at Berlin, only that he might have his full ſwing here among the women; ſo we wou'd not have him ſee her 'till ſhe comes ſouſe upon him, in the middle of his jokes.

Enter Quiz, *with a caſe Bottle.*

Quiz. A bottle of Hibernian uſquebaugh, my beautiful bride, a preſent to you.

Mabel F. Will you keep your mouth ſhut.

Quiz. I'll only open it once more. (*drinks*)

Father L. I'd like to converſe a little in that way myſelf.

Quiz. My dear, Darby ſent it you.

Mabel F. Will you ha' done.

Quiz. There, I ſpike my cannon, by the God of War. (*corks the bottle*)

Father L. Landlady, hav'n't you any ſnug corner that the child here might be free from apprehenſions.

Norah. Dear uncle, what ſhou'd I be afraid of.

Mabel F. Madam, will you ſtep into my own room——

Quiz. Ma'am, pray ſtep into my own room.

Mabel F. There's only a young girl there, that was uſed ill by the ſoldiers.

Quiz. Soldiers uſe girls ill! wife, Who's man of the houſe?

Father L. Aye, where's the man of the houſe?

Quiz. If you can't ſee him, Doctor, on with your ſpectacles.

Father L. Faith they wou'd be neceſſary, for you're ſmall print—Man o' the houſe!—You're a neat couple ha, ha, ha! Who married you?

Quiz. The Chaplain. But I'm oblig'd to Darby; 'twas he help'd me to a wife.

Father L. Upon my word, and he help'd you plentifully.

Norah. Come, uncle——

Father L. Norah, child, do you ſift the landlady about Pat, and I'll try what I can get from the landlord. (*apart*) I han't taſted any uſquebaugh a great while. [*Exeunt Norah and Mabel.* (*Quiz going. Father L. ſtops him*) Stay—As that young creature wou'n't be ſeen as yet; now don't you go ſnearing at your neighbours, and run about the town bragging and boaſting, that you've got Father Luke in your houſe.——(*approaching him by degrees*)

Quiz. Boaſt! my greateſt boaſt is, that I've myſelf in my houſe.

Father L. Indeed! (*endeavouring to take the bottle from him*)

Quiz It is, by the God of War.

Father L. Come, come, ha' done curſing and ſwearing before me.

Quiz. Servant. (*going*)

Father L. Stop; tell me, is that uſquebaugh orthodox—did you get it from Drogheda?

Quiz Drogheda! No. Don't I tell you I got it from Darby.

Father L. If its the Darby I once knew, you had it from a great ſinner, that cou'dn't give you any thing good——

Quiz. Hey! do you know Darby?—try it.—(*offers the bottle*)

Father L. Whar, aſk a clergyman to drink drams! Arrah boy, what ſort of a man are you? I'm ſure it can't be good—(*drinks*) nor it can't be wholeſome. (*drinks*) (*bell rings*)

Quiz.

Quiz. Halt! (*to Father Luke*)

Olm. (*without*) Landlord Quiz!

Quiz. That's Olmurz—Oh, true; he told me he'd give me some hints about my spouse and Darby, that I, as a man of honor ought to know. (*bell rings*) That vile bell! by the God of War, I'll soon have drums, trumpets and drum-sticks in every room. [*Exit.*

Father L. You little guarlock, how full of prate you are. (*sits and drinks*) That Darby is—

Enter DARBY.

a wicked rogue—but his usquebaugh's a heavenly cordial.

Darby. Father Luke! How the plague did he find our mess-house out? Now will he teaze me with enquiries about Pat; but I'll stop his mouth with a round lie at once.

Father L. (*chaunts*) Oh, this is a heavenly liquor!

Darby. (*chaunts*) And as good for poor me as the vicar.—Good morrow to your Holiness!

Father L. Is it—Darby!

Darby. Yes it is—is it—my bottle!

Father L. No it is not!—ha, ha, ha!—Well, this is so strangely comical! There you left me, telling my beads in Ireland; and now you find me, reading my book here in Germany.

Darby. Why, Sir, I think its my book you have been reading; but if your Reverence pleases, I'll read a chapter now; for, I suppose, by this you have it by heart.

Father L. It will do you no good, as you don't know Latin.

Darby. Oh, yes; I know that a dram is Latin for goose; and if its good for your Reverence, it must

muſt be good for me; for what is ſauce for the gooſe is ſauce for the gander.

Father L. Why, you're in liquor, you fellow.

Darby. You're out there—for it's liquor's in me.

Father L. Who are you here, and what are you? Oh, you unlucky cur, how you ran out of Carton, with all the conſtables after you; beſides, you were over head and ears in debt.

Darby, Only up to the chin—ſo I ſwam away. But, Sir, pleaſe your Reverence, now you talk of curs, did my little dog go back to Carton? he followed me a bit of the road, but I drove him from me; you remember I call'd him little Unicorn, becauſe he had but one ear.

AIR.—DARBY.

I'll ſing you a ſong, faith I'm ſinging it now, here,
I don't mean t'affront either ſmall or big, bow wow, here.
The ſubject I've choſen, it is of the Canine race,
To prove, like us two legged dogs, they are a very fine race.
Bow, wow, wow.

Like you and I, ſome other dogs, may be counted ſad dogs,
And as we don't drink water, ſome may think us mad dogs;
A courtier's a ſpaniel, a citizen's a dull dog:
A ſoldier is a maſtiff, a ſailor is a bull-dog.
Bow, wow, wow.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no lady kinder,
A luſty dog her footman, with prayer book behind her;
A poor boy begs a farthing, and gets a handſome kicking,
But little Shock, her lap dog, muſt have a roaſted chicken.
Bow, wow, wow.

When ſilly dogs for property, uncle, ſon, and brother,
Grin and ſnarl mighty gruff, and worry one another;
Should they a bit of equity from Juſtice beg the loan of,
That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the bone off.
Bow, wow, wow.

A

A poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public he runs game down,
A critic is a cur, and ſtrives to run his fame down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble ſport invites him,
He ſlyly ſteals behind, and by the heel he bites him.
Bow, wow, wow.

You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed them you are able,
Your dog for his morſel crouches under your table,
Your friends turn t il in misfortune or diſaſter,
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forſake his maſter.
Bow, wow, wow.

But when did you come, Sir; and how did you find out this houſe? Dear Sir, where is Madam Norah, your niece?

Father L. Oh; then they don't know ſhe's here. (*aſide*) Why, Darby, I left her at Potzdam.

Darby. Here's a lying old thief; but I'll match him at that game—what ſhall I tell him—I'll tell him Pat's dead. (*aſide*)

Father L. You've met her huſband, Patrick, in your German travels, I ſuppoſe?

Darby. The Captain?—Oh yes.

Father L. It ſeems he has been playing pretty pranks here.

Darby. Then he has heard all. (*aſide*)

Father L. I am a Prieſt, but upon my function, were I like him, an Iriſh Officer in a foreign ſervice, and had brought ſuch a diſgrace upon my country, I verily believe nothing but my own blood cou'd waſh away the ſtain of it.

Darby. A good hint to ſend the Captain off like a ſhot. (*aſide*) Then, Sir, you've heard of Pat's blowing his brains out.

Father L. Me!—Not I!—Pat dead!—Oh dear, my poor niece!—Norah!—Norah!—— (*calls*)

Darby.

Darby. Lord, Sir, d'ye think ſhe can hear you at Potzdam?

Father L. But how, Darby?—When?

Darby. Laſt night—a piſtol——

Father L. But for what?

Darby. Becauſe Marſhal Fehrbellin ſpoke ſaucy to him.

Father L. Oh, the ſhallow fool! Oh dear! Oh dear! Where ſhall I find comfort?

Darby. In the book. (*points to the bottle*)

Father L. What! this? You unfeeling, you hardened ſoul, to give me ſuch advice. (*drinks it off*).

Darby. Ah! your Reverence won't be hardened, if a drop can ſoften you.

DUET.

Father L. And oh is he gone?—whirra ſtrua! poor Pat!
So ſorry
Darby. (*ſhews the empty bottle*) Look here—
Father L. I'm ſorry for that.
My grief is ſo great, not a tear can I cry;
Darby. And yet, my good Sir, you've a ſup in your eye.
Father L. Go! go! take your liquor away from me;
Darby. Oh! oh! does it give you ſuch pain?
Father L. And ne'er bring your Uſquebaugh bottle again to me;
Darby. No!
Father L. No, no, Darby, no! 'till you fill it again.

[*Exit.*

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! Pat muſt not be found alive; then my lie is all a ſtory—Eh!—little Quiz (*looking out*) and Olmutz—Olmutz takes him under the arm, and to my certain knowledge, the hypocritical knave has an aſſignation with his bride, this very evening, at the foot of the Oder Bridge.

Enter

Enter Quiz.

Quiz. Hem!—your ſervant—Sir!

Darby. Now I'd as lieve a friend wou'd give me a knock o'the head as call me Sir.

Quiz. Aye? Then I'm the friend that wou'd as ſoon do one as t'other.

Darby. Wou'd you, faith?

Quiz. I wou'd, by the God of War!

Darby. Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, my dapper bride-groom. Do you know, Quiz, that I've beſpoke a wig-box as a cradle for your firſt child.

Quiz. What, laugh'd at too? Do you know that I have been a man of ſpirit from the ſhell? As the great Quiz Hercules in his cradle ſtrangled a ſerpent, I in mine throttled a couple of kittens.—When a boy, to practice ſtorming a town, I broke all the neighbour's windows—In our maurauding parties, I was the terror of the ducks and gozlings—tho' in red breeches, ſcorn'd to run away from a turkey-cock—ſtruck fire from the flaſh of a pan—roaſted our booty upon a ram-rod—ſlept in a mortar—and for my muſic made a great gun my German flute, by whiſtling in the touch-hole?

Darby. Well?

Quiz. And you to trick a man like me into a marriage with this Mabel—only to carry on your own deſign upon her.

Darby. Who the devil told you that?

Quiz. My friend Olmutz, ſirrah.

Darby. Oh, then it's he that has prim'd this pocket-piſtol.

Quiz. How dare you ſerve me ſo, you little Iriſh raſcal? I only want an occaſion to fight you.

Darby. Occaſion!—Raſcal will do well enough for a Pruſſian ſoldier.

Quiz. I'll ſave you the trouble of waſhing your ugly face—I'll blow your head off, by the God of War.

Darby. Well, that's very kind—but where ſhall I bring it to you.

Quiz. Aye, where ſhall we meet.

Darby. I have a ſhrewd gueſs at the time and place of Olmutz and Mabel's appointment. (*aſide*) What think ye of the ſtone bridge over the Oder, about eight? I'll borrow Captain Patrick's piſtols, you bring yours, and with our backs again the centry-boxes, how we'll thunder away.

Quiz. We will, by the God of War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Inſide of MABEL'S *Houſe.*

Enter Father LUKE *and* NORAH.

Father L. And ſo, niece, this is the young woman your huſband had dragg'd out of the houſe by the ſoldiers.

Norah. Yes, Sir; but it ſeems it was all owing to Darby, that idle fooliſh fellow, that's ever in ſome miſchief.

Father L. Darby! aye, the run-a-gate ſcape-grace, what a ſtory did he trump up of Pat's death. But bid the young woman there come out——

Norah. My dear uncle, any attempt to diſuade her

her from going in ſearch of her lover, is fruitleſs, for go ſhe will—And here ſhe comes, equipp'd for her travels.

Enter FLORA, *from the room, in Boy's Cloaths.*

Father L. Oh fie! by my function, child, you don't look like a Chriſtian woman.

Flora. Am I like a Chriſtian man, that's all I want to look like at preſent.

Father L. Child, child, I'm aſhamed of you.

Flora. It don't ſignify talking, Sir, for to find out my Rupert is the fixed determination of my heart; and this dreſs will ſecure me from the inſolence that I ſo lately ſuffered—for the poor-hearted wretch that has courage enough to inſult a woman, often wants ſpirit to attack a man—Aye, and as well as the braveſt of you, woman can deſpiſe danger where ſhe truly loves.

Father L. Well ſaid, my little champion of Chriſtendom.

Norah. Hold—a little more of the maſculine air won't be amiſs. (*places her hat*) There, I queſtion if your lover cou'd know you.—But now tell me, uncle, when ſhall I ſee my huſband. Flora's account acquits him of the ſmalleſt intention to violence or ſeduction—Seek him out, I beg of you, and bring him to me.

AIR.—NORAH.

Shipwreck'd on the foaming wave,
Sailor's view a watry grave;
I thus wreck'd, on ſeas of fear,
To my deareſt love wou'd ſteer;
What cou'd then my peace annoy,
In that harbour of my joy?
Shou'd the winds rudely whiſtle, I'd heave a fond ſigh,
And wiſh thoſe on the billows as happy as I.

Love

Love my pilot and my guide,
Smile and ſoothe the angry tide;
Calms ſucceeding dread alarms;
Let me anchor in thy arms:
Wh t cou'd then my peace annoy,
In that haven of my joy?
Shou'd the winds rudely whiſtle I'd heave a fond ſigh,
And wiſh thoſe on the billows as happy as I.

Cap. P. (*without*) Is the young woman above?

Norah. Heavens! his dear voice.

Flora. Inquiring for me.

Norah. My beloved huſband!

Father L. Be quiet, with your love—This ſtory of Pat's death muſt have been concerted to further ſome of his frolics—But. I've a thought to fit him, ha, ha, ha! Hark'e, honey, who knows in the houſe here that you have put on theſe clothes?

Flora Only Mabel, of whom I borrow'd them.

Father L. Ha, ha, ha! well, ſtep in there both of you.

Norah. Sir——

Father L. Go, go, child, and don't diſpute my clergy. [*Exeunt Norah and Flora.* Ha, ha, ha! he and Darby have had their joke upon me, now I'll have my joke upon them.

Enter Captain PATRICK.

Captain P. Where's Flora? Ha! My dear Father Luke!

Father L. Can you be Pat?—Oh, child, if you're dead, tell me?

Capt. P. My good uncle, how glad I am to ſee you! Is my wife, my dear Norah, come?

Father L Come—ah Pat! why did you give out that you were dead? But if you were really

ſo

ſo (as 'till this inſtant we thought you) your Norah wou'd have been another man's wife in half an hour.

Captain P. I don't underſtand you.

Father L. Nay, I never thought him ſo handſome as every body ſays—to me he's a moſt effiminate milk-ſop—But upon his journey hither he was ſo full of his complaiſance; ſuch handing of your wife into the coaches, and out of the coaches, and up ſtairs and down ſtairs; and ſo buſy at buckling on trunks, and ſmart at paying reckonings——

Capt. What is this?

Father L. And then here the moment he arrives in the camp, the firſt thing ſhe hears is of you, her lawful huſband, running away with the gooſeberry girl; and then Marſhal Rembellin pulling the cockade out of your hat—But your blowing out your brains with a piſtol—oh, Pat, Pat! that did your buſineſs at once.

Capt. P. How!

Father L. Why you know that made your wife a widow—But had I known that you were ſtill alive, I'd as ſoon have ſet fire to the Chapel of Loretto, as have married Norah to this chap.

Captain P. Married Norah!

Father L. Child, child! what made you ſhoot yourſelf?

Capt. P. Ridiculous! who cou'd invent—Who told you ſuch an abſurd fallehood?

Darby. (*without*) Quiz, go to the ground, I'll follow you.

Father L. Who told me! only your beſt man, Darby, and here he comes. And now the young chap within here ſhall take up the game. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

Capt.

Capt. P. And have I, by my folly, loſt my Norah's heart, or worſe—has it receiv'd the impreſſion of another.

Enter DARBY.

Darby. Maſter, will you lend me your piſtols?

Capt. P. I'll piſtol you. (*collars him*)

Darby. Oh, worthy Pat! Generous Captain!

Capt. P. What's this you've been telling Father Luke, you miſcreant, your infernal tricks have been the cauſe of all my ſhame and diſtreſs.

Darby. Here's friendſhip! Oh, that ever I ſold my farm.

Enter RUPERT.

Rup. (*lays hold of Darby*) You're the ruffian that took my Flora from her father's houſe—No ſtruggling—tell me this inſtant where ſhe is, or I'll hue you to pieces. (*draws*)

Darby. (*dropping on his knees*) Sir, ſhe's—Oh, why did I ſell my farm——

Re-enter FLORA, *in her diſguiſe.*

Flora. 'Tis indeed my Rupert. (*aſide*) Hey! what noiſe is all this, ſirrah?

Darby. Another maſtiff ſet upon me.

Flora. Gentlemen, your making a noiſe at the door of my apartment, is what I don't underſtand—Demme!

Darby. Oh, this is indeed a fine fellow—(*riſes and ſtands behind Flora*) Yes, making a noiſe is what I don't underſtand—Demme!

Flora. You've frightened a Lady here within, that's under my protection, and let me tell you its very unmanly——

Darby.

Darby. Yes, its very unmannerly—Hem!

Capt. P. 'Sdeath, he cannot mean my wife?

Rup. I'll anſwer you preſently, Sir. (*to Flora*) No more trifling— where's Flora? (*to Darby*)

Darby. What's that to you?

Flora. Flora!—Oh, the little fruit girl—She is curſed fond of me!

Rup. Indeed!

Flora. Oh, yes; ſhe had once ſome ſilly notions of a ſwaggering puppy, one Rupert I think, but they are all fled ſince I have been her devoted ſlave——

Rup. Villain! defend yourſelf. (*draws*)

Capt. P. (*interpoſing*) Hold, my dear Sir, are you mad?

Darby. Ay, are you mad, Rupert, you rogue?

Flora. Then I preſume you are Rupert—your pardon. But no occaſion to be jealous of me now, for my ſoul is intirely devoted to my Norah, the charming widow of the ridiculous Captain Patrick.

Capt. P. (*draws*) Draw this moment.

Rup. (*interpoſing*) Stop Sir, are you mad?

Darby. Are you both mad, you rogues?

Capt. P. Sir, this affair demands immediate ſatisfaction.

Rup. Sir, my claim of revenge is prior——

Flora. Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean, only give me fair play, and I think I'm a match for you both.

Darby. Bravo! bravo! my little hero!—Take them as the boys box, one down, 'tother come on.

QUARTETTO.

Flora. The lovely fair within that room, my wife ſhall be;
Capt. P. And how, Sir, are you ſure of that?
Flora. Ah! ſhe loves me.

Capt.

Capt. P. S'death, Sir, what's that you ſay, quick anſwer ſpeedily;
Rup. What of my Flora?—tell me firſt,
Flora. Oh ſhe loves me.
Both. She love thee!
Darby. He loves ſhe
Flora. And for her ſweet ſake, you Sir; or you, I'll ſee.
Darby. To 'em, my little cock a-nowns, oh you're my Gramachree.
Both. What, my love loves thee!
Flora. Aye, thy love loves me;
Darby. Knock their heads together;
Flora. Have at you, one two three.
Darby. Dear Sir leave me out; a wicked rogue's our little Gramachree.
Both. Satisfaction you muſt give moſt ſurely now to me.
Flora. Fire or ſword, when love's the word—have at you, one, two, three.
Darby. Oh what a tearing hero, our little Gramachree!

[*Exeunt.*

Manent DARBY:

Darby. I come on well here in the German wars—Yeſterday I had a dozen drummers, out of great love for my health, ſtanding about me, ready with a crimſon waiſtcoat to keep my back warm—and here my kind countryman, Captain Paddy, burries his knuckles in my throat, never conſidering that it may ſpoil my ſinging—Another Sclavonian Mohawk flouriſhes his ſcythe about my ears—and there little Quiz is this moment waiting to blow my head over the ſtone bridge—I'm in a good thriving way—Theſe two men of war have frightened me ſo, Quiz will certainly diſcomfit me if I can't hit upon ſome ſtratagem to make him him more afraid than myſelf.—Mabel and Olmutz are gone to their appointment, at the very ſpot where I'm to meet Quiz—I've great hopes of his finding them out; and yet what good will

that

that do me?—Heigh-ho!—poor Darby!—Why did you ſell your farm? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV: *and laſt.*

A View of the Oder, two Centinel's Boxes at the Foot of the Bridge.

Enter QUIZ *with Piſtols.*

Quiz. I thought I'd be firſt—aye, I gueſs'd the fellow wou'd be afraid to meet me—a cowardly poltroon; oh! how I'll roaſt him for this; how I'll twig him round the camp with a whalebone ram-rod—Hey! if that's he, he's plaguy punctual——

Darby. (*without*) Who's there?

Quiz. Its I!

Darby. (*without*) The enemy?

Quiz. Your mortal foe!—ſo take your ground.

Enter DARBY, *with Blunderbuſſes.*

Darby. Stop, don't be raſh—In Ireland we always tak theſe things cool.

Quiz. Yes, I believe I've cool'd you.

Enter a PEASANT, *with a Sack, Pick-axe, Spade, &c.*

Darby. Lay the tools down there.

Quiz. Tools! what tools do we want but the piſtols?

Darby. Firſt, put down the ſack.

Quiz. Is it a ſack of oats!

Darby. Here ſpread the ſaw-duſt.

Quiz. Saw-duſt! for what?

Darby. To ſoak up the blood.

Quiz. Soak up my blood! (*Peaſant ſcatters ſaw-duſt*).

Darby. Very well—give me the two blunderbuſſes, charg'd with razor-blades. (*Peaſant gives them*) Retreat! [*Exit Peaſant.*

Quiz. (*terrified*) Blunderbüſſes charged with razor-blades!

Darby. Now to ſettle the grand point.

Quiz. But pray, what do we want with the pick-axe and ſhovel?

Darby. The thing I'm going to talk about—It's our cuſtom in Ireland, when Gentlemen fight without ſeconds, as we are now going to do, if one ſhou'd be kill'd, which is generally the caſe, to prevent any ill conſequences of the law to the conqueror, we have two ways of diſpoſing of the dead Gentleman.

Quiz. Dead Gentleman!

Darby. One method is to dig up the freſh ſod, and bury the body there, ſweet and wholeſome, on the ſpot—that's the Galway kick—the other is putting it into the ſack that brings the ſaw-duſt, and tipping it into the river—now that's the Tipperary touch.

Quiz. The d[illegible] I have either a Galway kick, or a Tipperary [illegible]ch.

Darby. No!

Quiz. D'ye want to murder me.

Darby. Sir, if you object to theſe decent things its not handſome of you.

Quiz. Well, I'll be as ugly as old Nick before you ſhall handſomely touch me into the river—for I'll not fight, by the God of War.

Darby.

Darby. Nonſenſe!—take up the piece, and off we go—

Quiz. (*going*) Yes, off I go.

Father L. (*without*) Where are they?

Darby. And here now—ſure you wou'd not be ſo ungenteel as to diſappoint the Prieſt, that I beſpoke on purpoſe to bury us like Chriſtians.

Quiz. I won't, I won't be buried like a Chriſtian.

Enter Father LUKE.

Father L. No! oh, fie you profligate—arrah Darby!—what are you going to do with the little fellow?

Quiz. The ruffian had a criminal deſign upon my dear and virtuous wife; and becauſe I civilly aſked him about it, he wants to ſhoot, ſtuff me into a ſack, and either bury me under the ſod, or tip me into the river.

Darby. Virtuous wife! oh, oh—(*aſide*) what have I nobody to ſhoot after practiſing the whole evening—I'll not put up with ſlander, 'twas the ſcoundrel Olmutz ſet you on to abuſe me.

Quiz. Olmutz is my true friend.

Darby. Then, ſuppoſe your true friend ſtood here (*pointing to the Centinel's box*) then you'd ſee how I'd u[illegible]

[illegible] I'd ſhew [illegible] mark—fire away Dar[illegible]

Darby. Then, daſh goes a brace of piſtols thro' the Centry-box (*preſents*)

Enter from the Centinel's-box, OLMUTZ *and* MABEL (*ſhrieking*).

There's your virtuous wife and your true friend.

Father L. Upon my word they are a queer couple of Pruſſian troopers.

Quiz. Oh! I see how it is—Darby I ask your pardon; do you give Olmutz a Galway kick, and I'll give my wife a Tipperary touch.

Darby. Olmutz, what brought you here?

Olm. Come out—be Quiz's second.

Quiz. Sir—I want no second

Olm. Oh! that case, Sir, good night. [*Exit.*

Quiz. Well, Sir, good night—centry-box, Sir—I've a mind to send a brace of razor-blades after you—So wife, you come here to be second too.

Mabel F. No, husband—I was here first. [*Exit.*

Father L. I'll be bound she was—But Darby, boy, have you seen the Captain, and the young Hussar?

Darby. Here come the very tygers.

Enter Captain PATRICK *and* RUPERT.

Rup. Ou little bully has given us the slip.

Capt. P. He was seen coming this way.

Enter NORAH *and* FLORA.

Flora. Well, Gentlemen, here I am, (*presents Norah*) here's my friend too, who is ready to hold the Captain in play whilst I am a match for you, Sir Rupert, if you've still a heart to engage your Flora.

Rup. Flora! is it indeed? my sweet—my faithful girl (*embraces her*)

Father L. Pat, isn't the chap a tight little Hero?

Capt. P. Flora, the dreaded rival in my wife's affections!

Norah. No—only in my Patrick's—ah! my naughty husband——

Father L. Take care, Pat, whenever you take a fancy to die while you live, you'll always be sure to find your wife a widow.

Capt.

Capt. P. All the miſchiefs of the day are owing to that villain Darby—

Darby. Be quiet with your knuckles, Pat, I deſire—Lord, I'm afraid to——

Quiz. You're afraid!—Oh, then by the God of War—I'll—(*ſtrutting up to Darby*)

Darby. Srop, you're not a Captain Pat, nor am I a little Quiz—I deſire pardon from all, for had I known that the Captain's regular meal (*points to Norah*) was ſo ſoon to be ſerv'd up, I ſhouldn't have provided this dam'ſon tart—(*points to Flora*) to ſtay his ſtomach.

Capt. P. But, I hope my Norah will take an example of clemency from his Pruſſian Majeſty, who, on his arrival reſtor'd me to my command—whilſt in diſgrace I dared not approach my faithful wife, but henceforth my attention to her ſhall be exemplary—Yet man, even as he ſhould be, is ſcarce worthy of the bleſſings beſtowed on him by the poſſeſſion of an amiable and virtuous woman.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN.

Oh now let the drum
Bear, company come,
And let the clarionets play;
And, oh, little fife
Now whi.le for life
While merry we toot it away;

DARBY.

For Fortune turns her wheel
And with us ſhe'll dance a reel;
The late whining fellow,
Now jovial and mellow,
To jollity ring a peal.

QUIZ.

QUIZ.

As ſure as a gun,
We'll ſhew you ſuch fun,
As never was ſeen before;
Like officers ſwear,
And tatter and tear,
And like a cannon we'll roar

DARBY.

Quiz—

QUIZ.

Darby did you call?

FATHER LUKE.

Ye Devils, how loud ye bawl!

QUIZ.

To houſe, bed and table,
Of Quiz

MABEL.

And poor Mabel
You're heartily welcome all.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

FATHER LUKE.

A ſad wicked place,
A very ſad caſe!
Here nothing I'll get to do;
Child, put on your cap—(*to Flora*)
And here in a ſlap
I'll marry that younker (*to Rupert*) and you
If you don't take't amiſs, (*to Mabel*)
I'd like to bury poor Quiz
Without any money,
Your hand, my dear honey—
So much I like your phiz.

FLORA.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

FLORA.

Oh, maidens take care,
By example beware,
If ruin you'd wiſh to ſhun;

NORAH.

Nor truſt to your charms,
When once from your arms,
You ſuffer your ſpouſey to run.

FLORA.

Like birds held in a ſtring
They'll hop about, then take wing.

NORAH.

From twig to bough flying,
Your ſobbing nor crying,
Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

CHORUS.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

THE END.

THE

DOLDRUM;

OR,

1803.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1796.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THIS very morning ('twas in Ruſſel Street)
I (coming to rehearſal) chanc'd to meet
A figure ſtrange! who mov'd with wary pace,
And many a care was written on his face:
On ſhoulder pois'd he held a cane upright,
The cane was long, the head was round and white
He wav'd it thus, for much he ſeem'd to dread
A cheſt of drawers, upon a porter's head.
I gueſſing 'twas our bard, for once was right,
(Our bard has little more than mental ſight)
Without my curtſy on I cou'd not ſtir—
He bowing ſaid—"your moſt obedient, *Sir*."
"Is Mrs. Mattocks from your mem'ry gone?
Said I—"why venture in the ſtreets alone?"
"This Madam—he replied—"is pleaſant talk,
"Yet cou'd I ride, I'd ſtill prefer a walk:
"But on my farce to ſomebody's reproach
"The ſpeculation will not bear a coach."
Cried I "that ſomebody's not me; I hope."
Said he—"Old claret may I never tope,
"Ne'er laugh at bright ideas in the dark,
"Ne'er ſtand delighted with the riſing lark,
"If you I meant; good Madam may I wail,
"That like my ſight, my other ſenſes fail.
"The fault's all mine, and mine to bear the blame,
"My muſe is dull, or elſe ſhe's all a flame.
"The grave and gay I can't engage by half,
"For make you cry I muſt, or make you laugh;
"My audience I can never keep in quiet,
"With Off! off! off! or Ha! ha! ha! they muſt be all a riot."

Said I "for their off! offs! no more! no more's!
"Have friends with hands to clap like battledoors!"
Quoth he "alas! what can an author do?
"At a late play*, quite old—but ſome ſay new.
"The author's order was refus'd—unkind!
"Tho' William Shakeſpeare was the order ſign'd.
"To-night my fiddle (I'm upon the rack)
"I've wound ſo high I fear the ſtrings muſt crack."
Our bard is right, he's in a ſcrape—I beg
That you'll not raſhly let him down a peg;
As broad and bold his ſtrains, they're full of danger;
He's an old friend—don't uſe him like a ſtranger.

* The Tragedy of Vortigern, produced at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, in 1796, as a poſthumous work of Shakeſpeare's.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Marmaduke, ... Mr. MUNDEN.
Septimus, ... Mr. QUICK.
Captain Septimus, ... Mr. MIDDLETON.
Captain Slaſh, ... Mr. HAYMES.
Flam, ... Mr. MACREADY.
Gyp, ... Mr. KNIGHT.
Looby, ... Mr. SIMMONDS.
Drummer Boy, ... Maſter STANDEN.

Emmeline, ... Miſs MANSEL.
Mrs. Auburne, ... Mrs. MATTOCKS.

PORTERS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *London.*

THE DOLDRUM;

OR,

1803.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SEPTIMUS's *Houſe.*

Enter Captain SEPTIMUS *and Mrs.* AUBURNE.

Captain SEPTIMUS.

AYE, joy indeed! oh I never liv'd till now, I'm born this day to life, and its moſt ſupreme delights.

Mrs. Aub. You were born this day! 'pon my honor Captain you're a very fine grown child of your age.

Captain Sept. Yes, this day certainly unites me to my charming Emmeline.

Mrs. Aub. Maybe ſo—but—mind Sir I'm going to make a poetical ſimile. Tho' the ſun of felicity ſhines full upon us, I'm afraid ſome malicious cloud will drench us in a ſoaking ſhower: yes, inſtead of cinnamon cordial to warm ourhearts, we ſhall ſup peppermint water.

Captain

Captain Sept. Mrs. Auburne you're always croaking.

Mrs. Aub. Well, Sir, tho' I am your father's houſekeeper and have the charge of all his family affairs during his abſence—to be ſure your concerns are no buſineſs of mine—Croaking! now, Sir, only go over the paſt ground, and ſee the hopes of your future proſpect. Your father and Miſs Emmeline's papa as they were fellow wranglers at college, have ever ſince in ſtrict friendſhip ſquabbled thro' life, and to extend their ſpirit of contradiction to their poſterity agreed that you and ſhe ſhould be man and wife, but on the wedding day before you cou'd get the ring on her finger, up ſprings a tiff between the old gentry, becauſe the Baronet abus'd the change of government abroad, my maſter woud'nt believe there was any, to be convinc'd wou'd go over to France himſelf.

Captain Sept. Well—Since my divine Emmeline's father, Sir Marmaduke, has conſented this day to our union, I'll not let a diſagreeable thought ſully the luſtre of the moment.

Mrs. Aub. Here comes the old gentleman, for heaven's ſake, Sir, don't contradict him, or all is broke again—you know he lives in a diſpute, and if he can bring it to a wager, there is his element.

Captain Sept. True, he is conſtantly on the watch for diſputes.

Mrs. Aub. And to ſecure his triumphs, I'm told he carries in his pocket the Red Book, Moore's Almanack, and Truſler's Chronology, ha, ha, ha!

Enter LOOBY.

Well now, what's the matter? what do you want?

Looby. Here be's Sir Mermaid the Duke.

Mrs.

Mrs. Aub. Sir Marmaduke—you booby! you! go along— [*Exit Looby.*

Enter Sir MARMADUKE, (*reading and eating fruit*).

Sir Mar. Month of April—Moore ſhou'd be more particular about Mogul plums—aye; this is the room that the Captain inſiſted wasn't twelve feet high. Taking meaſure, and nobody know it may win me a wager. (*meaſures with his cane*) now was it mine, I'd have the top painted blue—azure—the word cieling—derived from Ciel—heaven—French—I wiſh Enrick had got etymologies. (*Mrs. Auburne places chairs*) Ciel!—heaven!—(*ſtill looking up ſtumbles over the chair*) the Devil! what's that?

Mrs. Aub. Lord, Sir, I'm afraid you've broke the chair.

Sir Mar. Chairs, when firſt invented?—let's ſee Truſler. (*opens book*)

Captain Sept. My dear Sir Marmaduke!

Sir Mar. Ah! Captain Septimus!

Captain Sept. I was juſt going to wait on Emmeline.

Sir Mar. But the ſilly child wou'd get into a controverſy with me; I ſaid it wou'd be better for you to be married out of town; and ſhe talk'd of the banns and Hanover Square.

Captain Sept. Sir, you know they were proclaim'd there, and conſequently——

Sir Mar. What's that?

Mrs. Aub. Oh Lord! an argument will ſpoil all—Sir, my young maſter was only ſaying what—you ſaid.

Sir Mar. What did I ſay?

Mrs. Aub. Now whatever I ſay it was, he'll ſay it was not—(*aſide*) Sir, I think you ſaid——

Captain Sept. Aye—that you wou'd have our marriage celebrated—where Sir?

Mrs. Aub. I'll venture (*aſide*). Yes, Sir Marmaduke, Miſs Emmeline wiſh'd it to be in the country, and you will have it in town.

Sir Mar. Eh! (*pauſing*)

Captain Sept. Well then, Sir, we will have it in the country.

Sir Mar. For many reaſons you'd better be married at Hanover Square.

Mrs. Aub. Was ever ſuch a mule! neither drag, nor drive. I promis'd Mr. Flam, the valet, to get them out of town if I cou'd, and one ſtroke of oppoſition ſends father, Captain, and daughter all into the country. Then we ſhall have the whole houſe to ourſelves to ſee our own company. (*aſide*) Sir, the Captain inſiſts on being married in London. (*peremptorily*)

Sir Mar. Then he may marry you, Madam, for he ſhan't have my daughter.

Captain Sept. S'death! we ſhall have no marriage at all.—Mrs. Auburne how can you?—

Mrs. Aub. What, Sir! a bride and bridegroom quit the dear delights of the metropolis, and let the honey-moon ſhine upon blackberry buſhes! when here it ſhould illumine Ranelagh, Bagnigge Wells, Kenſington Gardens, and Blackfriars-bridge. By my honor, Sir, I will not go out of town.

Sir Mar. Then you may go to Jericho, Madam, who thinks of you at all?

Mrs. Aub. Shoudn't have thought of always humoring an old figure that has no more generoſity than a churchwarden, that wou'd no more give a guinea

guinea to a fine, nimble, notable clever woman like me, for all my attention and politeneſs.

Sir Mar. Not I—I'll not give you a guinea woman—why ſhou'd I give you a guinea?

Mrs. Aub. No, nor a ſixpence; I ſaid you woudn't give me one pound, one ſhilling, and one ſixpence.

Sir Mar. Won't I? here's a guinea—for you have at times made me ſome whip-ſyllabub in a pretty manner.

Captain Sept. Oh, Sir, no occaſion to give my father's houſekeeper money.

Mrs. Aub. Lord, Sir, don't hinder him—Sir Marmaduke there is occaſion to give me a guinea. (*holds out her hand*)

Sir Mar. There is not. (*puts up the money*)

Mrs. Aub. Well, Sir, I'm obliged to you (*curtſies ironically to Captain Sept.*)—as you ſtay in town I'll look over my receipt books, and chuſe a handſome wedding ſupper.

Sir Mar. Captain, I think you had better be married by ſpecial licenſe.

Captain Sept. Ah! when once your daughter's mine we'll be ſeldom troubled with you, my old buck. (*aſide*)

Enter EMMELINE (*in riding dreſs*).

Ah! my lovely Emmeline! but why this dreſs?

Emmeline. Captain Septimus! why are not you prepar'd for our trip.

Sir Mar. Who may you be going to trip with?

Emmeline. Why, Sir, was it not your wiſh that that the ceremony ſhould be performed in the country?

Captain Sept. Then this change is by your orders—Oh we'll comply—here Flam! (*calls off*)

Sir Mar. Once for all you ſhall be married in town in St. Georges, Hanover ſquare.

Mrs. Aub. There now, again!

Sir Mar. We'll return to your houſe from the church, I'll ſup here. But let's ſee, Hanover Square was built in——

Mrs. Aub. (*in a paſſion*) Sir it wasn't built till two years after that.

Sir Mar. What! havn't I my Truſler in my pocket.

Mrs. Aub. Yes; and you've your guinea in your pocket ſo you know nothing at all about it.

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Did you call, Sir?

Captain Sept. Send Flam hither——

Sir Mar. Young folks, I want to ſpeak a word with you both—(*takes them under the arm*) tell me I don't know when Groveſnor Square was built—pert, ſaucy prating Abigail.

[*Exit with Captain Sept. and Emmeline.*

Looby. Here be's a fine ado; Meaſter deſires me to ſend Flam, and Flam ſaid, as maſter was going out of town he'd dine at the tavern.

Mrs. Aub. Dine at the tavern! what, Flam? oh then in the Iriſh way he'll bring home ſome friends to take a bottle. I'm tired of a batchelor's houſe—I'm form'd to mix in company, I'm charm'd with cards—concerts—coach!—Looby you genteel wretch, hand me down ſtairs.

[*Exit ſinging—Looby handing her.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Leiceſter Square.

Enter FLAM, *from Sabloniere's Tavern.*

Flam This Sabloniere gives good dinners—lucky I ſat by that Engliſh Gentleman, or the devil a word ſhou'd I have had to talk but French—and that I can't talk at all, at all. What a curſe my father did'nt take it in his head to have me born a Gentleman! Such an ornament to an eſtate!—Spank my phæton—privilege of the Park—rattle up Conſtitution Hill—hey, gate!—or daſh thro' the King's Road, on each ſide knock the foot paſſengers up againſt the walls, or into the ditches.—Oh! here comes the Gentleman that ſat by me at table. As he thinks me a Gentleman, I may as well keep up to the character. By Mrs. Auburne's contradicting Sir Marmaduke, as ſhe pr miſed, my maſter is certainly gone out of town, ſo I'll take the advantage of forming a genteel acquaintance.

Enter GYP, *from the Houſe.*

Gyp. As I have begun my firſt day in London ſo like a man of faſhion, I ſhou'd finiſh it as ſuch—Go to the opera, had I company. 'Pon honor they make exceeding good ragouts at this ordinary, very pretty ſallad, but dem the oil!

Enter a PORTER.

Porter. Oh, Sir, the chambermaid at the Glouceſter Coffee-houſe, doeſn't like to wake your maſter, but

but wiſhes to know if he engages the beds for to-night?

Gyp. Then my old lethargic Don, from the fatigue of our journey from Dover, has ſlept ever ſince I left him. (*aſide*) Well, I'll call at your inn and ſettle all that—But take care of my trunks, d'ye hear. [*Exit Porter.*

Flam. (*advancing*) So, Sir, you don't muz over the bottle after dinner, no more than myſelf?

Gyp. Oh, ſervant Sir—No, my way to turn the evening to a more pleaſant uſe, I'm for Ranelagh.

Flam. I think, Sir, this is a very good tavern; but the worſt of it is, the mixed company one meets with at an ordinary.

Gyp. True, Sir; but a public table is like a ſtage-coach, you're never obliged to know your fellow paſſengers again.

Flam. Faith, Sir, I never cou'd bring myſelf to travel in a ſtage-coach; when one has a carriage of one's own, it quite ſpoils one for vulgar acquaintances.

Gyp. (*aſide*) A man of fortune, I dare ſay.

Flam. Have you been long in England, Sir?

Gyp. Arriv'd but this morning from France, Sir—I think he won't ſmoak I'm a ſervant (*aſide*)—As you ſay, their wine was palatable, but the ruby is not to be expected at taverns—nothing like a Gentleman's own cellar. I ſhall be proud to ſee you at my houſe, Sir—I haven't a card about me, but—(*pulling out his handkerchief, cards fall*)

Flam. I believe, Sir, you dropt that pack——

Gyp. Eh! (*confuſed*)—Yes, Sir, I did long ago, it was ſo expenſive.

Flam. What, Sir?

Gyp.

Gyp. My pack of hounds.

Flam. Oh, oh! he's fond of gambling; then if I can get him a little corn'd, I may ſlip the Connought-five upon him. (*aſide*) Sir, my card. (*gives one*)

Gyp. (*reads*) "Pawn'd!—ſilver watch—three "Blue Balls—Ram-alley the 25th"—

Flam. Hold! hold Sir! the devil, my duplicate when I left my watch at my uncle's! (*aſide*) beg pardon Sir—this fell out of my ſcoundrel ſervant man's pocket—as I was duſting—I mean, when he was bruſhing—that is—when I—Sir, there is my compliment card, with my true name, and place of abode. Now, Sir, if you'll do me the honor to ſtep to my houſe; if you don't call my wine the elivator, and the exhilirator ſay my name is not Dennis Flam, Eſquire; and that I'm neither a member of parliament, nor a high ſheriff, when in the county of——a—hem!

Gyp. A member of parliament and high ſheriff! a great man, but an intollerable ſap (*aſide*)—Why, Sir, I was engaged to meet my Lord Bobs. (*looks at his watch*)

Flam. And I was to have met the Duke of Nobs.

Gyp. But I don't care if I do lounge away half an hour with you. (*yawns*)

Flam. Much obliged to you. (*yawns*)

Gyp. Do you live in this vicinity, Sir?

Flam. No, Sir, in a houſe of my own—I ordered my ſpalpleen fellows to bring my curricle, but I ſuppoſe they have ſtopt to drink porter—porter I think they call that common liquor?

Gyp. Yes, Sir, theſe ſervants are impudent raſcals, ha, ha, ha!

Flam.

Flam. Aye, Sir, they take as many airs upon them as if they were Gentlemen—the conceited puppies.

Gyp. So they do, ha, ha, ha!

Flam Suppoſe Sir we walk towards my houſe?—I pay a pretty tight rent—but as I am yet an unmarried Gentleman, and have ſuch a plague with keeping twenty or thirty idle pamper'd ſcoundrels, I'll give up houſe-keeping, and for the few weeks of the faſhionable town ſeaſon, I'll have apartments in Pall Mall.

Gyp. Then, Sir, you muſt be in Town in the winter? ſome appointment at Court?

Flam. Oh, yes Sir, I've a great many appointment to court the girls.

Gyp. I mean—eſtabliſhment—place—

Flam. Yes, Sir, I'm in a place—that is I'm upon a poſt.—You muſt know, Sir, I've been viſiting on horſeback all this morning.—I firſt took a ſcamper into Hyde Park, then call'd on Lady Simper—my way, Sir, to walk up ſtairs, and while I chat with the charming creatures—loll, throw my boots upon a white ſopha—my groom walks my horſes up and down before the door, and then people cry "isn't that Mrs. Ahem's houſe? a "deviliſh gay woman! But whoſe bit of blood "is that? ſure I know the livery—Oh it's young "Flam's, then he's her friend now! dem that "fellow! he has all the fine women about town!" and to be ſure I haven't, ha, ha, ha! Shall we walk, Sir?

Gyp. With all my ſoul, Sir—it's pleaſant to make remarks on your plebs and common people, as we ſaunter up Piccadilly; and to ogle the fine girls that ſport their lovely faces in the St. James's—Pall-Mall—

Mall—and Bond-ſtreet promanade, Sir, and eat peaches and cold ices at Kennet's.

Flam. Oh, Sir——

Gyp. By heaven, Sir——

Flam. Indeed, Sir, I—coudn't.

[*Exeunt ceremonioufly.*

SCENE III.

SEPTIMUS's *Houſe.*

A Drawing Room (*Pictures*).

Flam. (*without*) Pray, Sir, walk up ſtairs—I'll be with you in an inſtant.

Gyp. (*without*) Oh, Sir, no ceremony.

Enter GYP *and* LOOBY (*admiring him*)

This worthy Greek muſt have a capital fortune yet ſeems no better deſerving of it then myſelf.—His houſe here is ſplendidly furniſhed. Eh! that picture is very like my old maſter, Mr. Septimus! (*looking at it—ſits on a ſopha, and takes up a book*)

Looby. One of Mr. Flam, the valet's fine acquaintances; one ſhou'd be civil to one's fellow-ſervant's friends. (*ſits by him*) Well, and how are you?

Gyp. (*ſurpriz'd*) Eh! Why, pretty well—how are you? ha, ha, ha!

Looby. Our valet keeps woundy ſmart company.

Gyp. Does he, indeed?

Looby. You may put on your hat before me—let's

ſee, (*puts Gyp's hat on*) I look ſmart in cock-and-pinch.

Gyp. My new friend muſt be a good-natur'd maſter, or his ſervants are very impudent.—Whoſe picture's that?

Looby. Our maſter's father—He is a learned man, therefore you ſee he's drawn with a book in his hand, reading out loud.

Gyp. Ha, ha, ha! and I ſuppoſe that white drapery hanging from his coat pocket is a perfum'd handkerchief.

Enter SERVANT MAID, *ſinging and duſting the furniture.*

Maid. Looby, there's your maſter wants either you or Flam. [*Exeunt Looby and Maid.*

Enter Captain SEPTIMUS.

Capt. Sept. This raſcal to run out at ſuch a time! We ſhould be ready now to lead my Emmeline to the altar. If we miſs this lucky opportunity that Sir Marmaduke is in the mind for our marriage—Eh! who's this? (*ſees Gyp, takes off his hat—Gyp makes a ſlight bow, then reads*) I aſk pardon, Sir, do you want me?

Gyp. You! No, Sir—(*reads*) ha, ha, ha! I ſhou'd like to ſee this play acted. Our friend, Sir, has got a fine ſituation here; I admire it exceedingly—Elegant furniture—charming houſe—fine pictures—but the maſter, between you and I, is a confounded blockhead.

Captain Sept. Indeed! And pray, Sir, to whom does the confounded blockhead owe the very great honor of ſeeing you in his houſe?

Gyp. I'm here by his own invitation.

Captain

Captain Sept. He really invited you?

Gyp. Yes—Very nice about his wine—woudn't truſt his ſervant—gone himſelf into the cellar to bring us up a bottle or two—If good, as I dare be ſworn it is, we'll help him off with a batch.

Enter FLAM, *ſinging, with wine.*

Flam. Tol, lol, lol! Oh, zounds! maſter not gone out of town! (*lays the bottles on the table*)

Captain Sept. Where have you been, ſirrah!—Get me my things to dreſs—make haſte! fly!

[*Gyp ſneaks off.*

Flam. The devil take me if I ever ſaw any thing ſo unlucky—Have a man expos'd ſo, Sir.

Septimus. (*without*) All the doors open?

Captain Sept. How!—by heaven!—'tis—my father——

Flam. Oh, gracious! that's his voice, Sir.

Captain Sept. Return'd from France!—I'm rejoic'd—yet—I wiſh he had but ſtay'd till Emmeline was ſecur'd to me. Flam, run and ſeek Mrs. Auburne, tell her I want to ſpeak to her inſtantly.

[*Exit Flam.*

We muſt call a council of operations. [*Exit.*

Enter SEPTIMUS, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Septimus. No! I'll not truſt my trunks in halls and parlours, with ſtreet doors open-mouth'd—as if bawling—"walk in, and take what you pleaſe."

Enter PORTERS (*with trunks*)

Go back to the Glouceſter Coffee-houſe, where I put up, and if you ſee my man, bid him come here.

Porter. Sir, I ſpoke to your ſervant in Leiceſter-fields, juſt now, and he ſaid——

Septimus. Well, don't ſtand prating to me.

[*Exeunt Porters.*

As I pick'd up this Engliſh ſervant (who was but a valet de place) at Paris, he may not know my houſe in London. So then here I am, once more at my own dear home—All my furniture ſafe—and there's the picture too of my own pretty ſelf—aye there you are, Mr. Septimus, in your crimſon velvet coat, with ſlaſh cuffs and vellum button-holes——I wonder, does my ſon ſtill love proud Sir Marmaduke's daughter—I wonder how my houſekeeper, Mrs. Auburne, has manag'd matters ſince I've been gone—I wonder—but I ſhould wonder at nothing after the wonderful changes I have been witneſs to in Paris. I had a nap at the inn, but I'm ſtill drowſy—My ſon's gown!—what, does he make a dreſſing box of the drawing-room!—why did the ſlovenly camels bring the trunks in here—However, I'll take out my cap and ſlippers. Ho! is nobody within? (*takes a cap, &c. out of the trunk, and puts them on*)

Re-enter FLAM. *haſtily.*

Flam. Oh, my noble old Squire! welcome home!—Made your eſcape—been exchang'd?—got into the Captain's gown—Welcome, welcome—I'll wrap and I'll ſew you up in it.

Septimus. Boy, be quiet, and get me a boot-jack.

Flam. No, faith, you ſhall have a boot Pat, and a boot Flam. (*drags his boots off*) Arrah, isn't this big houſe all your own? Sit down and take your

your eaſe on your own ſopha. (*puſhes him on the ſopha*)

Septimus. Deuce of your welcome! Fling a Gentleman about like an old gooſe feather-bed!

Flam. Here Jenny! Nancy! Thomas, Looby! [*Exit.*

Septimus. Murder! He has given me a welcome to the other world.

Re-enter GYP, *cautiouſly.*

Gyp. The Captain gone!—Pleaſant enough, my flaſhy friend only a knight of the ſhoulder-knot, like myſelf! Gadſo—here's the wine—and uncork'd. As it was brought for me to carry off, no matter to the owner whether in my pocket or my noddle. (*puts the bottles in his pocket*)

Septimus. What, is that you, Gyp?

Gyp. My old maſter! (*ſurpris'd*)

Septimus. Then I may thank the porter for your being here?

Gyp. Porter! No, Sir; you may thank the wine. (*touching his pocket*)

Septimus. Account for your conduct, or I'll diſcharge you.

Gyp. Reaſon, dear Sir!—from the fatigue of your paſſage from France, and journey from Dover, you requir'd to be refreſh'd with a nap—ſo lay down in the hotel where we ſat up this morning: but my youthful ſpirits not wanting ſuch recruit, I viſited a few old friends, went to dine at a tavern, thought to get back before you waked, and here I find you in a ſtrange houſe, juſt going to ſleep.

Septimus. Strange!—this is my own houſe.

Gyp. Our own houſe! Stranger ſtill?

Septimus.

Septimus. Shifting might refreſh; you'll find things to ſhave me in that dreſſing-room, turning to the left. [*Exit Gyp.*
I can't think what's become of Mrs. Auburne.

Re-enter FLAM.

Flam. Sir, my maſter is gone out, but he'll be back in an inſtant.

Septimus. Where's my houſekeeper?

Re-enter GYP, *with ſhaving things.*

Flam. Then is that! (*ſtares at Gyp*)—"I'm engag'd to my Lord Nobs." (*yawns*)

Gyp. "And I to the Duke of Dobs." (*yawns*)

Septimus. How dare you ſtand prating before me of your Dobs and Nobs. [*Riſing, they run off.*

Enter Sir MARMADUKE.

Sir Mar. Ah, friend Septimus! welcome back to England.

Septimus. Thanky, Sir Marmaduke, I'm glad to ſee you; (*ſhakes hands*) you and I will never quarrel again; you ſhall have all your own way—Whatever you advance I'll believe.

Sir Mar. And ſo you've been ever ſince a priſoner in France?

Septimus. Yes, they had me ſafe—I aſſure you its a toſs up whether I ever ſaw my head and myſelf in one room together. Such a variety of diſguiſes I've been in, from poſt to pillar. Once I tried to effect my eſcape like a Dutch dancing-maſter—then as a great American ſhip-carpenter——

Sir Mar. Ship. (*takes out a book*)

Septimus. But at laſt I got away diſguiſed like a beautiful young lady.

Sir

Sir Mar. Ships—the hint taken from the Nauticus, hence we ſay, Nautical. My friend, the thought of ſails proceeded from obſerving their little wings—But you're return'd in good time, for your ſon and my Emmeline are to be married to-day. The ſilly fools fear'd that we ſhou'd get into a diſpute, and ſo their wedding wou'd be fruſtrated again—but no fear of that.

Septimus. Pſhaw! to put it beyond a doubt, they ſhall be united this very day.

Sir Mar. Eh!—didn't you ſay ſomething of ſhall?

Septimus. No, I didn't—I didn't mention ſuch a word—I'll never contradict you.—Your daughter's a good fortune—but I deſpiſe money—How much do you intend to give with her?

Sir Mar. I think no more of gold than old braſs buttons—You ſettle a jointure of five hundred on my daughter, don't you?

Septimus. Aye; and you give Emmeline twenty thouſand pounds—Eh?

Sir Mar. But by her grand-aunt's will, ſhe is not to have that ſame, twenty thouſand pounds till ſhe's five and twenty—but its only ſeven years, that will ſoon roll over.

Septimus. Oh, why ſhould they wait tho'? they ſhall be married immediately.

Sir Mar. At his ſhalls again—they ſhall not.

Septimus. What!—well then, they ſhall not.

Sir Mar. They ſhall.

Enter Mrs. AUBURNE.

Mrs. Aub. Oh! my dear, dear Sir! welcome—I wiſh you were at Jeruſalem. (*aſide*)

Septimus.

Septimus. Ah, Mrs. Auburne!

Mrs. Aub. Lord; we are ſo happy—and you look ſo well—You look divinely—to find you here when we thought you eighty miles off, is ſuch ——a diſappointment. (*aſide*) The Captain, your ſon, is juſt come in; we wou'd not ſurprize him with the ſudden news of your arrival, leſt the joy ſhou'd cauſe him to fall down in a fit.

Septimus. Ah, Mrs. Auburne, you're as prudent as ever—But tell my ſon, that he's to be married to Emmeline before ſun ſet.

Sir Mar. And tell my daughter the ſame.

Mrs. Aub. What! are both of your minds of one colour? Indeed now you're a couple of ſenſible Gentlemen, as wiſe as old, as kind as mellow. [*Exit.*

Septimus. Mrs. Auburne is a very civil woman.

Sir Mar. Very civil—but now I'm all impatience to hear what happened to you ſince you went abroad? (*they ſit*)

Septimus. Then I'll tell you, my cordial old ſoul!

Sir Mar. Do—I'm all attention.

Septimus. Well—You know I landed at Dieppe—now eight months—The inſtant I ſet my foot on the Continent, I felt my boſom glow with a kind of a wild, ſtrange, enthuſiaſtic—rapturous ——(*pauſes*) why do you ſtare at me ſo?

Sir Mar. What a long hair you've got in your eyebrow—it's grey, and will turn like a horn into your eye.

Septimus. Eh!

Sir Mar. (*looks in book*) Two hundred and ſixty years ſince tobacco firſt came into England.

Septimus. What's that?

Sir.

Sir Mar. Truſler's Chronology.

Septimus. The devil, Sir! what d'ye mean? I begin a naration and relation of the moſt memorable events, epochas, and æra's that ever happened in Europe, and you tell me I've a horn in my eye, and read about tobacco——

Sir Mar. Yes two hundred and ſixty years.

Septimus. Hearkye, Sir Marmaduke, you were at Oxford an empty bottle Gentleman-Commoner, with a Baronet's title, but not an acre at one-and-twenty—I (from the cloſe fiſt of my father) was a ſervitor with a ſnug rent-roll at my elbow, you were conceited then and have been ſaucy ever ſince to me—but till I ſee your pride pull'd down, I diſclaim all connection, my ſon ſhall have no daughter of yours.

Sir Mar. But my daughter ſhall have your ſon, becauſe you ſay he ſhan't.

Enter, at the Back, Captain SEPTIMUS, EMMELINE, *and Mrs.* AUBURNE.

Mrs. Aub. Why, here has been another quarrel —deuce take their fooliſh old heads.

Captain Sept. My father!—

Sept. Ah Edward!

Emmeline. My dear Sir, accept my heart-felt congratulations on your ſafe arrival.

Enter DRUMMER-BOY.

Boy. (*to the Captain*) Sir, the Serjeant deſired me to tell you, that Captain Slaſh wiſhes to ſee you at the Salopian.

Captain Sept. Very well. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir Mar. I'll touch my young ſon-in-law for five

guineas at a wager—I'll make him gueſs how many buttons there are on his coat.

Septimus. I'm weary and ſleepy, teiz'd, tir'd, plagued, and perplexed—No attendance—Gyp!

Enter FLAM *and* GYP *running.*

Flam. Here Sir! Here!

Gyp. Sir! Here am I!

Sir Mar. Eight on the cuffs—now for the ſkirts (*Counting them, and walking round the Captain*)

Mrs. Aub. I wiſh we cou'd get the old fellow out of the way (*aſide*) you ſaid you were ſleepy, ſuppoſe you go to-bed?

Septimus. Well, ma'am, and I ſuppoſe I can go to-bed in my own houſe.

Gyp. Aye, ma'am, and to blanket.

Flam. Yes, ma'am, and to pillow-caſe.

Septimus. I'll have ſome ſupper.

Flam. Yes, Sir, you ſhall, here Cook! get ſome ſupper.

Gyp. Supper directly—for my old maſter!

Mrs. Aub. Here's a confuſion he's made (*aſide*) Sir, you muſt have no ſupper.

Septimus. What!

Mrs. Aub. A poſſet will do you more good.

Gyp. My maſter ſup upon a poſſet!

Flam. You wou'd n't poſſet my maſter in his own houſe!

Sir Mar. (*apart*) Four on the breaſt and ſkirts. (*aſide*)—Captain I'll bet you ſix guineas——

Flam. Lean on me, Sir.

Gyp. No, Sir, on me.

Captain Sept. Begone! take my arm, Sir.

Septimus. I'll have no arm; get along all of you; I'll take a nap on the ſopha; not one of you come

to

to diſturb me, for whilſt I'm aſleep I'll ſpeak to nobody whatſoever.

Sir Mar. Captain, I'll lay you ten guineas—not ſix on the cuffs.

Septimus. Gyp, take thoſe plants and exotics from that trunk—and come with me (*Gyp opens the trunk*) Now good people I'll ſend you a meſſage which you'll be pleaſed to take notice of—Go before me. [*Exeunt Sept. and Gyp.*

Captain Sept. Sir Marmaduke, what can my father mean?

Sir Mar. Captain I'll go nearer than you to gueſs how many buttons are on your coat—Come a wager.

Captain Sept. Pſha!

Sir Mar. He's afraid! Oh, the ignorance of this world, that a man doeſn't know how many buttons are on his own coat.

Re-enter GYP.

Gyp. Ladies and Gentlemen, my maſter's compliments, and ſolemnly forbids any marriage taking place between the Captain and Miſs Emmeline —As the young Lady is not entitled to her fortune till ſhe's five and twenty years of age, he'll not conſent till then; and Miſs being now only eighteen, he defers the wedding to this day——ſeven years.

All. Indeed!

Emmeline. So runs my relations will.

Captain Sept. But, my lovely Emmeline, wills and money are no objects to us.

Emmeline. Edward, as I declare againſt giving myſelf away contrary to my father's concurrence,

—you ſhall not offend yours by an act of diſobedience.

Captain Sept. How unlucky his coming home at ſuch a juncture.

Mrs. Aub. Aye, there you ſee he can diſturb your peace, yet lays himſelf quietly down to take a nap.

Captain Sept. Seven years!—The lapſe would be a non-exiſtence!

Flam. I wiſh you cou'd ſleep it over, Sir.

Sir Mar. (*looking at a book*) Why here in Moore—Eh!—Oh, no, in my collection of memorable events—are ſeveral inſtances of people ſleeping months, ay, and years.

Mrs. A. Let's ſee— (*takes the book and peruſes*) I proteſt here is one—(*reads*)—"Inſtance of "remarkable ſleeping—John Smith, gardener to "Thomas Pendargarſt, Eſq. fell aſleep on—and "did'nt wake till"—What!—"upwards of two "years, eleven months!" If this is true, as I make no doubt but it is, coudn't we impoſe upon your ſimpleton of an old father, and make him believe that his one night's ſleep has been ſeven years?

Sir Mar. Gad he's ſuch a fool, that I dare ſay he'll believe it.

Mrs. Aub. Why, if you tell him he did not he may—but I perſiſt in it, that if we make the trial, my old maſter conſents to your being married before this time to-morrow.

Captain Sept. Oh, impoſſible! Ha, ha, ha!

Gyp. I can anſwer, that my maſter is very credulous; beſides, we've ſo many materials to work upon his fancy, we may give thoſe plants a ſeven years growth, and he juſt now declared, being diſpleaſed

diſpleaſed with our attendance—that he'd buy the little drummer boy, he ſaw juſt now, out of the army, and bring up a valet himſelf; he may be out of his apprenticeſhip to-morrow.

Emmeline. Well, we muſt all take a part in the farce.

Flam. We have the whole night for preparation.

Mrs. Aub. It ſhall be a long night, for I'll put a few drops of laudanum in his poſſet. Our chief engine muſt be a violent change of manners and faſhion; the revolutions he has witneſſed in Paris, will incline him to credit any thing.

Captain Sept. This is a grand conflict between love and fortune. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SEPTIMUS' HOUSE.

A Chamber—the ſaſhes out—Large trees in tubs—a watch-light burning—the furniture changed and miſplaced—a wig on a block—a coat with a ſtar on a chair.

SEPTIMUS *diſcovered aſleep on a couch*—EMMELINE *ſitting by him, her dreſs extravagantly altered.*

Enter CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS *with caution.*

CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS.

EMMELINE! is he awake? (*in an under tone*)

Emmeline. No—Mrs. Auburne's poſſet has had its effect.

Captain Sept. We are all ready.

Emmeline. You are not—don't let him ſee you 'till you've chang'd your dreſs.

Captain Sept. It is ſettled that I'm to be juſt returned from Italy with Gyp. He will perſonate the Italian nobleman capitally.

Emmeline.

Emmeline. How does Mrs. Auburne feel herſelf in the female doctor?

Captain Sept. Oh ſhe is clever—and I don't doubt Gyp's ſucceſs in his firſt character of a travelling ſhewman, but I'm afraid your father Sir Marmaduke will get to his contradiction and wagers: He is to act the part of my father's ſteward—Ha, ha, ha! I've hid his Truſsler and Red book.

Emmeline. Huſh, your father ſtirs——

Captain Sept. Our changes in this room will put him all upon the ſurprize.

Emmeline. He wakes.

Captain Sept. Then I'm gone—Adieu Emmeline, remember your part.

[*Exit ſoftly. Emmeline retires.*

Sept. (*waking*) Bleſs my ſoul! did I fall aſleep here? Why they didn't wake me to go to my bed—Mrs. Auburne's famous poſſet quite ſtupified me. I believe I've ſlept all night, and this is next morning? 'tis—eh! (*looks about*) have they brought the great tree out of the fields! What an odd couch, not the ſame I laid down on yeſterday. What have they been at! Gyp I'll ſend that fellow to the devil if it coſts me half-a-crown, and the little drummer-boy that I hired laſt night, ſhall attend me. In the name of Jupiter who are theſe—Eh! I'll ſeem to be ſtill aſleep, and overhear what they are about. (*Emmeline advances*) Something like Emmeline, only thinner, and looks moſt wretched.

Emmeline. I doubt my own acting, I wiſh they'd make haſte—Can this be my father, and Gyp!—Ha, ha, ha! Then now to begin our deception. (*aſide*) No, no hopes of his ever waking—never, never! (*pretends to weep*)

Sept.

Septimus. (*looking out*) Who the plague are theſe fellows? (*aſide*)

Enter SIR MARMADUKE *and* GYP *in extravagant and ridiculous dreſſes.*

Sir Mar. Stop—Gyp—what am I to be? (*apart*)

Gyp. Mr. Solid the Steward, Sir.

Emmeline. Softly---he's awake---and on the liſten (*apart*)

Sir Mar. No, he ſleeps. (*apart*)

Gyp. Aye like a fox---Come Sir, begin. (*apart*)

Sir Mar. (*in a feigned voice*) Four years now Miſs Emmeline here, has had the care of my ſleeping maſter's affairs, ſo that tho' I'm his careful ſteward, you muſt put your propoſals to her honeſt man.

Gyp. (*alters voice*) Madam the fame of the great wonder this houſe contains, has brought me hither——

Emmeline. Who is this Mr. Solid? (*to Sir Marmaduke*)

Sir Mar. Aye, who are you Mr. Solid? (*to Gyp*)

Gyp. Lord Sir you are he. (*apart*)

Sir Mar. No I'm not. (*apart*)

Gyp. There Miſs—got at his contradictions again—he'll certainly knock it all up. (*apart*)

Emmeline. Well, well, never mind, let him be what he chuſes. (*apart*)

Gyp. (*Loud, and in his aſſumed voice*) Madam, I have travelled all England, the principal country fairs and towns; Portſdown, Morning-Hill, Lynn-Mart, Preſton-guild, Harlowe-Buſh; with the firſt collection of curioſities, that ever pleaſed the

the learned, or ſtruck with admiration, both peaſant and philoſopher.

Sir M. Didn't Newton mention ſomething about philoſophy—Where's my book?, (*feels his pockets*)

Gyp. Lord, Sir, never mind your book now. (*apart*)

Sir M. I will, you raſcal.

Gyp. (*Loud*) Hem! Madam, it is well known the preſent ſtate of your right honorable father in-law——What this is he? Prodigious rarity! If you'll only lend him to me, to place and ſhew him, amongſt my other aſtoniſhing productions, I'll take him my circuit thro' Exeter, Plymouth, Cheſter, Mancheſter, Bath, Briſtol, Southampton, Rowampton, Chicheſter, Colcheſter, Pool, Liverpool, Soulpool, Blackpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Eſſingham, Luffingham, York, Cork, Norwich, Ipſwich, Greenwich, Bluewich, Lym Regis, Beer-Regis, Boar-Regis, Melcomb-Regis; and to crown all, the Muſeum in Exeter-Change, where he'll be more an object of admiration, than all the Kangaroos, Buffaloes, two-headed cows, and ſix-leg'd pigs, that ever were ſhewn in that celebrated repoſitory.

Emmeline. Inſult the family of my abſent Edward——

Gyp. Madam, only hear the honorable mention, how I ſhall deſcribe him in my advertiſements and hand-bills---the aſtoniſhing ſleeper---My Lord Septimus———

Septimus. Lord Septimus! (*aſide*)

Gyp. "Who went aſleep at ſeven in the evening, the 28th of April, 1796; and has ſlept from that moment, to this preſent 28th of April, 1803."

Sir M. What do you talk of 1803?

Emmeline. Do, Sir, now be quiet.

Sir M. I'll hold you a guinea——

Gyp. I'd rather, Sir, you'd hold your tongue. Hem! Lord Septimus! who was, while aſleep, created a Baron, for ſervices done to his country during that momentous interim. Now's your time! The genuine ſleeper! To prove he's no deception, any gentleman may tweak him by the noſe, ladies may tickle him with their bodkins, and pretty maſters and miſſes may pinch and run pins into the ball of his great toe. Now's your time! the real notorious ſleeper! when awake, allow'd by all connoiſſeurs, to be the ugliеſt little gentleman in the pariſh of St. James's.

Septimus. How I'll have this bawling raſcal beat, whoever he is. (*aſide*).

Gyp. Lady, let me have him, I'll give you a hundred guineas for two months, on condition he doesn't wake in the time; for when his Lordſhip's awake, nobody wou'd give two-pence to ſee him.

Emmeline. Mr. Solid, how could you agree to ſuch a ſhameful propoſal?

Sir M. Me! I didn't agree to any ſuch thing.

Gyp. What! Sir, I ſay you did not conſent to hire him to me.

Sir M. I ſay I did.

Emmeline. I beg you will leave the room.

Gyp. Why, Madam, the Dormant Noble ſhall have every gentility ſhewn him, he ſhall now be taken out of his own houſe by my two firſt men; 'twas they that carried and deſcrib'd my tyger, elephant, and archbiſhop of the baboons. Hey! (*calls off.*)

Emmeline.

Emmeline. Lord! here comes Mrs. Auburne, in her character of a female doctor—Ha, ha, ha! (*apart*)

Sir M. But, Madam, the ſhew-man here muſt have him, for it is my duty, as his Lordſhips' ſteward, to improve his eſtate.

Enter MRS. AUBURNE (*diſguiſed.*)

Mrs. Aub. But I, as his Phyſician, have the care of his perſonal eſtate.

Sir M. Pho! you and your Phyſicians! don't you think he'll know your voice?

Mrs. Aub. No, he'll not.

Sir M. I'll lay you a pot of coffee he does.

Mrs. Aub. Done—(*Suddenly changes her voice to the French dialect*) Ah, Monſieur Solid! Comment ſe porte il? Mamſelle, je ſuis votre tres humble——Vat, my patient, ſtill aſleep? Ah malheureux! No effect from de laſt doſe I gave him?

Emmeline. But Doctor——

Mrs. Aub. Plait it Madame?

Emmeline. This is not your affair.

Septimus. A female Doctor! (*aſide*)

Mrs. Aub. Quoi! not my affair! I dat have deſe ſix years exercis'd the grande ſcience of medecin on his corps miſerable, and all to little de purpoſe—have I no perforate, ſcarify, excorify, lenify, deify, jollyfy, and mollyfy him, and all to little de purpoſe? Mamſelle, quand vous firſt ſent for me, ſeven years ago, which vas in de year 96, I vas vat you call une Counteſs en France—loſt all my title and fortune. Mes relations, Le Comte de Vervuille, et Le Marquis de Lamont—one did turn de Taileur, and vork vid

Aiguille and Timble—and de oder did make de ſhoes vid liſt, for breid. Pardi! I vas ſkill in phyſic, and depending now all ſur mon own talent, je me conſidere not degraded from mon dignité. I have viſit dis grande mon Seigneur now ſeven year, did I no pronounce, à l'inſtant dat I did hear him ronfler, dat gentilhomme is aſleep, il dormé—His caſe is ſo ſingulier, dat on a conſultation, ven we did all meet to conſider, could de whole Faculté of Medecins even fix a nomme for his maladie, did I no confound dem all, by pronouncing—it is a—Doldrum.— Did I no begin mes operations pour L'eveiller, vid bringing de army band of muſic, and beating de caiſſe, et le grand tambour, within an inch of his tympanum? Den did I not fire a brace of de double-barrel'd mouſquetons, into de large looking glaſs over his head, and all to little de purpoſe? Et quand you did tell me, Mamſelle, dat he vas always imbecille—ſtupide man—

Emmeline. Dear, Mrs. Auburne, what do you ſay that for? (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Did I no conclude dat the doſe muſt be trebled to awake ſuch a vieux old noble Seigneur de Don Dunderman—and den did I no adminiſter my grande remedie of two ounce, four drachms and 29 ſcruple of Cayan pepper, pounded bottle-glaſs, and pulveriz'd cockle ſhells up his noſe, and all to little de purpoſe?

Sir M. Lord how ſhe has ſurpriz'd me! Was ever ſuch a famous actreſs! Why you good-for-nothing mum-chance—why don't you ſay ſomething? Are we to let Mrs. Auburne have all the prate to herſelf? (*apart to Gyp*) and my coffee to boot. (*aſide*)

Gyp.

Gyp. (*bows*) Lady, ſhall I have him?

Sir M. Yes, yes, he'll never wake, and its time either to bury him at once, or turn him into money for the good of his heir.

Mrs Aub. Qu i! ſell de Seigneur de Septimus? oh, fie, fie conc! vat vill ſon fils, de Captain, ſay ven he returns from Italie.

Septimus. Edward return from Italy! oh, this is fine tud e. (*aſide*)

Gyp. Y u, Mr. Solid, made a bargain with me, and I will have him.

Sir Mar. Me! I made no bargain with you.

Mrs Aub. I here! at his contradictions—mamſelle vous Savez b en, dat I have phlebotomiz'd him in de every vien, I ave take ſeven touch at his arterie, yet je confeſſe dat I could have wake him vid my grande cauterizing ſpecific. But tender of torturing de pauvre miſerable, mais en veri é, barbare! avant qu'i ſeroit, made a galanti-ſhew of—arretez un inſtant—let nobody touch my patient. [*Exit haſtily.*

Sir Mar. Ma'am this man offers a fair price, and I muſt take his money.

Gyp. Is the cart ready? come, and bear his lordſhip head and heels.

Re-enter MRS. AUBURNE.

Mrs Aub. Alons, venez mon apoticaire!

Emmeline. Oh, dear doctor! Sir! gentlemen! reſtore him, and only name your reward!

Gyp. What, wake him! ſpoil the fineſt ſhew I ever exhibited! conſider ma'am what money he'll bring.

Enter

Enter LOOBY, *with a red hot poker*

Mrs. Aub. Come—perform de operation, give de animating touch. (*They ſurround him, Emmeline feigns fright, Looby puts the poker to Septimus, who ſtarts up; Emmeline affects to faint, Looby jumps about.*

Mrs. Aub. Huzza! he's cured! ſhe have cought de Doldrum—it belong to de famile—elle et charmante—I vill cure her ſans fee.

Septimus. Burn the people you villain! I'll give you all a Doldrum, with the devil to you. (*Snatches the poker, flouriſhes it—they run off, he flings it out of window*) Come into my room, talk their ſtuff, I ſleep ſeven years! a fine hum indeed—double blunderbuſſes, pounded bottle glaſs, and cockle-ſhells! this the year 1803!—Who the plague were thoſe mountebanks—perhaps this is what they call private theatricals. Aye, whilſt I was in France, I warrant my houſe here was one ſcene of ſuch buffonery. A letter (*takes a letter from off the table*) directed to me—open! now who dar'd break open my letters. (*looks at it*) "Ed-"ward Septimus!" 'tis indeed my ſon's hand, "Florence, 16th of March, 1803." Why, what is all this! eh! viſiting cards? (*reads*) "Lord "Brentford's compliments. Glad to know if "any alteration in Lord Septimus's malady.—"The Duke of Batterſea waited on—Lord Brigh-"ton—Dutcheſs of Brompton—Earl of Highgate "and Hampſtead—Lord-mayor of Southwark "did himſelf the honor to call on Lord Septimus." —Oh, ſome children have been at play here, and I to mind their nonſenſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Aub. (*without*) Flam! has the French doctor been to his Lordſhip today? It's near her hour of viſit.

Septimus. Why this can't be Mrs. Auburne—it is—and Edward's ſervant, Flam—but how they're chang'd. (*retires*)

Enter MRS AUBURNE *in her own dreſs, ſomewhat altered, and* FLAM.

Mrs. Aub. Now to be myſelf in the plot. (*aſide*)

Flam. Mrs. Auburne——

Mrs. Aub. Huſh—huſh——

Flam. (*in a low tone*) I don't underſtand you, and Gyp and old Marmaduke and all of you, taking the whole game to yourſelves, and not letting me play my part in it.

Mrs. Aub. But do you conſider the difficulty of perſuading a man he has ſlept ſeven years—if not managed with the greateſt nicety, all is up with us.—We muſt pretend that he's not yet awake. (*apart*)

Flam. Sure I know, only mind me. (*apart*) Mrs. Auburne lend me your ſciſſars if you pleaſe? (*loud*)

Mrs. Aub. There. (*gives them*) for what?

Flam. (*loud*) Ma'am you're often wrong, you know ſeven years ago, when my young maſter went abroad upon his travels, for grief that his father there wou'dn't let him marry Miſs Emmeline—you perſuaded him that I was an idle drunken fellow—and ſo he left me behind. You were out in that buſineſs—and now here again, you and all the family will have it that his Lordſhip's only aſleep; but I'm certain it's a ſleep he'll

he'll never wake from. (*advances towards the ſopha*)

Mrs. Aub. Stop, what are you going to do?

Flam. Why Ma'am its a received opinion, that nothing's ſo good a cure for the night-mare, as a dead man's eye-brow—I cut off one of our old maſter's laſt Sunday. (*Septimus feels his brow*)

Mrs. Aub. Blundering booby!—Yes I believe Flam it was as you ſay about laſt Sunday four years. But ſince his eye-brow has grown again, you ſhall touch him no more with your ſciſſars you impudent fellow—the dear, dear gentleman, lying ſo long inſenſible, the very ſervants have loſt ſight of all reſpect to him.

Flam. Why Ma'am he's no more now than the trunk of an old tree.

Septimus. (*advancing*) You feel one of my twigs. (*ſtrikes him*)

Mrs. Aub. (*affecting ſurprize*) Awake! a thouſand joys for your recovery!

Flam. Oh my gay little old Lord!

Septimus. Lord! a ſtar! Whoſe coat's this? theſe odd fellows too, juſt now call'd me Lord. Mrs. Auburne why did you let me ſleep all night upon the Sopha to catch cold? (*ſneezes*) Where are the plants that I brought from France, and put down myſelf in thoſe very tubs?

Mrs. Aub. Ah my Lord, becauſe it was you that planted them, they have been poor Miſs Emmeline's chief care ever ſince, and ſee how they have grown and flouriſhed.

Septimus. What! grown in one night!

Flam. One night!

Mrs. Aub. One night—ah! (*looking at each other, and ſhaking their heads*)

Septimus. How dare you make me a but for your gambols?

Flam.

Flam. Amazing! then he doesn't believe that he has ſlept ſeven years. Why he is n't awake yet.

Mrs. A. Pſha! has'nt he been talking to us?—Eh!—I proteſt I think too he's not ſenſible of it—I've heard of people walking in their ſleep and doing ſtrange things.—Was'nt there a Squire Something, a great ſportſman that got out of the window at the Mermaid in Hackney, and rode for three hours together upon the ſign-poſt?

Flam. A couſin of mine in Dublin once, Mr. Charley Wynne, a King's meſſenger, uſed every night to get out of his bed, put on a ſilver hilted ſword, a gold-laced hat, his greyhound to his breaſt, and in a great tie wig—there he wou'd dance minuets before the looking-glaſs in his dining-room. Faith I think I ſee Couſin Charley now. (*looking at Septimus*)

Mrs. Aub. His eyes are open.

Flam. Wide open.

Mrs. Aub. If he ſhould wake by a ſudden ſtartle it might be dangerous. (*they walk with caution and take the chairs out of the way.*)

Septimus. I'm mad with rage!

Mrs. Aub. Obſerve how his lips move.

Flam. He's dreaming this moment that he's playing bob cherry.

Mrs. Aub. I with the doctor was here.

Flam. I'll ſee if ſhe's come. (*going.*)

Septimus. Call your fellows to burn me with their pokers and—I don't know what's the matter with the world, and the people, one would think that ſomebody had given the globe a twirl under my feet, or that I had taken a ſudden jump

round it and dropt down on the other hemiſphere.

Flam. Oh if he talks of the world turning round he's ſtaggered at leaſt. (*aſart.*)

Mrs. Aub. I ſee a dawning of ſucceſs; he begins to conſider upon it. (*apart.*)

Septimus. Mrs. Auburne—you ſeem—to have ſomething—of importance—to—to—communicate?

Mrs. Aub. Alas! a grievous truth, yet however diſtreſſing you ſhould be told.

Flam. No, its beſt not to tell him. (*half apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Why he muſt know it by the wonderful changes that have taken place ſince. (*half apart*)

Septimus. Since when?—What?

Mrs. Aub. Moſt melanchocy!—My lord you've loſt many, many years of your precious life—you've ſlept——

Flam. Now pray don't tell his lordſhip—'twill break his poor dear heart. (*half apart*)

Septimus. Hold—ſo many circumſtances—but it's no ſuch thing.

Flam. Right Sir—don't think of it.

Septimus. I have heard of people ſleeping—my brain—but it can't be—there are certainly a number of inſtances—we can't be ſenſible ourſelves—Boyle obſerves, and Locke, that time is only aſcertain'd by a ſucceſſion of ideas.

Mrs. Aub. He ſeems in moſt excellent train—we have him. (*apart*)

Enter SIR MARMADUKE.

Sir Mar. My lord, you don't know your ſt vard.—I wiſh you joy of your recovery.—Here

Here are the newſpapers; your ſenſes have been ſo long dormant, you may wiſh to know what the folks have been doing ſince.

Mrs. Aub. Aye, and he'll know what we're doing now. (*aſide*) He'll find all out by the date? (*apart*)

Sir Mar. You think nobody's clever but yourſelf, mind me. (*apart*)

Septimus. Let's ſee how they go on in Paris—Look out the Morning Chronicle.

Sir Mar. Ah, my lord, how little you know of the world, or the variety of newſpapers that have come out within the laſt five years. (*pretends to read*) Will your lordſhip ſee the Finger Poſt, or the Goſſip, or the 'Tis Indeed, or the Alarm Bell, or the Humbug, or the Croaker, or the Spy Glaſs, or the This, That, and T'other?

Mrs. Aub. Let me ſee the This, That, and T'other. (*takes a newſpaper*) Oh, joy! here in the arrivals; your ſon, Captain Septimus, is returned.

Flam. My maſter come home! Huzza!

Septimus. What, has he been taking a walk?—Where is my ſon, Edward?

Mrs. Aub. Bleſs me, Sir, didn't you ſee by his letter there, that he has been abroad theſe ſeveral years?

Septimus. You mean, that I have been abroad, and that I returned from France yeſterday.

Flam. Very right, Sir, 'twas only yeſterday you came home.

Sir Mar. What do you mean you villain? (*apart*)

Flam. Mrs. Auburne, let him think ſo—the moment he finds he's ſo much nearer to his

grave, grief will tumble him into it. (*half apart*)

Septimus. Make breakfaſt, while I go up ſtairs to my bureau.

Mrs. Aub. We muſt keep him on this floor, or the firſt he meets that's not in our plan——(*apart*)

Flam. I'll keep him here. (*apart*) Then I find we muſt explain all to his lordſhip. (*half apart*)

Septimus. I'll go up ſtairs.

Flam. Ah, my lord, we don't fatigue ourſelves now a-days with running up and down ſtairs—if you want to go up, ſit down. (*Septimus ſits*) don't be ſurpriſed, on your lordſhips touching the ſpring, the chair will riſe with you; there's a ſquare over it cut in the ceiling that will open, and without the leaſt trouble, there you are in the ſecond ſtory.

Septimus. Ha, ha, ha! a fine ſtory!

Mrs. Aub. Thank'y Flam, your chair is a good liſt.

Sir Mar. (*Sits*) Hah! here's a new edition of Moore coming out. (*looking at a newſpaper*)

Mrs. Aub. Hang you and Moore! (*taking it from him*)

Flam. I hear a carriage, faith there's a Bamboo Whegee ſtopt.

Mrs. Aub. It is he! It's he! I'll go and receive the dear captain at the door. (*ſits, then riſes*) No, I'll go down by the elbow chair in the next room—but I muſt make myſelf tolerable.

(*Puts blue powder in her hair.*)

Septimus. Blue powder! well if we muſt change the natural colour of our hair there may be as much ſenſe in a blue, as a white head.

Sir Mar. But my lord.——

Septimus. Damn it what a lording you keep.

Sir

Sir. Mar. You had better look over your ſon's letter, that you may be prepar'd to meet him properly, after his long abſence from his native country.

Septimus. (*Peruſes*) "Dear Father—no anſwers "to my many letters—languiſh to ſee you—Se- "peration from my divine Emmeline—if wind "permits, ſoon return—made acquaintance with "Italian nobleman—he viſits England in my "company—been at ſeveral Courts Germany— "Berlin—Flanders"—What is the meaning of all this?

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Here be's two fine gentlemen coming up ſtairs.

Flam. Aye, there coming up chairs.

Mrs. Aub. Never mind delicacy with me, Sir, ladies to attend gentlemen is now all the faſhion.

Septimus. Why what are you going to do with me? (*They put the coat and wig on him.*)

Septimus. (*Bawling*) Get along! where's my ſervants—my ſon?

Mrs. Aub. Here he is.

Flam. And the Italian nobleman.

Sir Mar. Aye, and Emmeline coming to meet her Captain. Now do you all keep up to your characters, and expect me ſoon with the clincher. [*Exit.*

Septimus. Bleſs me! if this ſhou'd be real—I might have been buried alive—I ſhudder at the horrid thought—I can't be ſeventy ſeven. (*ſtamps*) Do they ever go up ſtairs upon a table? (*Sits, Flam ſtirs the table—he ſtarts*)

Mrs. Aub.

Mrs. Aub. Here they come. (*apart*)

Flam. I tell you what—you'll go too far with your gig, and crack the fiddle ſtrings. (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. No, no, we may venture to make the change of manners as violent as we pleaſe. it helps the diſguiſe of our voices and perſons. (*They ſteal off.*)

Enter CAPTAIN SEPTIMUS *and* GYP, (*fantaſtically dreſsed, and* EMMELINE *at the oppoſite ſide.*)

Captain Sept. Oh my meliſluous! } (*Embracing*)
Emmeline. My beloved myrtle! }

Captain Sept. My father!

Septimus. You are my ſon, but I don't underſtand why you have made a jack pudding of yourſelf.

Captain. Sept. Give me leave, my Lord, to preſent Count Zingoni, with whom, as I think I mentioned to you in my laſt letter, I became acquainted at Turin. (*Introducing Gyp.*)

Gyp. Grand Peer, I am proud of an introduction to the father of a gentleman whom I have long ranked amongſt the deareſt of my friends.

Captain Sept. Take care of the Whegee. (*calling off*)

Sept. Whegee!

Gyp. A new ſort of carriage, my Lord, invented about a couple of years back. Formerly, in a coach, a gentleman's noſe came firſt into town—then in your long-coach, you elbow'd your way—but in the Whegee, you lie all along, go feet foremoſt

foremoſt, or head foremoſt, juſt like a goat againſt a looking glaſs.

Septimus. (*looking out*) A ſhe coachman! Is their flaſhing four in hand come to this.

Re-enter MRS. AUBURNE, (*diſguiſed.*)

Mrs. Aub. (*In Welch dialect*) Look you I am, bleſs hur and ſave hur, a poor coach-woman, or a driver, and whipper, and flaſher of very nople peaſts; for look you, the horſe is a nople peaſt: is hur to wait, or do you diſcharge hur?

Cyp. What a watch is it?

Septimus. What a watch is it! Not amiſs that, as we don't carry clocks in our pockets.

Mrs. Aub. Hur don't mind ſitting on hur box hurſelf, look you, becauſe hur is a two-leg'd chriſtian ſoul; but conſider the poor dumb four-leg'd peaſts—only no harm to drink your health in a glaſs of capillaire, with Jenny the poſtillion.

Septimus. Jenny the poſtillion!

Captain Sept. You drove us well—there's a fifty penny piece my Pinkindindy. (*Gives money with a low bow*)

Septimus. Then no rank in life can deprive a woman of our reſpect, that's an improvement.

Mrs. Aub. Gentlemen, from the Stone's End, to the extremity of Penmaunmawr, look you, up hill, or down dale, thro' ſtreet, ford, croſs way or King's high road, hur's the righteſt knot, look you, of your moſt grateful whipcord—"Di me "amore—Di me amore." [*Exit ſinging.*

Septimus. What is the meaning of all this?

Cyp. No wonder grand Peer you are ſurpriſed. —the faſhions have grown gradually upon us, but

but by your Lordſhips waking, they have ſuddenly ſtarted upon you. (*Septimus looks round walks, ſits, ſtarts up, meditates, then burſts into tears.*)

Septimus. Have I then loſt ſeven years of my poor old worn out tag of life?

Captain Sept. My father ſeems ſtrangely affected, I ſhant have courage to go through with it. (*aſide*)

Septimus. I dare not ſit down for fear of being hoiſted thro' the roof of the houſe, or being dropt down into the cellar; but I wo'n't believe it.

Re-enter FLAM, (*diſguiſed*).

Flam. (*In broad Yorkſhire dialect*) Yow have paid the Welch coachwoman her fee, but d'ye yow now pay a compliment to the guard.

Septimus. Guard! and pray is this your blunderbuſs? (*pointing to an opera glaſs at his breaſt*)

Flam. For zartain! wo'd'ſt ha us blow a robber's brains out! then we'd ha na uze vor law, jury, or juſtice—noa zeting a caſe, if footpad ſtops coach, I point my glaſs at'n, and ſharp as a midge, watch every morſel of his bad actions, then you knows I be's evidence on his trial, and zo I and hangman and judge tuck'n up like a haunch of a unicorn.

Septimus. Hearkye! go on with your capers, and you too you ſcoundrel. (*to Captain Sept.*)

[*Exit Flam.*

Capt. Sept. Father this is a reception I didn't expect after ſo long an exile, and your promiſe this day of giving me Emmeline.

Septimus. Then Ned, you have actually been in Florence? and ſent me that letter.

Gyp.

Gyp. Oh, true—I remember—you borrowed my ſeal—ha, ha, ha! do you recollect the ſame morning our tiffing a mug of claret with the German ambaſſador—a can of canary with the Grand Signior at Venice, and attending a Quaker's meeting at St. Peter's cathedral at Rome.

Capt. Sept. Ay, and buying a pattern of a lady's cap, invented by Marſhall Soloutenberg the Ruſſian General—drinking a bottle of porter with the Engliſh Dutcheſs of——hem! ha, ha, ha.

Gyp. At Palermo? do you remember Signora Affetuocelli, the ſinger, playing a match of cudgels before the Pope, for a pair of buckſkin breeches?

Septimus. But, Sir, how came you, an Italian nobleman, to ſpeak Engliſh ſo well?

Gyp. Oh, grand peer—French was—but Engliſh now is the univerſall language.

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Sir, here be's one Captain Slaſh (*to Capt. Sept.*)

Capt. Slaſh. (*without*) Are you above, Ned?

Capt. Sept. Curſe on this hot-headed fool, he'll blow all—I'm not at home.

Enter CAPT. SLASH, FLAM, *and* MRS. AUBOURNE *in her own dreſs.*

Capt. Slaſh. I ſhou'dn't have believed any body but yourſelf. Do you forget your engagement at the Salopian?—An affair of honor you—muſt be my ſecond—the ſurgeon and piſtols are below in a coach.

Capt. Sept. Put him out. (*apart to Flam*)

Flam. I'll kick up a quarrel. (*apart*)

Septimus. There muſt be ſtairs, or how did that officer come up?

Flam. Come up my lord! the common people aſcend and deſcend in a baſket.

Septimus. An officer common people! but where's my own ſervant, Gyp! the drummer, my little foot-boy.

Mrs. Aub. Huſh, Sir, you'll affront him!

Septimus. Him! who?

Mrs. Aub. That's he, the little drummer, you ſaw the night before you went to ſleep.

Flam. Aye, my lord, regularly promoted, now a captain.

Septimus. What—this?

Capt. Slaſh. Eh, maſquerade night—trying on your dreſſes?

Septimus. (*taps Capt. Slaſh on the ſhoulders, who turns*) Why, what a great big fool it's grown up. Ah, you never roſe by merit, my little drummer-boy.

Slaſh. S'death! Sir, what d'ye mean by that?

Mrs. Aub. There, Sir, I ſaid you'd affront him.

Flam. Arrah, Sir, how cou'd you be ſo unmannerly.

Enter DRUMMER-BOY.

Boy. Sir, the ſerjeant has ſent me—

Flam. The devil take you and the ſerjeant. (*They hide the boy and ſhove him off.*)

Septimus. Whoever manag'd my domeſtic concerns during my dire Doldrum, ſhou'd have clapt a livery on that fellow. (*Slaſh walks in a rage*) You ſhou'd have been drill'd well in at the ſide-board and the knife-board.

Capt. Slaſh. Sir, I don't know who you are—but that your age protects you—

Capt. Sept.

Capt. Sept. Sir, that's my father; and I protest him—

Septimus. Boy, you ſha'n't fight ſuch a muſhroom fungus—

Capt. Slaſh. You are priviledg'd old blue head. But Sir, I'm now going down—follow me (*to Capt. Septimus*)

Septimus. As you're now a gentleman, ſit down, touch the ſpring, and go to the devil.

[*Exit Capt. Slaſh.*

There, can't forget his mean origin—Gone down in the baſket—What Knighthood is this? to the ribbon?

Mrs. Aub. The new Manx order, the order of the three legs.

Septimus. What's my title?

Gyp. Baron Dumbledon, is'nt it friend?

Flam. We have ſo confounded and b ther'd the poor old gentleman, that he neither knows what we ſay to him, or what he ſays to us.

Septimus. What lump of chalk is this, (*taking it from the coat pocket*)

Flam. Unlucky! Looby's piece of whiting to clean the plate! (*apart*)

Mrs. Aub. Strange, you cou'dn't ſearch the pockets before you left the coat here. (*aſide*) That my Lord is one of your grand implements.

Septimus. Implements! for what?

Mrs. Aub. Why my lord, the Italian opera in theſe days is in higher vogue than ever, ſo much ſo that all the perſons of the firſt faſhion and fortune, have formed themſelves into a club, called the Rubbarache, of which you, tho' aſleep were ſome years back, balloted in a member during the ſeaſon. My Lord, thoſe ladies and gentlemen, opera ſubſcribers, enter upon office in rotation,

you have long miſſed the honor, but in hopes of your Lordſhip's waking, I myſelf placed the implement ready in your pocket, for this is the firſt night of a new grand ballet,

Septimus. But what is the duty of this office?

Mrs. Aub. Sir—my Lord, they ſtand at the ſide of the ſtage, and juſt as the firſt dancer ſteps on they chalk the ſole of his or her ſhoe.

Septimus. What I chalk a dancers ſhoes? I'll be no Rubberache, it's an honor I deſpiſe—but I want my breakfaſt?

Captain Sept. Ah how many hundred breakfaſts has my poor father loſt?

Septimus. Why I have an appetite. Come it's paſt two, get me ſomething, I'm ſtarved. Get me a mutton chop and a pretty French brick, well raſped—Great fluctuation in the price and ſize of bread, ſince I ſuppoſe—When I went to ſleep, the quartern loaf I believe was 15 pence. I dare ſay penny rolls are now got to the bigneſs of gingerbread nuts, bring me a dozen.

Mrs. Aub. You mean a ſlice off one my Lord?

Septimus. Zounds madam don't mean for me, I that have'nt eat for ſeven years—bring me my breakfaſt—beſides I want to ſee how you go on in the good things. I'll be bound the ſtaff of life is dwindled into a mere ſwitch, with your curſt improvements.

Capt. Sept. Well humour my father, order a loaf in.

Enter LOOBY.

Looby. Here bes the baker.

Mrs. Aub. Oh! going his rounds—tell him to bring the loaves hither? [*Exit Looby.*

Enter

Enter MAN, *with loaf, three feet in diameter.*

Here, Sir, is the ſtaff of life.

Septimus. What this a penny roll, huzza! rare times in this ſame 1803. My dear Mrs. Auburne, how has this been done? how has this amazing plenty come about?

Mrs. Aub. Very ſimply, my Lord, only by hanging a couple of corn monopolizers.

Septimus. Oh dear how lucky it was I ſlept, I had ſome thought of ſpeculating a little in corn myſelf; ſo inſtead of being throttled—here I am alive to enjoy this bleſſing—(*Embraces it.*)—but am I to have nothing to eat—come, never mind a cloth, is my mutton chop ready?

Enter LOOBY, (*with a large rib of beef.*)

Looby. Here it be's Sir.

Septimus. A ſirloin of beef! So becauſe your loaf is made larger than formerly, your ſheep are grown into oxen. Shut the doors, don't let the cat come in, for ſhe, I ſuppoſe, is by this grown into a tyger—Now I ſee its all a hum.

Mrs. Aub. This is the conſequence of overdoing things. (*aſide*)

Septimus. Are not you aſham'd—to play your pranks upon me—get along all of you.

Enter SIR MARMADUKE, (*in his own cloaths.*)

Sir Mar. Now for my clincher. (*apart*)

Septimus. Oh my dear Sir Marmaduke, did you too join in this ridiculous plot againſt me?

Sir Mar. No, I come to warn you againſt a moſt infernal ſcheme your ſon and my daughter have

have laid, to obtain your consent to their marriage.

Flam What is he at. (*apart*)

Sir Mar. Didn't they tell you that you had slept seven years, and consequently the time is expired for your promise?

Septimus. Yes they did.

Sir Mar. It's all a most abominable falsehood.

Mrs. A. Is this your clincher? (*apart*)

Sir Mar. You went to sleep last night, my friend, and this is still the year 1796.

Septimus. What, you say I have not slept so many years?

Sir Mar. I do positively.

Septimus. I had my doubts before, but now I'm convinc'd I have been in a seven years' Doldrum—I never believ'd it till now.

Sir Mar. There—what d'ye say to my clincher? Ha, ha, ha!—(*apart*)

Mrs, Aub. Speak about the marriage—(*apart*)

Septimus. (*Looking at them*) Eh, whispering! I still suspect.

(*Church clock strikes two.*)

I have it—I'll put their humanity to the test—(*aside*) Didn't the church clock strike two? (*starts with tokens of extreme horror.*) The 28th of April, 1803!—my children, at the hour of two, this very day, I have been foretold I shou'd die—you have long lost me—but now must—lose me for ever—I'm faint—and—feel—the stroke—(*pretends to faint*)

Emmeline. Oh Sir—be not alarm'd—

Mrs. Aub. Lord, if the conceit of dying should kill the old gentleman.

Capt. Sept. My dear father! Courage—its all a ridiculous joke—forgive the deception we have used

uſed to make you keep a promiſe thatmuſt ſecure happineſs to your ſon in the poſſeſſion of his Emmeline.

Sir M. My worthy friend, if you're not to die till 1803, you've yet ſeven years to be alive and merry.

Septimus. Then you own your trick upon me? but Edward, as your fault was love, and your confeſſion generoſity, I forgive you.

Emmeline. Thanks, Sir, how little we deſerve your pardon.

Capt. Sept. My kind father.

Septimus. Your farce is too whimſical a piece of humour, to put a wiſe man out of temper—well, here we are all ſtill in 96, and may we ſee 1803 happy.

GYP.

At our ſmall joke, kind friends take no offence,

SIR MARMADUKE.

And happy be ye all in ſeven years hence,

FLAM.

Pray join, kind maſter, in forgiving me,

MRS. AUBURNE.

Clap hands, and prove you're from the Doldrum free.

FINIS.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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